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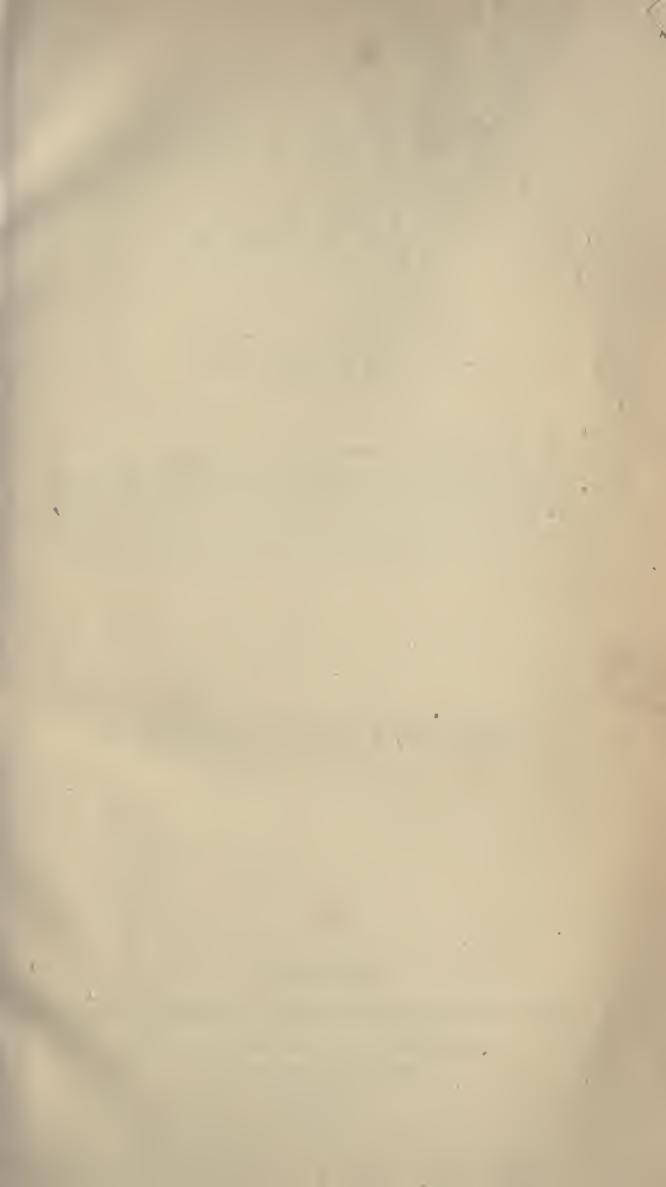














# STANDARD

## NOVELS.

N° LXXXIX.

“ No kind of literature is so generally attractive as Fiction. Pictures of life and manners, and Stories of adventure, are more eagerly received by the many than graver productions, however important these latter may be. APULEIUS is better remembered by his fable of Cupid and Psyche than by his abstruser Platonic writings ; and the Decameron of BOCCACCIO has outlived the Latin Treatises, and other learned works of that author.”

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### HOMeward BOUND.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

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LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

BELL AND BRADFUTE, EDINBURGH ;

J. CUMMING, DUBLIN.

1842.

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# HOMeward BOUND,

OR

## THE CHASE,

BY

J. FENIMORE COOPER.



*The death-like stillness on the beach during the  
Anno and he glared with his emotion: it was  
in the spot where the two Indians were in and -  
back still keeping his eye upon the ship.*

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY,

NEW BURLINGTON STREET

WHOLESALE: DUBLIN: DEIL & BRADFUT'S, PRINCESTOWN.



# HOMeward BOUND;

OR,

## THE CHASE:

A TALE OF THE SEA.

BY

J. FENIMORE COOPER, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

"THE PILOT," "THE SPY," &c.

"Is't not strange, Canidius,  
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,  
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,  
And take in Toryne?"

SHAKSPEARE.

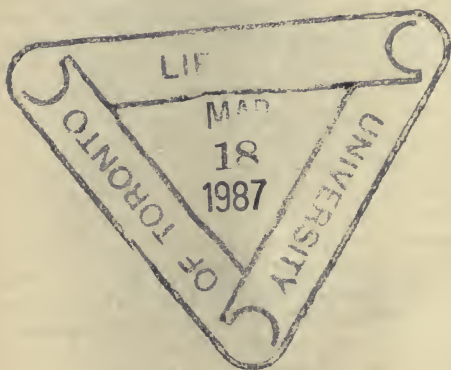
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# HOMeward BOUND.

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## CHAPTER I.

THE coast of England, though finer than our own, is more remarkable for a general appearance of civilisation than for natural beauties. The chalky cliffs may seem bold to the American, though compared to the granite piles that buttress the Mediterranean they are but molehills ; and the travelled eye seeks beauties instead, in the retiring vales, the leafy hedges, and the clustering towns that dot the island. Neither is Portsmouth a very favourable specimen of a British port, considered in reference to the picturesque. England itself has the fresh beauty of youth, rather than the mellowed hues of a more advanced period of life.

Some such thoughts passed through the mind of the traveller who stood on the deck of the packet *Montauk*, as he contemplated the coast that stretched before him. The manner in which this gentleman, whose temples were sprinkled with grey, regarded the scene, denoted more of the thoughtfulness of experience, and of tastes improved by observation, than it is usual to meet amid the bustling characters that compose the majority in almost every situation. The calmness of his exterior had, indeed, so strongly distinguished him from the moment he embarked in London to that in which he was now seen, that the seamen swore he was a man-of-war's man in disguise. The fair-haired, lovely, blue-eyed girl at his side seemed a softened reflection of all his intelligence, tastes, and cultivation, united to the artlessness and simplicity that became her sex and years.

"We have seen nobler coasts, Eve," said the gentleman, "but, after all, England will always be fair to American eyes."

"Particularly if those eyes first opened to the light in the eighteenth century, father."

"You, at least, my child, have been educated beyond the reach of national foibles, and I think have seen a great deal to admire in this country, as well as in this coast."

Eve Effingham glanced towards the eye of her father, and perceiving that he spoke in playfulness, without suffering a cloud to shadow a countenance that usually varied with her emotions, continued, —

"I have been educated in so many different places that I sometimes fancy I was born a woman, like my great namesake. If a congress of nations, in the way of masters, can make one independent of prejudice, I may claim the advantage. My fear is, that in acquiring liberality, I have acquired nothing else."

Mr. Effingham turned a look of fondness, in which parental pride was mingled, on his daughter.

"A congress of nations, truly!" muttered another male voice. "You have been taught music by seven masters of as many different states; Greek by a German; the living tongues by the European powers, and philosophy by seeing the world; and now, with a brain full of learning, fingers full of touches, and a person full of graces, your father is taking you back to America, to 'waste your sweetness on the desert air.'"

"Poetically expressed, Cousin Jack," returned the laughing Eve; "but you have forgot to add, and a heart full of feeling for the land of my birth. Think you that a girl of twenty can forget the country of her forefathers—or, as you call it yourself when in good humour, the land of liberty?"

"A pretty specimen *you* will have of its liberty!" returned the cousin sarcastically. "After having passed a girlhood of wholesome restraint in the rational society of Europe, you are about to return home to the slavery of American female life, just as you are about to be married!"

"Married! Mr. Effingham?"

"I suppose the catastrophe will arrive, sooner or later; and it is more likely to occur to a girl of twenty than to a girl of ten."

"Mr. John Effingham never lost an argument for the

want of a convenient fact, my love," the father observed. "But here are boats approaching; let us withdraw, and examine the faces with which we are to become familiar by the intercourse of a month."

Mr. Effingham led his daughter into the hurricane-house—or, as the packet-men term it, the *coach*-house—where they stood watching the quarter-deck for the next half hour; an interval of which we shall take advantage to touch in a few of the stronger lights of our picture.

Edward and John Effingham were brothers' children; were born on the same day; had loved the same woman, who had preferred the first-named, and died soon after Eve was born; had, notwithstanding this collision in feeling, remained sincere friends; had lived much together at home, and travelled much together abroad, and were now about to return to the land of their birth, after an absence of twelve years.

There was a strong family likeness between the cousins, though it was scarcely possible for two human beings to leave more opposite impressions. Both were tall and handsome; while one was winning in appearance, and the other, if not positively forbidding, at least distant. The noble outline of face in Edward Effingham had got to be cold severity in that of John; his aquiline nose seeming to possess an hostile curvature—his compressed lip, sarcastic and cold expression—and the fine classical chin a haughty scorn that caused strangers to avoid him. Eve drew with great facility. Often had she sketched both of these loved faces, and never without wondering wherein that strong difference existed which she had never been able to impart to her drawings. The truth is, that the character of John Effingham's face would have puzzled one who had made the art his study for a life, and set the knowledge of the beautiful young painter at defiance. All the points of character that rendered her father so amiable and winning, in his cousin were salient and bold, and had become indurated by suffering and disappointment.

The cousins were both rich, though in ways opposite as their dispositions. Edward possessed a large hereditary property which attached him to this world of ours by



kindly feelings towards its land ; while John, having inherited a large commercial fortune, did not own ground enough to bury him.

These gentlemen had embarked at London on their fiftieth birthday, in the packet of the 1st of October, bound to New York ; the family residence of the proprietor lying in the state of that name, of which all of the parties were natives. It is not usual for the cabin passengers of the London packets to embark in the docks ; but Mr. Effingham — as we shall call the father, to distinguish him from the bachelor, John—had determined to make his daughter familiar with the odours of the vessel in smooth water, as a protection against sea-sickness. They had, accordingly, been on board three days, when the ship came to an anchor off Portsmouth.

At this moment, the Montauk was lying at a single anchor, not less than a league from the land, in a flat calm, with all those signs of preparation so bewildering to landsmen. The captain had no other business there than to take on board the wayfarers, and renew his supply of fresh meat and vegetables. Eve had employed her three days of probation usefully, having, with the exception of the two gentlemen, the officers of the vessel, and one other person, been in quiet possession of all the cabins. It is true, she had a female attendant ; and Nanny Sidley, her quondam nurse and actual lady's maid, appeared so much a part of herself, that her absence would be missed as that of a limb.

Ann was one of those excellent creatures who, it is the custom with European travellers to say, do not exist in America. She had been born a servant, lived a servant, and was content to die a servant in the same family. She had passed through infancy up to womanhood with the mother of Eve, having been the daughter of a gardener, who died in the service of the family. At the death of Eve's mother, she had transferred her affections to the child ; and twenty years had brought her to feel as much tenderness for her charge as if she had been her parent. But Nanny was better fitted to care for the body than the mind of Eve ; and when, at the age of ten, the latter was placed under the control of an accomplished governess, the



good woman had quietly sunk the duties of the nurse in those of the maid.

One of the severest "crosses" that poor Nanny had experienced, was endured when Eve began to speak in a language she could not comprehend; for, despite the best intentions, the good woman could never make any thing of the foreign tongue her young charge was so rapidly acquiring. One day, when Eve had been maintaining an animated discourse in Italian with her instructress, Nanny, unable to command herself, caught the child to her bosom, and, bursting into tears, implored her not to estrange herself entirely from her poor old nurse. The caresses of Eve soon brought the good woman to a sense of her weakness; but the feeling was so strong, that it required years to reconcile her to the excellent qualities of Mademoiselle Vieffville, to whose superintendence the education of Miss Effingham had been confided.

This Mademoiselle Vieffville was among the passengers. She was the daughter of a French officer who had fallen in Napoleon's campaigns, had been educated at one of those admirable establishments which form points of relief in the history of the conqueror, and had now lived long enough to have educated two young persons, the last of whom was Eve. Twelve years with her *élève* had created sufficient attachment to cause her to yield to the solicitations of the father to accompany his daughter to America.

So much has been written of French governesses, that we shall not anticipate, but leave this lady to speak for herself in the course of the narrative. Neither is it our intention to be minute in these remarks concerning our characters; but having thus traced their outlines, we return to the incidents as they occurred, trusting to make the reader better acquainted with the parties as we proceed.

## CHAPTER II.

THE assembling of the passengers of a packet-ship is at all times a matter of interest. During the western passage in particular, there is the prospect of being shut up for a month with those whom accident has brought together. The quarter-deck, it is true, forms a local distinction ; but all will comprehend that the *pêle-mêle* of the cabins seldom offer any thing very enticing to people of refinement.

A man of the world and a gentleman, Mr. Effingham had looked forward to this passage with concern, on account of his daughter, while he shrank from the necessity of exposing her to the intercourse of a ship. Accompanied by Mademoiselle Viefville, watched over by Nanny, and guarded by himself and his kinsman, he had lost some of his apprehension during the three days, and now took his stand to observe the new arrivals.

“ *Genus*, cockney ; *species*, bag-man,” muttered John Effingham, as the first arrival touched the deck. “ That worthy has exchanged the basket of a coach for the deck of a packet ; we may learn the price of buttons.”

The person in question was one of those mercantile agents that England scatters so profusely over the world, some of whom have all the sterling qualities of their nation, though a majority, perhaps, are disposed to mistake the value of other people as well as their own. The master of the ship saluted this person cordially, as an old acquaintance, by the name of Monday.

“ A *mousquetaire* resuscitated,” said Mademoiselle Viefville, as one who had come in the same boat thrust his moustachioed visage above the gangway.

“ More probably a barber, who has converted his own head into a wig-block,” growled John.

“ Or a peer of the realm in his robes !” whispered Eve, much amused with the elaborate toilet of the subject of their remarks, who, after speaking to the master, was formally presented to his late boat-companion as Sir George Templemore. The two bustled together about the quarter-deck

for a few minutes, though both were much too high-bred to betray feelings.

After these flourishes, they descended to the cabin, not without pausing to survey the party in the hurricane-house, especially Eve.

"One is rather glad to have such a relief against the tediousness of a sea-passage," said Sir George, as they went down the ladder. "No doubt you are used to this sort of thing, Mr. Monday; but with me, it is voyage the first, if I except the Channel one encounters in making the usual run on the Continent."

"Oh, dear me! I go and come as regularly as the equinoxes, Sir George. I call my passages the equinoxes, too, for I make it a practice to pass twelve hours out of the twenty-four in my berth."

This was the last the party on deck heard of their opinions; nor would they have been favoured with all this, had not Mr. Monday a rattling way with him, which caused him usually to speak in an octave above every one else. Although their voices were nearly lost to those above, they were heard knocking about in their state-rooms; and Sir George, in particular, as frequently called out for the steward, by the name of "Saunders," as Mr. Monday made similar appeals to the steward's assistant, by the appellation of "Toast."

"I think we may safely claim this person, at least, for a countryman," said John Effingham: "he is what I have heard termed an American in a European mask."

"The character is more ambitiously conceived than skilfully maintained," replied Eve. "Were I to hazard a conjecture, it would be to describe the gentleman as a collector of costumes, who had taken a fancy to exhibit an assortment of his riches on his own person. I can answer for the shop in Berlin where the travelling cap was purchased. The watch-guard is stamped 'Geneva.' The coat comes from Frankfort. And the pipe from Dresden."

Eve's eyes sparkled with humour as she said this; while the new passenger, who had been addressed as Mr. Dodge, and an old acquaintance also, by the captain, came so near as to admit of no further comments. A short conversation

between the two soon let the listeners into the secret that the traveller had come from America in the spring, whither, after having made the tour of Europe, he was about to return.

“Seen enough, ha!” added the captain, when the other had finished a brief summary of his proceedings in the eastern hemisphere. “All eyes, and no leisure or inclination for more?”

“I’ve seen as much as I *warnt* to see,” returned the traveller, with an emphasis *on*, and a pronunciation *of*, the word we have italicised, that cannot be committed to paper.

“Well, that is the main point. When a man has got all he wants of a thing, any addition is over-ballast.”

The traveller and the master nodded at each other like men who understood more than they expressed; when the former, after inquiring if his room-mate, Sir George Templemore, had arrived, went below. An intercourse of three days had established something like an acquaintance between the latter and the passengers he had brought from the river, and turning his red quizzical face towards the ladies, he observed with inimitable gravity, —

“There is nothing like understanding when one has enough, even if it be of knowledge. I never yet met with the navigator who found two ‘noons’ in the same day, that he was not in danger of shipwreck. Now, I dare say Mr. Dodge there, who has just gone below, has, as he says, seen all he *warnts* to see, and it is quite likely he knows more already than he can cleverly get along with. — Let the people be getting the booms on the yards, Mr. Leach; we shall be *warnting* to spread our wings before the end of the passage.”

As Captain Truck, though he often swore, never laughed, his mate gave the necessary order with a gravity equal to that with which it had been delivered; and even the sailors went aloft to execute it with greater alacrity for an indulgence of humour peculiar to their trade, and which, as few understood so well, none enjoyed so much as themselves. As the homeward-bound crew was the same as the outward-bound, and Mr. Dodge had come abroad quite as green as he was now going home ripe, this traveller of six



months' finish did not escape divers commentaries that flew about in the rigging. The subject of this wit, however, remained happily ignorant of the sensation he had produced, being occupied in disposing of the Dresden pipe, &c., in his state-room, and in "instituting an acquaintance," with his room-mate, Sir George Templemore.

"We must surely have something better than this," observed Mr. Effingham, "for I observed that two of the state-rooms in the main cabin are taken singly."

In order that the reader may understand this, it may be well to explain that the packet-ships have usually two berths in each state-room, but they who pay an extra charge are permitted to occupy the apartment singly.

"There is no lack of fools with full pockets," rejoined John Effingham; "the rooms you mention may have been taken by some 'yearling' travellers, who are little better than the semi-annual *savant* who has just passed us."

"It is at least *something*, Cousin Jack, to have the wishes of a gentleman."

"What are the names?" asked Mademoiselle Viefville; "the *names* may be a clue to the characters."

"The papers pinned to the curtains bear the antithetical titles of Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt; though it is quite probable the first is wanting of a syllable by accident, and the last is merely a synonyme of the old *nom de guerre*, 'Cash.'"

"Do persons, then, travel with borrowed names, in our days?" asked Eve.

"That do they, and with borrowed money too. I dare say, however, these two co-voyagers of ours will come just as they are, in truth, Sharp enough, and Blunt enough."

Eve had only time to cast a look towards him, ere the arrival of another boat drew attention to the gangway. A call from the officer in attendance brought the captain to the rail; and his order "to pass in the luggage of Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt" was heard.

Mr. Effingham thought it a favourable symptom that the master, who had had interviews with all his passengers in London, walked to the gangway to receive the newcomers; for a boat load of the *oi polloi* had come on board

before without any other notice on his part than a general bow.

"The delay denotes Englishmen," John had time to throw in, before the arrangement at the gangway was interrupted by the appearance of the new-comers.

"They are indeed English," quietly remarked Mr. Effingham; "but, out of question, English gentlemen."

"The one nearest appears to me to be continental," answered Mademoiselle Vieville; "he is *jamais Anglais!*" The strangers were both tall, and gentleman-like young men. The one whom the captain addressed as Mr. Sharp had the most youthful look, his complexion being florid, and his hair light; though the other was superior in outline of features as well as in expression.

Each had a servant; and while their luggage was passed up, they walked aft nearer to the hurricane-house, accompanied by the captain. Every American who is not very familiar with the world appears to possess the mania of introducing. Captain Truck was no exception to the rule. He was of that school of *élégants* who fancy drinking a glass of wine with another, and introducing, are touches of breeding; it being altogether beyond his comprehension that both are only to be resorted to on especial occasions.

"You are acquainted, gentlemen?" he said, as the three approached the party in the hurricane-house.

The two travellers endeavoured to look interested, while Mr. Sharp carelessly observed that they had met for the first time in the boat. This was delightful intelligence to Captain Truck, who did not lose a moment in turning it to account.

"Mr. Sharp, permit me to introduce you to Mr. Blunt; — Mr. Blunt, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Sharp."

The gentlemen, though taken by surprise at the dignity of the captain, touched their hats, and smiled.

"Our turn will come next," muttered John Effingham: "get the grimaces ready."

His conjecture was right; for, hearing his voice, the captain followed up his advantage.

"Gentlemen, — Mr. Effingham, Mr. John Effingham,

Miss Effingham, Mademoiselle Vieffville: — Mr. Sharp, Mr. Blunt, ladies; — gentlemen, Mr. Blunt, Mr. Sharp.”

The dignified bow of Mr. Effingham, as well as the distant smile of Eve, would have repelled familiarity in men of less tone than the strangers, both of whom received the unexpected honour like those who felt themselves intruders. As Mr. Sharp raised his hat to Eve, however, he held it suspended a moment above his head, and then dropping his arm to its full length, bowed with profound respect. Mr. Blunt was less elaborate in his salute. Both gentlemen were a little struck with the distant hauteur of John Effingham, whose bow was what Eve used laughingly to term “imperial.” The bustle of preparation prevented more, and the new-comers descended to their state-rooms.

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### CHAPTER III.

A SHIP with her sails loosened and her ensigns abroad is a beautiful object; and the Montauk, a noble New York-built vessel of seven hundred tons burden, was a first-class specimen of the “kettle-bottom” school of naval architecture. The scene now acting therefore soon diverted the thoughts of Mademoiselle Vieffville and Eve, both watching with intense interest the movements of the crew and passengers.

Although the discipline which separates the cabin and steerage passengers had not yet been established, Captain Truck had too profound a sense of duty to permit the quarter-deck to be unceremoniously invaded. This part of the ship, then, had partially escaped the confusion of the moment, though trunks, hampers, and other appliances of travelling were scattered about. Profiting by the space, of which there was still sufficient for the purpose, most of the party left the hurricane-house to enjoy the short walk that a ship affords. At that instant, another boat reached the vessel's side, and a grave-looking personage appeared to deck, where he demanded to be shown the master. An introduction was unnecessary in this instance; for Captain Truck recognised the well-known features of a civil officer

of Portsmouth, often employed to search American packets, in pursuit of delinquents.

"I had just come to the opinion I was not to have the pleasure of seeing you this passage, Mr. Grab, said the captain, shaking hands with the myrmidon of the law; "but the turn of the tide is not more regular than you gentlemen. To what do I owe the honour of your company this time?—Sir George Templemore, Mr. Grab; Mr. Grab, Sir George Templemore."

Sir George bowed with dignified aversion, while Mr. Grab looked with counter dignity at Sir George. The business of the officer, however, was with none in the cabin; he had come in quest of a young woman who had married a suitor rejected by her uncle—an arrangement likely to subject the latter to a settlement which he found inconvenient, and which he had thought it prudent to anticipate by bringing an action against the bridegroom for advances made to the wife during her nonage. A dozen eager ears caught an outline of this tale as it was communicated to the captain, and in an incredibly short space of time it was known throughout the ship.

"I do not know the person of the husband," continued the officer, "nor indeed does the attorney who is with me, but his name is Robert Davis, and we know him to be in the ship."

"I never introduce any steerage passengers, my dear sir; and there is no such person in the cabin, I give you my honour. You are welcome to search, but the duty of the vessel must go on. Take your man—but do not detain the ship.—Bear a hand there, Mr. Leach, and let us have the slack of the chain as soon as possible."

Mr. Grab now summoned the attorney from the boat, and there was a consultation between them. Fifty heads were grouped around, and curious eyes watched their movements, one of the crowd occasionally disappearing to report proceedings.

All was done quietly, however, crew and passengers usually taking their cues from the officers of the vessel on such occasions, and those of the Montauk understanding too well the rights of public agents to commit themselves.



"Call Robert Davis," said the officer, resorting to a *ruse*, by affecting an authority he had no right to assume. "Robert Davis!" echoed twenty voices, among which was that of the bridegroom himself, but no one answered.

"Can you tell me which is Robert Davis, my little fellow?" the officer asked coaxingly, of a fine flaxen-headed boy, whose age did not exceed ten. "Tell me which is Robert Davis, and I will give you a sixpence."

The child knew, but professed ignorance.

"*C'est un esprit de corps admirable!*" exclaimed Mademoiselle Viefville; "*Ceci est délicieux*; I could devour that boy!"

What rendered this more ludicrous, was the circumstance that a whisper had passed among the spectators so stealthily, yet so soon, that the attorney and his companion were the only two on deck ignorant of the person of the man they sought.

Unfortunately, the attorney had sufficient knowledge of the family of the bride to recognise her by a general resemblance, rendered conspicuous by nervous excitement. He pointed her out to the officer, who ordered her to approach him — a command that caused her to burst into tears. The agitation and distress of his wife were near proving too much for the young husband, who was making an impetuous movement towards her, when the strong grasp of a fellow-passenger checked him in time to prevent discovery. The attorney and the officer were the only two present who had not seen the indiscretion, and who did not believe him betrayed. His wife trembled to a degree that almost destroyed the ability to stand; but, casting an imploring look for self-command on her indiscreet partner, she controlled her own distress, and advanced.

"If the husband will not deliver himself up, I shall be compelled to order the wife ashore in his stead!" the attorney coldly remarked, while he applied a pinch of snuff to a nose already saffron-coloured from the use of the weed.

A pause succeeded this declaration, and the passengers betrayed dismay. The wife bowed her head to her knees, for she had sunk on a box as if to hide the sight of her husband's arrest. At this moment a voice spoke from among the group:

"Is this an arrest for crime, or a demand for debt?" asked the young man who has been announced as Mr. Blunt.

There was a quiet authority in the speaker's manner that re-assured the failing hopes of the passengers, while it caused the attorney to look round in surprise. A dozen eager voices assured "the gentleman" there was no crime at all—there was even no just debt; but it was a villanous scheme to compel a ward to release a fraudulent guardian from his liabilities. Though all this was not very clearly explained, it was affirmed with so much energy as to awaken suspicion, and to increase the interest of the spectators. The attorney surveyed his interrogator, whose years could not exceed five-and-twenty, and his answer was given with an air of superiority.

"Debt or crime, it can matter nothing in the eye of the law."

"It matters much in the view of an honest man," returned the youth with spirit.

"This looks like an attempt at a rescue! I hope we are still in England, and under the protection of English laws?"

"No doubt, Mr. Seal," put in the captain, who now thought it time to interfere, in order to protect the interests of his owners. "Yonder is England, that is the Isle of Wight, and the Montauk has hold of an English bottom; no one means to dispute your authority, Mr. Attorney; Mr. Blunt merely throws out a suggestion, a distinction between rogues and honest men;—Mr Seal, Mr. Blunt; Mr. Blunt, Mr. Seal."

The young man bowed slightly, and advanced a little, like one who feels he is required to maintain the ground he had assumed.

"No one can be disposed to question the supremacy of English law in this roadstead," he said; "but permit me to doubt the legality of detaining a wife in virtue of a process issued against the husband."

"The lady must go ashore, and these matters can be arranged before a magistrate."

"Ay, ay! let her sue out a *habeas corpus*," added the attorney. "Justice is liable to mistakes; but still she is

just. If she does mistake sometimes, she is always ready to repair the wrong."

"Cannot *you* do something here?" Eve whispered to Mr. Sharp, who stood at her elbow.

This person started on hearing this appeal, and glancing a look of intelligence at her, smiled and moved nearer to the parties.

"Really, Mr. Attorney," he commenced, "this appears to be rather irregular, and may lead to unpleasant consequences."

"In what manner, sir?" interrupted Seal, measuring the other's ignorance at a glance.

"Why, irregular in form, if not in principle. I am aware that the law must have its way; but really this does seem irregular, not to describe it by any harsher term."

Mr. Seal treated this new appeal respectfully, in appearance, for he felt it was made by his superior, while he felt an utter contempt for it as he saw intuitively that this new intercession was made in a profound ignorance of the subject. As respects Mr. Blunt, however, he had an unpleasant distrust, the quiet manner of that gentleman denoting more confidence in himself, and a greater knowledge of the law. Still, to try the extent of the other's information, and the strength of his nerves, he rejoined in a menacing tone, —

"Yes, let the lady sue out a writ of *habeas corpus* if wrongfully arrested; and I should be glad to discover the foreigner who will dare to attempt a rescue in old England, and in defiance of English laws."

It is probable Paul Blunt would have relinquished his interference, from an apprehension that he might be ignorantly aiding the evil-doer, but for this threat.

"All are not necessarily foreigners who embark on board an American ship," he said steadily; "nor is justice denied those that are. If an attorney, you must know that you cannot arrest a wife for a husband, and that what you say of the *habeas corpus* is little worthy of attention."

"We arrest, and whoever interferes with an officer in charge of a prisoner is guilty of a rescue. Mistakes must be rectified by the magistrates."

"Not the arrest of a woman for a man. In such a case,

there is design, and not mistake. If this frightened wife will take counsel from me, she will refuse to accompany you."

"At her peril, let her dare to do so!"

"At *your* peril do you dare to attempt forcing her from the ship!"

"Gentlemen! let there be no misunderstanding, I pray you," interposed the captain. "No warm words, gentlemen, I beg; the tide is beginning to serve; and if we stay here much longer the Montauk may be forced to sail on the 2d, instead of the 1st, as has been advertised in both hemispheres. I should be sorry to carry you to sea, gentlemen, without your small stores; and as for the cabin, it is full. No remedy but the steerage in such a case.—Lay forward, men, and heave away. Some of you, man the fore-top-sail halyards.—We are as regular as our chronometers; the 1st, 10th, and 20th, without fail."

There was some truth, blended with a little poetry, in Captain Truck's account. The tide had indeed made in his favour, but the little wind there was blew directly into the roadstead, and had not his feelings become warmed, it is probable the line would have incurred the disgrace of having a ship sail on a later day than had been advertised. As it was, however, he had taken the matter up in earnest, and privately assured Sir George, if the affair were not immediately disposed of, he should carry both the attorney and officer to sea with him.

The decision of Blunt would have induced the attorney to relinquish the pursuit but for two circumstances. They had undertaken the job on the principle of "no play, no pay," and their trouble would be lost without success. Then the very difficulty that occurred had been foreseen, and while the officer proceeded to the ship, the uncle had been busily searching for a son on shore to identify the husband—a step that would have been earlier resorted to could the young man have been found. This son was a rejected suitor, and he was now seen by Mr. Grab pulling towards the Montauk in a two-oared boat. A peculiar hat, with the aid of the glass, left no doubt of his identity. The attorney pointed out the boat to the officer, and the latter, after a look through the glass, gave a nod of



approbation. Exultation overcame the usual wariness of the attorney.

On the other hand, the people of the packet seized something near the truth. That the boat contained some one who might aid the attorney, all believed, though in what manner none could tell.

Between all seamen and the ministers of the law there is a long-standing antipathy. It was soon apparent that Mr. Seal had little to expect from the crew, for never did men work with better will to get a ship loosened from the bottom.

Captain Truck was very silent, but active in preparations. Springing to the wheel, he made its spokes fly until he had forced the helm hard up, when he unceremoniously gave it to John Effingham to keep there. His next leap was to the foot of the mizen-mast, where, after a few energetic efforts alone, he looked over his shoulder and beckoned for aid.

"Sir George Templemore, mizen-topsail-halyards, Mr. Dodge, now is the time to show your name and nature are not identical."

In short, nearly all on board were busy, and, thanks to the hearty good will of the officers, and the hands that could be spared from the windlass, spread sail after sail with a rapidity little short of that on board of a vessel of war. The rattling of the clew-garnet blocks, as twenty lusty fellows ran forward with the tack of the mainsail, and the hauling forward of braces, was the signal that the ship was clear of the ground.

A cross current had superseded the necessity of casting the vessel, but her sails took the light air nearly abeam: the captain understanding that motion was of more importance just then than direction. No sooner did he perceive that his ship was dividing the water forward, than he called a trusty man to the wheel, relieving John Effingham. The next instant, Mr. Leach reported the anchor catted and fished.

"Pilot, you will be responsible if my prisoners escape," said Mr. Grab menacingly. "You know my errand, and it is your duty to aid the ministers of the law."

"Harkee, Mr. Grab," put in the master, warm with the

exercise ; “ we all know our duties on board the Montauk. It is your duty to take Robert Davis on shore if you can find him ; and it is my duty to take the Montauk to America : now, I would advise you to see that you do not go in her. No one offers any impediment to your performing your office, and I’ll thank you to offer me none in performing mine. — Brace the yards further forward, boys, and let the ship come up to the wind.”

As there were logic, law, and seamanship united in this reply, the attorney began to betray uneasiness ; for by this time the ship had gathered so much way as to render it doubtful whether a two-oared boat would be able to come up with her. It is probable he would have abandoned his object, had not Sir George Templemore pointed out to the captain a six-oared boat, pulling towards them from a quarter that permitted it to be seen in the moonlight.

“ That appears to be a man-of-war’s cutter,” observed the baronet uneasily, for by this time all on board felt a personal interest in their escape.

“ It does indeed, Captain Truck,” added the pilot ; “ and if *she* make a signal, it will become my duty to heave-to the Montauk.”

“ Then bundle out of her, my fine fellow, as fast as you can ; for not a brace or a bowline shall be touched here for any such purpose. The ship is cleared — my hour is come — my passengers are on board — and America is my haven. — Let them that want me, catch me. That is what I call *Vattel*.”

The pilot and the master of the Montauk were friends, and understood each other. The boat was hauled up, and, first whispering a few cautions about the shoals and the currents, the worthy marine guide leaped into it, and was soon floating astern — a proof that the ship had got fairly in motion. As he fell out of hearing in the wake of the vessel, the honest fellow kept calling out “ to tack in season.”

The officer continued obstinately on board ; he saw the six-oared boat was coming up, and, as he knew the importance to his client of compelling a settlement of the accounts, he fancied some succour might be expected in that quarter. In the mean time, this new movement on

the part of their pursuers attracted general attention, and increased the excitement that usually accompanies a departure for a long sea-voyage fourfold.

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## CHAPTER IV.

THE assembling of the passengers of a large packet-ship is necessarily an affair of coldness, especially when the passage is from Europe to America. The first week commonly passes in cool civilities, to yield at length to the never-dying charities; unless, indeed, the latter may happen to be kept in abeyance by a downright quarrel.

Happily the party in the Montauk had the good fortune to abridge the usual probation in courtesies, by the events of the night on which they sailed. Two hours had scarcely elapsed, yet the respective circles of the quarter-deck and steerage felt more sympathy with each other than the human charities ordinarily quicken in days of common-place intercourse. They had already found out each other's names, thanks to the assiduity of Captain Truck, and the Americans of the less trained class were already using them as freely as if they were old acquaintances. We say the Americans, for these ships usually contain a congress of nations, though the people of England, and of her *ci-devant* colonies, of course predominate in those of the London lines. On the present occasion, the last two were nearly balanced in numbers, so far as national character could be made out; opinion being suspended in reference to Mr. Blunt and one or two others.

This equal distribution might, under other circumstances, have led to a division in feeling. The affair of the newly-married couple, however, was kept distinct from all feelings of nationality; the English apparently entertaining quite as lively a wish that they might escape as any of the passengers. Sir George Templemore, the Englishman of highest rank, was decidedly of this way of thinking, and the example of a baronet had its weight, not only with

his own countrymen, but with not a few of the Americans also. Mr. Dodge in particular was his profound admirer. But then he was his room-mate, and a democrat of a water so pure, that he was disposed to maintain no man had a right to any one of his senses, unless by popular sufferance.

In the mean while, the night advanced, and the soft light of the moon was playing on the waters. The two-oared boat had evidently been overtaken by that carrying six oars, and, after a short conference, the first had returned towards the land, while the latter had set two lug-sails, and was standing out into the offing, on a course that would compel the Montauk to come under its lee, when the shoals should force the ship to tack.

"I hope there is no danger of that little boat's overtaking this large ship!" exclaimed Sir George with a vivacity that did great credit to his philanthropy, according to the opinion of Mr. Dodge at least; the latter having imbibed a singular bias in favour of persons of condition, from having travelled in an *eilwagen* with a German baron.

"A feather running before a lady's sigh would outsail either of us in this air. I would give the price of a steerage passage, if Great Britain lay off the Cape of Good Hope for a week. It lies as much in our way at this moment as the moon in an eclipse of the sun. I bear the old creature a great-grandson's love, and come and go too often to forget the relationship. But, much as I love her, the affection is not strong enough to go ashore on her shoals, so we will go about, Mr. Leach; at the same time, I wish from my heart that two-lugged rascal would go about his business."

The ship tacked slowly but gracefully, and as her bows fell off to the eastward, it became evident to all who understood the subject, that the two little lug-sails that were "eating into the wind," as the sailors express it, would weather upon her track ere she could stretch over to the other shoal. Even the landsmen had some feverish suspicions of the truth, and the steerage passengers were already holding a secret conference on the possibility of hiding the pursued.



But Captain Truck viewed the matter differently: his vocation called him three times a year into the roads of Portsmouth, and he felt little disposition to embarrass his future intercourse with the place by setting its authorities at open defiance. He deliberated on the propriety of throwing his ship up into the wind, as she slowly advanced towards the boat, and of inviting those in the latter to board him. Opposed to this was the pride of profession, and Jack Truck was not a man to overlook the "yarns" that were spun among his fellows at the New England Coffee-house.

"There is no question, Sir George, that this fellow is a man-of-war's man," said the master to the baronet. "Take a peep through this night-glass, and you will see his crew seated at their thwarts with their arms folded, like men who eat the king's beef."

"There seems to be a great many of them! Can it be their intention to carry the vessel by boarding?"

"If it is, they must take the will for the deed," returned Mr. Truck, a little coldly. "I much question if the Montauk, with three cabin officers, as many stewards, two cooks, and eighteen foremast-men, would exactly like the notion of being 'carried' by a six-oared cutter's crew. We are not as heavy as the planet Jupiter, but have too much gravity to be 'carried' as lightly as all that."

"You intend, then, to resist?" asked Sir George, whose zeal in behalf of the pursued apparently led him to take a stronger interest in their escape than any other person.

Captain Truck, who had never an objection to sport, pondered a little, laughed, and then expressed a wish that he had a member of congress or parliament on board.

"This matter touches on international law, gentlemen," continued the master, rubbing his hands; for, in addition to the art of introducing, the honest mariner had taken it into his head he had become an adept in the principles of Vattel, of whom he possessed a well-thumbed copy. "Under what circumstances, or in what category, can a publicarmed ship compel a neutral to submit to being boarded—not 'carried,' Sir George? for d—— me if any man 'carries' the Montauk that is not strong enough to 'carry'

her crew and cargo along with her!—but in what category, now, is a packet like this obliged, in comity, to heave-to and submit to an examination at all? The ship is a-weigh, and has honestly tacked under her canvass; and, gentlemen, I should be pleased to have your sentiments on the occasion. Just have the condescension to point out the category.”

Mr. Dodge came from a part of the country in which men were accustomed almost to eat and sleep in common. He had long been in the habit of having recourse to societies, by way of obtaining “energetic means;” and from his tenth year had been either a president or committee-man of some philosophical, political, or religious expedient to fortify human wisdom, and resist despotism. Unfortunately, the pronunciation of this person was not as pure as his motives, and he misunderstood the captain when he spoke of comity, as meaning a committee;” and though it was not quite obvious what the worthy mariner could intend by “obliged in committee (comity) to heave-to,” yet, as he had known these bodies to do so many “energetic things,” he did not see why they might not perform this evolution as well as another.

“It really does appear, Captain Truck,” he remarked, “that our situation approaches a crisis, and the suggestion of a comity strikes me as being peculiarly suitable to circumstances. In order to save time, therefore, I will at once nominate Sir George Templemore as chairman, leaving it for any other gentleman to suggest the name of any candidate he may deem proper. I will only add, that in my poor judgment this comity ought to consist of at least three, and have power to send for persons and papers.”

It was fortunate for the mover that the master was acquainted with Mr. Dodge, or a proposition that his ship was to be worked by a committee, would have been likely to meet with an indifferent reception; but, catching a glimpse of the laughing eyes of Eve, as well as of the amused faces of Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt, he gravely signified his approbation of the chairman named, and his readiness to listen to the report of the committee as soon as it might be prepared to make it.

Mr. Dodge, and three or four more of the same community-propensity soon settled the committee, when the nominees retired to another part of the deck to consult together; Sir George Templemore, to the surprise of the Effingham party, consenting to serve with willingness.

"It might be convenient to refer other matters to this committee, captain," said Mr. Sharp, who had tact enough to see that nothing but her habitual *retenue* of deportment kept Eve from downright laughter: "these are the important points of reefing and furling, with sundry other duties, that no doubt would be well treated in this forthcoming report."

"No doubt, sir; I perceive you have been at sea before, and I am sorry you were overlooked in naming the members of the comity.—Mr. Leach, the fellows have tacked, and are standing in this direction, thinking to cross our bows and speak us.—Mr. Attorney, the tide is setting us off the land, and you may make it morning before you get into your nests, if you hold on much longer."

The bloodhounds of the law heard this warning with indifference, for they expected succour from the man-of-war's boat, which, it was now plain, must weather on the ship. After putting their heads together, Mr. Leach offered his companion a pinch of snuff, helping himself afterwards, like a man indifferent to the result. The sun-burnt face of the captain was turned fully on the two, and it is probable they would have received some decided manifestation of his will, had not Sir George Templemore, with his committee-men, approached to give in the result of this conference.

"We are of opinion, Captain Truck," said the baronet, "that as the ship is under weigh, it is inexpedient for you to anchor again; but that it is your duty"——

"I have no occasion for advice as to my duty, gentlemen. If you can let me know what Vattel says, touching the category of the right of search, except as a belligerent right, I will thank you; if not, we must e'en guess at it. I have not sailed a ship in this trade these ten years to need any jogging of the memory about port-jurisdiction either, for these are matters in which one gets to be expert

by dint of use, as my old master used to say when he called us from table with half a dinner."

Sir George, fearful of offending, listened; then resumed, with an interest that did credit to his humanity, at the same time that he overlooked none of the obligations of politeness. "I confess my feelings have not been so much aroused for a long time as they have been on account of these poor people. There is something inexpressibly painful in being disappointed as one is setting out in the morning of life, as it were, in this cruel manner; and rather than see this state of things protracted, I would prefer paying a trifle out of my own pocket. If this wretched attorney will take a hundred pounds and quit us, and carry back with him that annoying cutter, I will give him the money most cheerfully."

There is something so essentially respectable in practical generosity, that, though Eve and all the auditors of what was passing felt an inclination to laugh up to this declaration, eye met eye in commendation of the liberality of the baronet. He had shown he had a heart, though his previous conversation had led several to distrust his having the usual quantum of head.

"Give yourself no trouble about the attorney, Sir George," returned the captain, shaking the other cordially by the hand; "he shall not touch a pound of your money, nor do I think he is likely to touch Robert Davis. We have caught the tide on our lee bow, and the current is wheeling us up to windward. In a few minutes we shall be in blue water; and then I'll give the rascal a touch of Vattel that will throw him all aback."

"But the cutter?"

"Why, if we drive the attorney and Grab out of the ship, there will be no process in the hands of the others, by which they can carry off the man, even admitting the jurisdiction. I know the scoundrels, and not a shilling shall either take from this vessel with my consent. Harkee, Sir George, a word in your ear: two of as d——d cockroaches as ever rummaged a ship's bread-room; I'll see that they soon heave about, or I'll heave them both into their boat with my own fair hands."



The captain turned to examine the position of the cutter, which by this time was standing on the same course as the ship, a short distance to windward of her, and edging a little off the wind, so as to near the two every yard they advanced.

The wind had freshened, and the captain nodded his head with satisfaction when he heard the slapping of the sluggish swell, as the bows of the ship parted the water. At this moment those in the cutter saw the bubbles glide swiftly past them, while to those in the Montauk the motion was still slow and heavy ; yet, of the two, the actual velocity was rather in favour of the latter, both having about what is technically termed "four-knot way" on them. The officer of the boat was quick to detect the change that was acting against him, and by easing the sheets of his lug-sails, and keeping the cutter as much off the wind as he could, was soon within a hundred feet of the ship, running along on her weather-beam. The bright soft moonlight permitted the face of a young man in the undress uniform of a lieutenant to be distinctly seen, as he rose in the stern-sheets, which contained also two other persons.

"I will thank you to heave-to the Montauk," said the lieutenant civilly, while he raised his hat, apparently in compliment to the passengers who crowded the rail. "I am on the duty of the king, sir."

"I know your errand, sir," returned Captain Truck, whose resolution to refuse to comply was a good deal shaken by the gentlemanlike manner in which the request was made ; "and I wish you to bear witness, that if I do consent to your request, it is voluntarily ; for, on the principles laid down by Vattel, the right of search is a belligerent right, and England being at peace, no ship belonging to one nation can have a right to stop a vessel belonging to another."

"I cannot enter into these niceties, sir ; I have my orders, and you will excuse me if I say, I intend to execute them."

"Execute them, with all my heart, sir : if you are ordered to heave-to my ship, all you have to do is to get on board if you can, and let us see the style in which you handle yards. As to the people now stationed at the

braces, the trumpet that will make them stir is not to be spoken through at the Admiralty."

"You will scarcely think of resisting a king's officer in British waters!" said the young man.

"Resisting, my dear sir! I resist nothing. The misconception is in supposing that you sail this ship instead of John Truck. Do your errand and welcome, but do not ask me to help you."

There was a pause, and then the lieutenant, with the sort of hesitation that a gentleman is apt to feel when he makes a proposal that he knows ought not to be accepted, called out that those in the boat with him would pay for the detention of the ship. A more unfortunate proposition could not have been made to Captain Truck, who was only holding out as a sort of salvo to his rights, but had made up his mind to let Robert Davis take his chance. But Mr. Truck had been too often to London not to understand exactly the manner in which Englishmen appreciate American character; and knew it was the general opinion in the island that money could do any thing with Jonathan.

The master of the Montauk had a proper relish for his lawful gains as well as another, but he was vain-glorious on the subject of his countrymen, and fiercely proud of any quality that others were disposed to deny them.

At hearing this intimation, therefore, instead of accepting it, Captain Truck raised his hat with formal civility, and coolly wished the other "good night." This was bringing the affair to a crisis; for the helm of the cutter was borne up, and an attempt made to run the boat alongside. But the breeze had been steadily increasing, and the dampness of evening was thickening the canvass of the coarser sails in a way sensibly to increase the speed of the ship. When the conversation commenced, the boat was abreast of the fore-rigging; and by the time it ended, it was barely up with the mizen. The lieutenant was quick to see the disadvantage he laboured under, and called out "Heave!" as he found the cutter was falling close under the counter of the ship, and would be in her wake in another minute. The bowman of the boat cast a light grapnel with so much precision that it hooked in the mizen



rigging, and the line instantly tightened, so as to tow the cutter. A seaman was passing along the outer edge of the hurricane-house at the moment, coming from the wheel, and with the decision of an old salt, quietly passed his knife across the stretched cordage, and snapped it like packthread. The grapnel fell into the sea, and the boat was tossing in the wake of the ship, while one could draw a breath. To furl the sails and ship the oars consumed but an instant, then the cutter was ploughing the water under the vigorous strokes of her crew.

"Spirited! spirited and nimble!" observed Captain Truck, who stood coolly leaning against a shroud, in a position where he could command a view of all that was passing; "a fine young fellow, and one who will make an admiral, I dare say; — perhaps, a cherub, in time. Now, if he pull much longer in the back-water of our wake, I shall have to give him up, Leach, as a little *marineish*: ah! there he sheers out of it, like a sensible youth. Well, there is something pleasant in the conceit of a six-oared boat's carrying a London liner by boarding, even admitting the lad could have got alongside."

So it would seem, thought Mr. Leach and the crew of the Montauk; for they kept about their work of cleaning the decks with much philosophy. There was a low laugh among the people, and now and then a glance over the quarter to ascertain the position of the struggling boat; but there the effect of the incident ceased, so far as the seamen were concerned.

Not so with the passengers. The Americans exulted at the failure of the man-of-war's man, and the English doubted. They were displeased at seeing a stranger play a king's boat such a trick in British waters. Strictly speaking, the Montauk was still under the dominion of the English laws, though she had been a league from the land when lying at her anchor, and by this time the tide and her own velocity had swept her broad off into the offing quite as far again: indeed, she had now got to such a distance that Captain Truck thought it his "duty" to bring matters to a conclusion with the attorney.

"Well, Mr. Seal," he said, "I am grateful for the plea-

sure of your company thus far ; but you will excuse me if I decline taking you and Mr. Grab quite to America. Half an hour hence you will hardly be able to find the island ; for as soon as we have got to a proper distance from the cutter, I shall tack to the south-west."

"This may turn out a serious matter, Captain Truck, on your return passage ! The laws of England are not to be trifled with. Will you oblige me by ordering the steward to hand me a glass of water ? Waiting for justice is dry duty, I find."

"Extremely sorry I cannot comply, gentlemen. Vattel has nothing on the subject of watering belligerents or neutrals, and the laws of Congress compel me to carry so many gallons to the man. If you will take it in the way of a nightcap, however, and drink success to our run to America, and your own to the shore, it shall be in champagne."

The attorney was about to express his readiness to compromise on these terms, when a glass of the beverage for which he had first asked was put into his hand by the wife of Robert Davis. He took the water, drank it, and turned from the woman with the obduracy of one who never suffered feeling to divert him from the pursuit of gain. The wine was brought, and the captain filled the glasses with a seaman's heartiness.

"I drink to your safe return to Mrs. Seal. Well, gentlemen, you are balked this time ; but what matters it ? It is but another man got safe out of a country that has too many in it ; and I trust we shall meet good friends again this day four months."

"That will depend on how my client views your conduct, Captain Truck."

"That for your client, Mr. Seal !" returned the captain, snapping his fingers. "I am not to be frightened with an attorney's growl, or a bailiff's nod. You come off with a writ or a warrant ; I offer no resistance ; you hunt for your man, and can't find him ; I see the fellow, at this moment, but I feel no obligation to tell you who he is ; my ship is cleared and I sail, and you have no power to stop me ; we are outside of all the head-lands ; your authority is not worth

that of my cook, who has power to make his mate clean the coppers. Well, sir, you stay here ten minutes longer and we shall be three leagues from your nearest land, then you are in America, according to law, and a quick passage you will have made of it. Now, that is what I call a category."

As the captain made this remark, his quick eye saw that the wind had hauled so round to the westward, as to supersede the necessity of tacking, and that they were actually going eight knots in a direct line from Portsmouth. Casting an eye behind him, he perceived that the cutter had given up the chase, and was returning towards the distant roads. Under circumstances so discouraging, the attorney, who began to be alarmed for his boat, which was flying along on the water, towed by the ship, prepared to take his leave. Luckily the water was still tolerably smooth, and with fear and trembling, Mr. Seal succeeded in blundering into the boat; not, however, until the watermen had warned him of their intention to hold on no longer. Mr. Grab followed; and just as a hand was about to let go the painter, the captain appeared at the gangway with the man they were in quest of, and said in his most winning manner, —

"Mr. Grab, Mr. Davis; Mr. Davis, Mr. Grab; I seldom introduce steerage passengers, but to oblige two old friends I break the rule. That's what I call a category. My compliments to Mrs. Grab. Let go the painter."

The words were no sooner uttered than the boat was tossing and whirling in the caldron left by the passing ship.

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## CHAPTER V.

CAPTAIN TRUCK cast an eye aloft to see if every thing drew, as coolly as if nothing out of the usual course had happened; he and his crew having, seemingly, regarded the attempt to board them, as if the ship, of which they

were merely parts, had escaped by her own instinct or volition.

"Did you observe how the old barky jumped out of the way of those rovers?" said the captain complacently. "A skittish horse, or a whale with the irons in him, would not have given a prettier aside. I wish King William would send one of his light-heeled cruisers out by way of resenting the cantaverous trick the Montauk played his boat!"

The dull report of a gun, as the sound came short and deadened up against the breeze, checked the raillery of Mr. Truck. On looking to leeward, there was sufficient light to see the symmetrical sails of the corvette they had left at anchor, trimmed close by the wind, and the vessel itself standing out under a press of canvass, apparently in chase. The gun had evidently been fired as a signal of recall to the cutter, blue lights being burnt on board of both the ship and its boat, in proof that they were communicating.

The passengers looked gravely at each other, for the matter, in their eyes, began to be serious. Some suggested the possibility that the offence of Davis might be other than debt, but this was disproved by the account of the bailiff himself; while most concluded that a determination to resent the slight done the authorities had caused the cruiser to follow, with the intention of carrying them back again.

"As respects the course of Captain Truck, in refusing to permit the cutter to board him, he is probably a better judge than any of us," Mr. Effingham observed; "but concerning the want of right in a foreign vessel of war to carry this ship into port, when sailing on the high seas, I think there can be no reasonable doubt. The dispute, if there is any, has now become matter of negotiation; redress must be sought through the general agents of the two nations, and not taken by the inferior officers of either party."

"Vattel!" said the captain.

Now, John Effingham was a man of strong feelings; and had been educated between thirty or forty years before — which is saying virtually, that he was educated under the influence of British opinions. It is true, Mr.



Effingham was the contemporary of his cousin ; that they loved each other as brothers, thought alike in a thousand things, yet, in the particular of English domination, it was scarcely possible for one man to resemble another less than the widowed kinsman resembled the bachelor.

Edward was a singularly just-minded man, and had lived many years in that intellectual retirement which had left a cultivated sagacity to act freely on a natural disposition. At the period when the republic was torn by adverse factions, when most were either Englishmen or Frenchmen, he had remained an American, enjoying the *otium cum dignitate* on his hereditary estate. A less impracticable subject for excitement — the *primum mobile* of all American patriotism — could not be found. Independence of situation had induced independence of thought : study and investigation rendered him original and just ; and while hundreds were more imposing with the mass, few were as often right, and none of less selfishness, than this simple-minded and upright gentleman.

In many essentials, John Effingham was the converse of all this. Of an intellect much more acute than that of his cousin, he possessed passions less under control, and prejudices that often neutralised his reason. His father had inherited most of the personal property of the family, and with this he had plunged into the vortex of monied speculation that succeeded the adoption of the new constitution, and had entered warmly into all the factious and irreconcilable principles of party, and had adopted the current errors with which faction unavoidably poisons the mind.

The Effingham family had started federalists, in the true meaning of the term ; for their principles had a leaning to order, good government, and the dignity of the country ; but as factions became fiercer, the landed branch settled down into what they thought were American, and the commercial branch into what might properly be termed English federalists.

John Effingham had insensibly imbibed the sentiments of his set. He had permitted temperament to act on prejudice to such an extent, that he vindicated the right of

England to force men from under the American flag, a doctrine that his cousin was too clear-headed to entertain; and he was singularly ingenious in discovering blunders in all the acts of the republic, when they conflicted with the policy of Great Britain. After the peace of 1815, John Effingham went abroad for the second time, and hurried through England with the eagerness of strong affection. The result was disappointment, and this because, in the zeal of a partisan, he had fancied theories, and imagined results. From this time, John Effingham became a wiser and a more moderate man, though the remains of the old notions were still to be discovered lingering in his opinions.

Under the influence of these prejudices, then, John Effingham replied to his cousin, and the discourse soon partook of the discursive character of all arguments, in which the parties are not singularly free from any other bias than that of truth.

It was a lovely night, and Mademoiselle Vieffville and Eve walked the deck, the smoothness of the water rendering the moment every way favourable. As has been said, the common feeling in the escape of the new-married couple had broken the ice, and less restraint existed between the passengers at the moment when Mr. Grab left the ship, than would have been the case at the end of a week under ordinary circumstances. Eve Effingham had passed her time since her eleventh year principally on the continent of Europe, and in the mixed intercourse that is common to strangers in that part of the world. With the usual womanly reserves, she was natural and unembarrassed; she had been allowed to see so many nations, that she had obtained a self-confidence that did her no injury, under the influence of an exemplary education. Still Mademoiselle Vieffville was a little surprised at observing that Eve received the respectful advances of Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt with less reserve than it was usual to her to manifest to an entire stranger. The governess wondered, but, disposed to fancy that there was no more than the necessary freedom of a ship in it, permitted it to pass, confiding in the discretion of her charge. While Mr. Sharp discoursed with Eve she herself had fallen into conversation with Mr. Blunt, who



walked at her side, and who spoke her own language so well, that she at first set him down as a countryman of her own, travelling under a *nom de guerre*. While this dialogue was at its height—for Paul Blunt discoursed on Paris and its excellences with a skill that soon absorbed all her attention—Eve's companion dropped his voice to a tone that was rather confidential, though perfectly respectful, and said, —

“ I have flattered myself, perhaps through the influence of self-love, that Miss Effingham has not so far forgotten all whom she has met in her travels as to think me an utter stranger.”

“ Certainly not,” returned Eve with simplicity. “ I knew you at a glance, and consider the worthy captain's introduction as thrown away.”

“ I am equally gratified and vexed at this ; flattered to find I have not passed before your eyes like the herd, who leave no traces behind them ; and vexed at finding myself in a situation that, I fear, you fancy ridiculous ?”

“ Oh, one hardly dare attach such consequences to acts of young men in an age as original as our own. I saw nothing particularly absurd but the introduction.”

“ And the name ?” —

“ — Is certainly a keen one. If I am not mistaken, when we were in Italy you were content to let your servant bear it ; but, venturing among a people so noted for sagacity as the Yankees, I suppose you have fancied it was necessary to go armed *cap-à-pié*.”

Both laughed lightly, and he resumed.

“ But I sincerely hope you do not impute improper motives to the incognito ?”

“ I impute it to that which makes many young men run from Rome to Vienna, or from Vienna to Paris ; which causes you to know your friends to-day, and to forget them to-morrow — caprice.”

“ I wish I could persuade you to ascribe some better reason. Does Mademoiselle Viefville remember me ?”

“ It is impossible ; she was ill the three months we saw so much of you.”

"And your father, Miss Effingham; — am I forgotten by him?"

"I am certain you are not. He never forgets a face, whatever in this instance may have befallen the name."

"He received me like a stranger!"

"He is too well-bred to recognise a man who wishes to be unknown."

"I feel obliged to his reserve; and so long as you and he alone know me, I shall feel less awkward. I am certain neither will betray me."

"You flatter yourself with too much security: you are known to one more."

"For pity's sake, who can it be?"

"Nanny Sidley, my whilome nurse. No ogre was ever more vigilant than the faithful Nanny, and it is vain to suppose she does not recall your features."

"But ogres sometimes sleep; recollect how many have been overcome in that situation."

Eve smiled, but shook her head.

"There may also be one more to whom you are known. Are you quite certain that 'Mr. Sharp, Mr. Blunt; Mr. Blunt, Mr. Sharp,' never saw each other before?"

"I think not until we entered the boat in company. He is a gentlemanly young man, and one would not be apt to forget him. He is altogether superior to the rest of the set: do you not agree with me?"

Eve made no answer, probably because she thought her companion not sufficiently intimate to interrogate her on the subject of her opinions of others. Mr. Sharp had too much knowledge of the world not to perceive the mistake he had made, and changed the conversation with the tact of a man who saw that the discourse could not be continued without assuming a confidential character that Eve was indisposed to permit. Luckily, a pause in the discourse between the governess and her colloquist permitted a turn to the conversation.

"I believe you are an American, Mr. Blunt," he remarked; "and as I am an Englishman, we may be fairly pitted against each other on this question of international law. I hope, at least, you agree with me in thinking that

when the sloop of war comes up with us, it will be silly on our part to make any objections to being boarded by her?"

"I do not know that it is necessary I should be an American to give an opinion on such a point," returned the young man courteously; "for what is right is right, independently of nationality. It does appear to me that a public-armed vessel ought to have a right to ascertain the character of all merchant-ships, at least on the coast to which the cruisers belong. Without this power, it is not easy to see in what manner they can seize smugglers, pirates, or otherwise enforce the objects for which such vessels are sent to sea."

"I am happy to find you agreeing with me, then, in the legality of the right of search."

Blunt again smiled, and Eve, as she caught a glimpse of his countenance in turning, fancied there was pride in the expression. Still he answered as quietly as before.

"The right of search, certainly, to attain these ends, but to attain no more. If nations denounce piracy, and employ agents to detect the freebooters, there is reason in according to these agents all the rights requisite to the discharge of the duties; but, in conceding this much, I do not see that any authority is acquired beyond that which immediately belongs to the particular service to be performed. If we give a man permission to enter our house to look for thieves, it does not follow that, because so admitted, he has a right to exercise any other function. I believe that the ship in chase of us, as a public cruiser, ought to be allowed to board this vessel; but finding nothing contrary to the laws of nations about her, that she will have no power to molest her."

"But, surely, you must think that in carrying off a refugee from justice we have placed ourselves in the wrong, and cannot object, as a principle, to the poor man's being taken back, however much we may pity the particular case?"

"I question if Captain Truck will be disposed to reason so. He will be apt to say that his ship was regularly cleared, and that he had authority to sail; that in permit-

ting the officer to search his vessel, while in British waters, he did all that could be required ; that the process issued was to take Davis, and not to detain the Montauk ; that, once out of British waters, the English functionary became an intruder of whom he had every right to rid himself."

" I rejoice to hear the poor man cannot now be torn from his wife !" exclaimed Eve.

" You then incline to the doctrine of Mr. Blunt, Miss Effingham ? "

" Perhaps I have permitted sympathy to get the better of reason. Yet it would require strong proof to persuade me that villanous-looking attorney was engaged in a good cause, and that meek, warm-hearted wife in a bad one ! "

The gentlemen smiled, and turned as if inviting her to proceed. But Eve had checked herself, having already said more than became her, in her own opinion.

Before quitting the deck, the party inquired into the state of the chase, and the probable intentions of the sloop-of-war.

" We are now on the great highway of nations," returned Mr. Truck, " and it is my intention to travel it without jostling, or being jostled. As for the sloop, she is standing out under a press of canvass, and we are standing from her, in nearly a straight line, in like circumstances. She is some eight or ten miles astern of us, and there is an old saying among seamen that ' a stern chase is a long chase.' I do not think our case is about to make an exception to the rule. There is not the ship in the British navy that can gain ten miles on the Montauk, in her present trim, and with this breeze in as many hours ; so we are quit of her for the present."

The last words were uttered just as Eve put her foot on the step to descend into the cabin.

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## CHAPTER VI.

THE life of a packet steward is one of incessant mixing and washing, of interrogations and compoundings, all in a

space of about twelve feet square. These functionaries, usually clever mulattoes, are busy from morning till night in their cabins, preparing dishes, starting corks, and answering questions. Apathy is the great requisite for the station. From the moment the ship sails until that in which the chain is roused up in readiness to anchor, no smile illumines his face, no tone issues from his voice but that of dogged routine — of submission to those above, or of snarling authority to those beneath him. As the hour for the “drink gelt” approaches, however, he becomes gracious. On his first appearance in the pantry of a morning, he has a regular series of questions to answer, and for which he has a regular set of answers cut and dried. “How’s the wind?” “How’s the weather?” “How’s her head?” all addressed to this standing almanack, are matters of course, for which he is prepared, though it is by no means unusual to hear him ordering a subordinate to go on deck, after the answer is given, with a view to ascertain the facts. It is only when the voice of the captain is heard from his state room that he conceives himself bound to be critical.

On the first morning out, the steward of the Montauk commenced the dispensation of his news; for no sooner was he heard rattling the glasses, and shuffling plates in the pantry, than the attack was begun by Mr. Dodge, in whom “a laudable thirst after knowledge,” as exemplified in putting questions, was rather a besetting principle.

“Steward,” called out Mr. Dodge, through the blinds of his state-room, “whereabouts are we?”

“In the British Channel, sir.”

“But in what part of the Channel?”

“About the middle, sir.”

“How far have we come in the night?”

“From Portsmouth Roads to this place, sir.”

Mr. Dodge was satisfied, and the steward continued coolly to mix an omelette. The next attack was made from the same room, by Sir George Templemore.

“Steward, my good fellow, do you happen to know whereabouts we are?”

“Certainly, sir.”

“Are we getting on cleverly?”



"Nicely, sir."

"And the sloop-of-war, steward?"

"Nicely too, sir."

There was a shuffling in the state-room, followed by a silence. The door of Mr. Sharp's room was now opened an inch or two, and the following questions issued through the crevice:—

"Is the wind favourable, steward?"

"For the Montauk, sir; she's a persuader in this breeze."

"But is she going in the direction we wish?"

"If the gentleman wishes to perambulate America, it is probable he will get there with a little patience."

Mr. Sharp pulled-to his door, and ten minutes passed without further question. Now, Saunders knew no more than those who had been questioning him the particular situation of the ship, in which he floated, indifferent to the whereabouts and the winds. Aware that it was about time for the captain to be heard, he sent a subordinate on deck, with a view to be ready to meet the questions from his commander. A couple of minutes were sufficient to put him *au courant* of the real state of things. The next door that opened was that of Paul Blunt, however.

"Steward! How's the wind?"

"A prewailing breeze, sir."

"And the sloop?"

"She's to leeward, sir, operating along as fast as she can."

"Steward!"

"Sir," stepping hurriedly out of his pantry, in order to hear more distinctly.

"Under what sail are we?"

"Topgallant sails, sir."

"How's her head?"

"West-south-west, sir."

"Delicious! Any news of the rover?"

"Hull down to leeward, sir, and on our quarter."

"Better still. Hurry along that breakfast of yours."

A cessation of interrogatories took place, and soon after the passengers began to appear in the cabin. As the first step is almost invariably to go on deck, in good weather, in a few minutes nearly all of the last night's party was assem-

bled in the open air. The steward had rendered a faithful account of the weather to the captain, who was now standing in the main-rigging, looking at the clouds to windward, and the sloop-of-war to leeward, in the knowing manner of one who was making comparisons materially to the disadvantage of the latter.

The day was fine, and the Montauk, bearing her canvass nobly, was also staggering along, under every thing that would draw, with the wind near two points forward of the beam, or on an easy bowline. As there was but little sea, her rate was quite nine knots, though varying with the force of the wind. The cruiser had followed them thus far, though doubts began to be entertained whether she was in chase, or merely bound like themselves to the westward; a course common to all vessels that wish to clear the Channel, even when it is intended to go south, as the rocks and tides of the French coast are inconvenient neighbours in long nights.

"Who knows, after all, that the cutter which tried to board us," asked the captain aloud, "belongs to the ship to leeward?"

"I know the boat, sir," answered the second mate; "and the ship is the Foam."

"Let her foam away, then, if she wishes to speak us. Has any one tried her bearings since daylight?"

"We set her by the compass at six o'clock, sir, and she has not varied her bearing, as far as from one belaying pin to another, in three hours; but her hull rises fast: you can now make out her ports, and at daylight the bottom of her courses dipped."

"Ay, ay, she is a light-going Foam, then! If that is the case, she will be alongside of us by night."

"In which event, captain, you will be obliged to give him a broadside of Vattel," threw in John Effingham in his sarcastic manner.

"If that will answer his errand, he is welcome to as much as he can carry. I begin to doubt, gentlemen, whether this fellow be not in earnest: in which case you may have an opportunity of witnessing how ships are handled when seamen have their management. I have no objection



to setting the experience of a poor come-and-go sort of a fellow, like myself, in opposition to the geometry of a young man-of-war's man. I dare say, now, yonder chap is a lord, while poor Jack Truck is as you see him."

"Do you not think half an hour of compliance on our part might bring the matter to an amicable conclusion at once?" said Paul Blunt. "Were we to run down to him, the object of his pursuit could be determined in a few minutes."

"What! and abandon poor Davis to that rascally attorney?" generously exclaimed Sir George Templemore. "I would prefer paying the port-charges myself, for running into the handiest French port!"

"If there were no tobacco in the world, Mr. Blunt, I might feel disposed to wave the categories, and show the gentleman that courtesy," returned the captain, who was preparing another cigar. "But while the cruiser might not feel authorised to take an absconding debtor from this vessel, he might feel otherwise on the subject of tobacco, provided there has been an information for smuggling."

Captain Truck then explained, that the subordinates of the packets frequently got their ships into trouble, by taking adventures of the forbidden weed clandestinely into European ports, and that his ship, in such circumstances, would lose her place in the line, and derange all the plans of the company to which she belonged. He did the English government the justice to say, that it had always manifested a disposition not to punish the innocent for the guilty; but were any such complaints in the wind, he thought he could settle it with much less loss to himself on his return than on the day of sailing. While this explanation was delivered, a group had clustered round the speaker, leaving Eve and her party on the opposite side of the deck.

"This last speech of Mr. Blunt's quite unsettles my opinion of his national character," remarked Mr. Sharp. "Last night, I set him down as a right loyal American; but I think it would not be natural for a thorough-going countryman of yours, Miss Effingham, to propose this act of courtesy to a cruiser of King William."

“How far any countrymen of mine have reason to manifest extreme courtesy to any of your cruisers,” Eve laughingly replied, “I shall leave to Captain Truck to say. But, with you, I have long been at a loss to determine whether Mr. Blunt is an Englishman or an American, or, indeed, whether he be either.”

“Long, Miss Effingham! He then has the honour of being well known to you?”

Eve answered steadily, though the colour mounted to her brow.

“Long as girls of twenty count time—some four or five years; but you may judge how well, when I tell you I am ignorant of his country. I saw him first in Germany, where he circulated in the best company; though no one seemed acquainted with his history. He made a good figure; speaks several languages; and, altogether, was a subject of curiosity with those who had leisure to think of any thing but dissipation.”

Mr. Sharp listened with gravity to the fair speaker, and had not her own eyes been fastened on the deck, she might have detected the lively interest betrayed in his. Perhaps the feeling which was at the bottom of all this to a slight degree influenced his answer.

“Quite an Admirable Crichton!”

“I do not say that, though certainly expert in tongues. My own rambling life has made me acquainted with a few languages, and I assure you this gentleman speaks three or four with equal readiness. At Vienna, many believed him a German.”

“What! with the name of Blunt?”

Eve smiled. “Names signify little in these migratory times. I have been told that passing introductions amount to little among you men, and this would be a case in point.”

“You will not frown if I inquire whether the rest of your party remember him?”

“My father, Mademoiselle Viefville, and Nanny Sidley, but, I think, none other, as he never visited us. Mr. John Effingham was travelling in Egypt at the time, and we met only in general society. If I must confess all, he journeyed

with us an entire month, among the wonders of the Oberland, and across the Wallenstadt.

“ Were it not for the impropriety of tampering with a servant, I would question your good Nanny this moment !” said Mr. Sharp with playful menace. “ Of all torture, suspense is the hardest to be borne.”

“ I grant you full permission. Speak to the good soul ; she remembers you well, and by a little management a favourable opportunity may occur to bring in the subject. In the meantime, I will glance over this book.”

As Eve began to read, Mr. Sharp perceived she was in earnest, and strolled towards the faithful old domestic. He addressed her, and smilingly observed that he believed he had seen her in Italy. To this Nanny quietly assented, and when he indirectly added that it was under another name, she smiled, but merely intimated her consciousness of the fact, with a quick glance of the eye.

“ You know that travellers assume names for the sake of avoiding curiosity,” he added, “ and I hope you will not betray me.”

“ You need not fear me, sir ; I meddle with little besides my own duty, and so long as Miss Eve appears to think there is no harm in it, I will venture to say it is no more than a gentleman’s caprice.”

“ I believe I am not the only one on board who travels under a false name, if the truth were known ?”

Nanny looked first at her interrogator, next towards Mr. Blunt, withdrawing her eye again, as if guilty of an indiscretion, and finally at the sails. Perceiving her embarrassment, Mr. Sharp said a few civil things, and sauntering about the deck for a short time, soon found himself once more alongside of Eve. The latter inquired with her eyes, a little exultingly perhaps, concerning his success.

“ I have failed,” he said ; “ but something must be ascribed to my own diffidence ; for there is so much meanness in tampering with a servant, that I had not the heart to push my questions, even while I am devoured by curiosity.”

“ Your fastidiousness is not a disease with which all on board are afflicted, for there is at least one grand inquisitor among us ; so take heed to your sins, and be very guarded

of old letters, marks, and other tell-tales, that usually expose impostors.

"To all that, I believe, sufficient care has already been had by that other Dromio, my own man."

"And in what way do you share the name between you? Is it Dromio of Syracuse, and Dromio of Ephesus? or does John call himself Mortimer, or De Courcy?"

"He has complaisance enough to make the passage with nothing but a Christian name, I believe. In truth, it was by a mere accident that I turned usurper in this way. He took the state-room for me, and being required to give a name, gave his own. When I went to the docks to look at the ship, I was saluted as Mr. Sharp, and then the conceit took me of trying how it would wear for a month or six weeks. I would give the world to know if the *Geheimer Rath* got his cognomen in the same honest manner."

"I think not, as his man goes by the pungent title of Pepper. Unless poor John should have occasion for two names during the passage, you are reasonably safe. Still I think Mr. John Effingham would hazard all the French gloves in his trunks, against all the English finery in yours, that the inquisitor just hinted at gets at your secret before we arrive."

Her companion entreated her to point out the person to whom she had given the *sobriquet* she mentioned.

"Accuse me of giving nicknames to no one. The man has this title from Mademoiselle Vieffville, and his own great deeds. It is a certain Mr. Steadfast Dodge, who, it seems, knows something of us, from living in the same county, and is desirous of knowing a great deal more; for according to Mademoiselle Vieffville and my good Nanny, he has already communicated to them a thousand interesting particulars of himself, in exchange for which he asks no more than the reasonable compensation of having all his questions concerning us truly answered."

"This is certainly alarming intelligence, and I shall take heed accordingly."

The approach of Mr. Blunt changed the discourse, which now became general, the person who joined them amusing the others with an account of several proposals made by

Mr. Dodge. The first was to take a vote to ascertain whether Mr. Van Buren or Mr. Harrison was the greatest favourite of the passengers ; and, on this being defeated, owing to the ignorance of so many of both the parties named, he had suggested the establishing a society to ascertain daily the precise position of the ship. Captain Truck had thrown cold water on the last proposal, however, by adding to it a "rider," that one of the duties of the society should be to ascertain also the practicability of wading across the Atlantic.

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## CHAPTER VII.

THROUGHOUT the morning, the master was busy in rating his mates, stewards, and cooks—overhauling the log-line—introducing the passengers—seeing to the stowage of the anchors—throwing in touches of Vattel, and superintending duty. All this time, the cat in the grass does not watch the bird that hops along the ground with keener vigilance than he kept his eye on the Foam. To an ordinary observer, the ships presented the spectacle of vessels sailing in the same direction, with a very equal rate of speed ; and as the course was that necessary to clear the Channel, most of the passengers and crew began to think the cruiser, like themselves, merely bound to the westward. Mr. Truck thought differently. To him, the motive of the smallest change on board the sloop was as intelligible as if explained in words ; he even foresaw many that were about to take place. Before noon, the Foam had got fairly abeam, and Mr. Leach, pointing out the circumstance, observed that if her wish was to overhaul them, she ought then to tack ; it being a rule among seamen, that the pursuing vessel should turn to windward as often as she found herself nearest to chase. But the experience of Captain Truck taught him better ; the tide was setting into the Channel on the flood, and the wind enabled both ships to take the current on their lee-bows, a power that forced them to



windward ; whereas, by tacking, the Foam would receive the force of the stream on her weather broadside, or so nearly so as to sweep her farther astern than her difference in speed could easily repair.

"She has the heels of us, and she weathers on us, as it is," grumbled the master ; "I have led the gentleman such a tramp already that he will be in none of the best humours when he comes alongside, and we may make up our minds on seeing Portsmouth again before we see New York, unless a slant of the wind, or the night, serve us a good turn. I trust, Leach, you have not been destroying your prospects by looking too wistfully at a tobacco field?"

"Not I, sir ; and if you will give me leave to say it, Captain Truck, I do not think a plug has been landed from the ship, which did not go ashore in a *bonâ-fide* tobacco-box, that might appear in any court in England. The people will swear to a man that this is true."

"Ay, ay ! and the Barons of the Exchequer would be the greatest fools in England not to believe them. If there has been no defrauding the revenue, why does a cruiser follow this ship, a regular packet, to sea?"

"This affair of the steerage passenger, Davis, sir, is probably the cause. The man may be heavily in debt, or possibly a defaulter."

"This will do to put the quarter-deck and cabin in good humour at sailing, but it is sawdust to none but your new-beginners. I have known that Seal this many a year, and the rogue never yet had a case that touched the quarter-deck. It is as the man and his wife say, and I'll not give them up, out here in blue water, for as much foam as lies on Jersey beach after an easterly blow. It will not be any of the family of Davis that will satisfy yonder wind-eater ; but he will lay his hand on the whole family of the Montauk, leaving them the agreeable alternative of going back to Portsmouth or to get out here in the mid-channel, and wade ashore as best they can. D——me ! if I believe, Leach, that Vattel will bear the fellow out in it."

To this Mr. Leach had no encouraging answer to make, for, like most of his class, he held practical force in much



greater respect than books. He held it prudent, therefore, to be silent, though greatly doubting the efficacy of a quotation from any book, when put in opposition to a written order from the admiral at Portsmouth.

The day wore away, making a gradual change in the relative positions of the two ships, though so slowly as to give Captain Truck strong hopes of being able to dodge his pursuer in the coming night, which promised to be dark and squally. To return to Portsmouth was his full intention, but not until he had delivered his freight in New York; for, like all men bound up in the performance of an especial duty, he looked on a frustration of his immediate object as a greater calamity than a double amount of more remote evil.

Just as the sun dipped into the watery track of the Montauk, most of the cabin passengers again appeared on deck, to take a look at the situation of the two vessels, and to form conjectures as to the result. By this time the Foam had tacked twice, once to weather upon the wake of her chase, and again to resume her line of pursuit. The packet was too good a ship to be easily overtaken, and the cruiser was now nearly hull-down astern, but evidently coming up at a rate that would bring her alongside before morning. The wind blew in squalls, a circumstance that always aids a vessel of war, as the greater number of her hands enables sail to be made and shortened with ease and rapidity.

"The unsettled weather is as much as a mile an hour against us," observed Captain Truck, who was far from pleased at being outsailed by any thing that floated; "and, if truth must be said, I think that fellow has somewhere about half a knot the best of it, in the way of foot, on a bowline and with this breeze. But he has no cargo in, and they trim these boats like steel-yards. Give us more wind, or a freer, and I would leave him to digest his orders as a shark digests a marling-spike, notwithstanding his advantages: for little good would it then do him to be trying to run into the wind's eye like a steam-tug. As it is, we are in a category, and be d—d to it!"

It was one of those wild-looking sunsets that are so fre-

quent in the autumn, in which appearances are worse, perhaps, than the reality. The ships were now so near the Chops of the Channel that no land was visible, and the entire horizon presented that chill and wintry aspect that belongs to gloomy and driving clouds, to which streaks of dull light serve more to give an appearance of infinite space than any of the relief of brightness. It was a dreary nightfall to a landsman's eye; though they who better understood the signs of the heavens saw little more than the promise of obscurity, and the usual hazards of darkness in a much-frequented sea.

"This will be a dirty night," observed John Effingham, "and we may have occasion to bring in some of the flaunting vanity of the ship ere morning."

"The vessel appears to be in good hands," returned Mr. Effingham: "I have watched them narrowly; for, I know not why, I have felt more anxiety on this passage than on any of the nine I have already made."

As he spoke, the tender father unconsciously bent his eyes on Eve, who leaned affectionately on his arm, to steady her light form against the pitching of the vessel. She understood his feelings; accustomed to his fondest care from childhood, she well knew that he seldom thought of others, or himself, while her own wants or safety appealed to his unwearying love.

"Father," she said, smiling in his wistful face, "we have seen more troubled waters than these, and in a frailer vessel. Do you not remember the Wallenstadt and its miserable skiff, where I have heard you say there was really danger, though we escaped with a little fright?"

"Perfectly well do I recollect it, love, nor have I forgotten our brave companion, and his good service, at that moment. But for his stout arm and succour we might not, as you say, have been quit for the fright."

Although Mr. Effingham looked only at his daughter, Mr. Sharp, who listened with interest, saw the quick retreating glance of Eve at Paul Blunt, and felt something like a chill as he perceived her cheeks reflect the glow which appeared on that of the young man. He alone observed this secret evidence of common interest in some event in

which both had been actors, those around being too much occupied in the arrangements of the ship to heed the circumstance. Captain Truck had ordered all hands called, to make sail, to the surprise of even the crew. The vessel, at the moment, was staggering along with as much canvass as she could apparently bear, and the mates looked aloft with inquiring eyes, as if to ask what more could be done.

The master soon removed all doubts. With a rapidity that is not common in merchant ships, but which is usual enough in the packets, the lower studding-sails, and two topmast-studding-sails were prepared, and made ready for hoisting. As soon as the words "all ready" were uttered, the helm was put up, the sails were set, and the Montauk was running with a free wind towards the narrow passage between the Scilly Islands and the Land's End. Captain Truck was an expert channel pilot; from long practice, and keeping the run of the tides in his head, he had loosely calculated that his vessel had so much offing as, with a free wind, and the great progress she had made in the last twenty-four hours, would enable him to lay through the pass.

"'Tis a ticklish hole to run into in a dirty night, with a cracking breeze," he said, "and we will see if this Foam has mettle enough to follow."

"The chap has a quick eye and good glasses, even though he should want nerve for the Scilly rocks," cried the mate, who was looking out from the mizzen rigging. "There go his stun'-sails already, and a plenty of them!"

Sure enough the cruiser threw out her studding-sails, had them drawn and full in five minutes, and altered her course so as to follow the Montauk. There was now no longer any doubt concerning her object; for it was hardly possible two vessels should adopt so bold a step as this, just at dusk, and on such a night, unless the movements of one were regulated by the movements of the other.

In the meantime anxious faces began to appear on the quarter-deck, and Mr. Dodge was soon seen moving stealthily about among the passengers, whispering, and seemingly much occupied in canvassing opinions on the subject of the propriety of the step that the master had taken; though he rather stimulated opposition than found others prepared to

meet his wishes. When he thought he had collected a sufficient number of suffrages to venture on an experiment, that nothing but an aversion to a watery grave could embolden him to make, he invited the captain to a conference in the state-room. Changing the *venue*, as the lawyers term it, to his own apartment—no master of a packet willingly consenting to transact business in any other place—Captain Truck, who was out of cigars at the moment, willingly assented.

When the two were seated, Mr. Dodge carefully snuffed the candle, looked about to make sure there was no eave's-dropper in a room eight feet by seven, and commenced.

"Captain Truck," he said, in the sort of low confidential tone that denotes concern and mystery, "I think by this time you must have set me down as one of your warm friends. I came out in your ship: it is my hope to return home in her."

"If not, friend Dodge," returned the master, "if not, you have made a capital mistake in getting on board of her, as it is by no means probable an occasion will offer to get out, until we fall in with a pilot-boat somewhere in the latitude and longitude of Sandy Hook. You smoke, I believe, sir?"

"I ask no better," returned Steadfast, declining the offer; "I have told every one on the Continent,"—Mr. Dodge had been to Paris, Geneva, along the Rhine, and through Belgium and Holland, and in his eyes, this was the Continent,— "that no better ship or better captain sails the ocean; and you know, captain, I have a way with me that causes what I say to be remembered. Why, my dear sir, I had an article extolling the whole line, and this ship in particular, put into the journal at Rotterdam. It was so well done that not a soul suspected it came from a personal friend of yours."

The captain was rolling the small end of a cigar in his mouth to prepare it for smoking, the regulations of the ship forbidding any further indulgence below; but when he received this assurance, he withdrew the tobacco with the sort of mystifying simplicity that gets to be a second nature with a regular votary of Neptune, and answered



with a coolness in ludicrous contrast to the affected astonishment of the words —

“The devil you did ! — Was it in good Dutch ?”

“I do not understand much of the language,” said Mr. Dodge, hesitatingly ; “but it looked to be uncommonly well expressed. I could do no more than pay a man to translate it. But, to return to this running in among the Scilly Islands such a night.”

“Return, my good fellow ! this is the first syllable you have said about the matter !”

“Concern on your account has caused me to forget myself. To be frank, Captain Truck, and if I wer’n’t your best friend I should be silent, there is considerable excitement about this matter. This change in the ship’s course is monstrous unpopular !”

“That is bad news, Mr. Dodge ; I shall rely on you, as an old friend, to get up an opposition.”

“My dear captain, I have done all I could in that way already ; but I never met with people so bent on a thing as most of the passengers. The Effinghams are very decided, though so purse-proud and grand ; Sir George Templemore declares it is extraordinary, and the French lady is furious. To be sincere, public opinion is setting so strong against you, that I expect an explosion.”

“Well, so long as the tide sets in my favour I must endeavour to bear it. Stemming a current, in or out of water, is up-hill work ; but with a good bottom, clean copper, and plenty of wind, it may be done.”

“Well, well, captain ; I thought as a friend I would speak my mind. If this thing should get into the papers in America, it would spread like fire. You know what the papers are, Captain Truck ?”

“I rather think I do, Mr. Dodge, and I believe I know what the Scilly Islands are too. The elections will be nearly or quite over by the time we get in, and, thank God, they’ll not be apt to make a party question of it, this fall at least. In the meantime, rely on my keeping a good look-out. You smoke sometimes, I know, and I can recommend this cigar, Mr. Dodge. The steward will be happy to give you a light on deck, sir.”

In this manner, Captain Truck, with the *sang froid* of an old tar, and the tact of a packet-master, got rid of his troublesome visitor, who departed, half suspecting that he had been quizzed, but still ruminating on the expediency of getting up a public meeting in the cabin, to follow up the blow.

Mr. Dodge, whose Christian name was Steadfast, partook of the qualities that his two appellations expressed. There was a singular profession of steadiness of purpose, and high principle about him, all of which vanished in Dodge at the close. A great stickler for the rights of the people, he never considered that this people was composed of so many integral parts, but viewed all things as gravitating towards the great aggregation. Majorities were his hobbies, and though singularly timid in the minority, put him on the strongest side and he was ready to face the devil. In short, Mr. Dodge was a people's man, because his strongest desire, his "ambition and his pride," as he expressed it, was to be a man of the people.

Such a man was not very likely to make an impression on Captain Truck, one accustomed to rely on himself alone, in the face of warring elements, and who knew that a ship could not safely have more than a single will, and that the will of her master.

The accidents of life could scarcely form extremes of character more remote than that of Steadfast Dodge and that of John Truck. The first never did any thing without first weighing its probable popularity ; in what manner it would influence the next election, and whether it would be likely to elevate or depress him in the public mind. No slave stood more in terror of a master than Mr. Dodge of every man, who happened to belong to the party in power. As to the minority, he was as brave as a lion, and was foremost in scoffing at all they said and did. In a word, Steadfast Dodge was a man that wished to meddle with and control all things, without possessing the spirit necessary to leave him master of himself ; was a stout declaimer for the rights of the community, and felt a profound respect for everything beyond his reach, which manifested itself in a spirit of opposition and detraction, that only betrayed, through its jealousy, the existence of the feeling.



On the other hand, John Truck sailed his own ship, was civil to his passengers from habit as well as policy ; knew that every vessel must have a captain ; believed mankind to be little better than asses ; took his own observations, and cared not a straw for those of his mates ; was never more bent on following his own views than when all hands grumbled ; was daring by nature, decided from use and self-reliance, and was every way a man fitted to steer his bark through the trackless ways of life, as well as those of the ocean. It was fortunate for one in his position, that nature had made the possessor of so much self-will and temporary authority, cool and sarcastic rather than hot-headed and violent, and of this circumstance Mr. Dodge in particular had frequent occasion for felicitation.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

DISAPPOINTED in his appeal, Mr. Dodge returned to his secret work on deck ; for, like a true freeman of the exclusive school, this person never presumed to work openly, unless sustained by a clear majority. In the interval, Captain Truck was working up his day's reckoning, thinking little, and caring less, about any thing but the results of his figures, which soon convinced him, that by standing a few hours longer on his present course, he should "plump his ship ashore" somewhere between Falmouth and the Lizard.

This discovery annoyed the worthy master the more, on account of the suggestions of his late visitor ; for nothing could be less to his taste than to have the appearance of altering his determination under a menace. Still something must be done before midnight, for he plainly perceived that thirty or forty miles, at the farthest, would fetch the Montauk up, on her present course. The passengers had left the deck, and he heard the Effinghams inviting Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt into the ladies' cabin, which had been taken expressly for their party, while the others

were calling for the usual allowance of hot drinks, at the dining-table without. The talking and noise disturbed him; and he went on deck to come to his decision, in view of the angry-looking skies and the watery waste. Here we shall leave him, pacing the quarter deck, in moody silence, while the mate of the watch sat in the mizen-rigging, keeping a look-out to windward and ahead. In the meantime, we will return to the cabin of the Effinghams.

The Montauk was one of the noblest of those surpassingly beautiful and yacht-like ships, in which luxury and the fitting conveniences seem to vie for the mastery. The cabins were lined with satin-wood and bird's-eye maple; small marble columns separated the glittering panels of polished wood, and rich carpets covered the floors. The main cabin had the great table, as a fixture, in the centre, but that of Eve, somewhat shorter, but of equal width, was free from all encumbrance. It had its sofas, cushions, mirrors, stools, tables, and an upright piano. The doors of the state-rooms opened on its sides and ends. In short, it presented, at that hour, the resemblance of a tasteful boudoir.

Here, then, all who properly belonged to the place were assembled, with Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt as guests, when a tap at the door announced another visitor. It was Mr. Dodge begging to be admitted on business.

Mr. Effingham gave their visitor a polite reception, marked with a little formality, by way of letting it be understood that the apartment was private. All this was thrown away on Mr. Dodge, notwithstanding every other person present admired the tact with which the host kept his guest at a distance by extreme attention.

"We have had a considerable pleasant time, Miss Effingham, since we sailed from Portsmouth," he observed familiarly. "It would have been more agreeable, I allow, had not this man-of-war taken it into her head to follow us in this manner. Sir George calls it a most 'uncomfortable procedure.' You know Sir George Templemore, Miss Effingham?"

"I am aware there is a person of that name on board,

sir," returned Eve, who recoiled from this familiarity, "but have never had the honour of his acquaintance."

Mr. Dodge thought this extraordinary, for he had witnessed Captain Truck's introduction, and did not understand how people who had sailed twenty-fours in the same ship, and had been introduced, should not be intimate.

"Sir George is a gentleman of great accomplishments, Miss Effingham, I assure you. We have the same state-room, for I like company. He is a baronet, I suppose you know, — not that I care for titles, all men being equal in truth, though — though ——"

"— Unequal in reality, sir, you probably meant to add," observed John Effingham, his eagle-shaped face fairly curling with the contempt which he hardly cared to conceal.

"Surely not, sir!" exclaimed the terrified Steadfast, looking furtively about, lest some enemy might be at hand to quote this remark to his prejudice. "Surely not! men are every way equal, and no one can pretend to be better than another, though one would prefer having a gentleman in the same state-room to a coarse fellow. Sir George thinks, sir, that the ship is running into great danger by steering for the land in so dark a night, and in such *dirty* weather. He *has* many out-of-the-way expressions, I must admit, for one of his rank; he calls the weather *dirty*, and the proceedings *uncomfortable*. Sir George is quite an original in his way. We have few originals in our part of the country, you know, Mr. John Effingham; for, to say the truth, it is rather unpopular to differ from the neighbourhood. Yes, sir, the people will rule, and ought to rule. Still, I think Sir George may get along as a stranger, for it is not quite as unpopular in a stranger to be original as in a native. I think you will agree with me, sir, in believing it excessively presuming in an American to pretend to be different from his fellow-citizens."

"No one, sir, could entertain such presumption, I am persuaded, in your case."

"No, sir, I do not speak from personal motives; but on great general principles. I do not know that any man has a right to be peculiar in a free country. It is aristo-

cratic, and has an air of thinking one man is better than another."

"As I have resided much abroad of late, Mr. Dodge," inquired Eve, who was fearful her kinsman would give some cut past bearing, as she saw his eye was menacing, "will you favour me with some of those great principles of liberty of which I hear so much, but which, I fear, have been overlooked by my European instructors?"

Mademoiselle Viefville looked grave; Messrs. Sharp and Blunt delighted; Mr. Dodge, mystified.

"I should feel myself little able to instruct Miss Effingham on such a subject," the latter replied, "as no doubt she has seen too much misery in the nations she has visited, not to appreciate all the advantages of that happy country which has the honour of claiming her for one of its fair daughters."

Eve was terrified at her own temerity, for she was far from anticipating so high a flight of eloquence.

"None of the many illustrious and god-like men that our own beloved land has produced can pretend to more zeal in its behalf than myself, but I fear my abilities to do it justice will fall far short of the subject," he continued. "Liberty, as you know, Miss Effingham, is a boon that merits our unqualified gratitude, and calls for our daily thanks to the gallant spirits who, in the days that tried men's souls were foremost in the tented field, and in the councils of the nation."

John Effingham turned a glance at Eve that seemed to tell her how unequal she was to the task she had undertaken, and which promised a rescue.

"Of all this my young kinswoman is properly sensible, Mr. Dodge," he said by way of diversion; "but she, and I confess I myself have some little perplexity on the subject of what this liberty is, about which so much has been said and written in our time."

"Equal laws, equal rights, equality in all respects, and pure, abstract, unqualified liberty, beyond all question, sir."

"What, a power in the strong man to beat the little man, and to take away his dinner?"



“ By no means, sir ; Heaven forbid that I should maintain any such doctrine ! It means entire liberty : no kings, no aristocrats, no exclusive privileges ; but one man as good as another ! ”

“ If one man is as good as another,” said Mr. Blunt, “ will you do me the favour to inform me why the country puts itself to the trouble and expense of the annual elections ? ”

“ Elections, sir ! In what manner could free institutions be maintained without constantly appealing to the people, the only true sources of power ? ”

“ To this I make no objections, Mr. Dodge ; but why an election ? if one man is as good as another a lottery would be cheaper, easier, and sooner settled. Why even a lottery ? why not choose the President as the Persians chose their king, by the neighing of a horse ? ”

“ This would be indeed an extraordinary mode of proceeding for an intelligent and virtuous people, Mr. Blunt ; and I must take the liberty of saying that I suspect you of pleasantry. If you wish an answer, I will say, at once, by such a process we might get a knave, or a fool, or a traitor.”

“ How, Mr. Dodge ! I did not expect this character of the country from you ! Are the Americans all fools, knaves, or traitors ? ”

“ If you intend to travel much in our country, sir, I would advise great caution in throwing out such an insinuation, for it would be apt to meet with a very general and unqualified disapprobation. Americans are enlightened and free, and as far from deserving these epithets as any people on earth.”

“ And yet the fact follows from your own theory. If one man is as good as another, and any one of them is a fool, or a knave, or a traitor, — all are knaves, or fools, or traitors ! The insinuation is not mine, but follows, inevitably, as a consequence of your own proposition.”

In the pause that succeeded, Mr. Sharp said in a low voice to Eve, “ He is an Englishman, after all ! ”

“ Mr. Dodge does not mean that one man is as good as another in that particular sense,” Mr. Effingham kindly

interposed, in his quality of host; "his views are less general, I fancy, than his words would give us, at first, reason to suppose."

"Very true, Mr. Effingham, one man is not as good as another in the sense of elections, but in all other senses. I perceive, gentlemen, that we do not perfectly understand each other, and I must postpone the discussion to a more favourable opportunity; for I confess great uneasiness at this decision of the captain's, about steering in among the rocks of Scilla. I challenge you to renew the subject another time, gentlemen. I only happened in" (another peculiarity of diction in this gentleman) "to make a first call, for I suppose there is no exclusion in an American ship?"

"None whatever, sir," Mr. John Effingham coldly answered. "All the state rooms are in common, and I propose to seize an early occasion to return this compliment, by making myself at home in the apartment which has the honour to lodge Mr. Dodge and Sir George Templemore."

Here Mr. Dodge beat a retreat, without touching at all on his real errand. Instead of even following up the matter with the other passengers, he got into a corner, with one or two congenial spirits, who had taken great offence that the Effinghams should presume to retire into their cabin, and have the aristocratical audacity to shut the door, where he continued pouring into the ears of his companions his own history of the recent dialogue, in which, according to his own account of the matter, he had completely gotten the better of that "young upstart Blunt."

Very different was the conversation that ensued in the ladies' cabin. Not a remark of any sort was made on his intrusion or on his folly; even John Effingham, little addicted in common to forbearance, being too proud to waste his breath on so low game. But the subject was continued, and in a manner better suited to the education, intelligence, and views of the several speakers.

Eve said but little, though she ventured to ask a question now and then; Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt being the principal supporters of the discourse, with an occasional quiet,



discreet remark from the young lady's father, and a sarcasm, now and then, from John Effingham. Mr. Blunt, though advancing his opinions with diffidence, and with a proper deference for the greater experience of the two elder gentlemen, soon made his superiority apparent, the subject proving to be one on which he had evidently thought a great deal, and that too with a discrimination and originality far from common.

Music succeeded, Eve having taken the precaution to have the piano tuned before quitting port. John Effingham executed brilliantly on the violin; and the two younger gentlemen performed respectably on the flute, flageolet, and one or two other wind instruments. We shall leave them doing justice to Beethoven, Rossini, and Mayerbeer, and return on deck to the company of the master.

Captain Truck had continued moodily to pace the deck alone during the whole evening, and only seemed to come to a recollection of himself when the relief passed him on his way to the wheel, at eight bells. Inquiring the hour, he got into the mizen rigging, with a night-glass, and swept the horizon in search of the Foam. Nothing could be made out, the darkness having settled upon the water in a way to circumscribe the visible horizon to very narrow limits.

"This may do," he muttered to himself, as he swung off by a rope, and alighted again on the planks of the deck. Mr. Leach was summoned, and an order was passed for the relieved watch to remain on deck for duty.

When all was ready, the first mate went through the ship, seeing that all the candles were extinguished, or that the hoods were drawn over the sky-lights, in such a way as to conceal any rays that might gleam upwards from the cabins. At the same time attention was paid to the binnacle-lamp. This precaution observed, the people went to work to reduce the sail, and in the course of twenty minutes they had got in the studding-sails, and all the standing canvass to the topsails, the fore-course, and a forward stay-sail. The three topsails were then reefed, with sundry urgent commands to the crew to be active. "The Englishman coming up like a horse, all this time, no doubt."

This much effected, the hands returned on deck, as much amazed as if the order had been to cut away the masts.

"If we had a few guns, and were a little stronger-handed," growled an old salt to the second-mate, as he hitched up his trousers, and rolled over his quid, "I should think the hard one, aft, had been stripping for a fight; but as it is, we have nothing to carry on the war with, unless we throw sea-biscuits into the enemy!"

"Stand by to ware!" called out the captain from the quarter-deck.

The men sprang to the braces, and the bows of the ship fell off gradually, as the yards yielded slowly to the drag. In a minute the Montauk was rolling dead before it, and her broadside came sweeping up to the wind with the ship's head to the eastward. This new direction in the course had the double effect of hauling off the land, and of diverging at more than right angles from the line of sailing of the Foam, if that ship still continued in pursuit. The seamen nodded their heads at each other for all now understood the meaning of the change.

The revolution on deck produced as sudden a revolution below. The ship was no longer running easily on an even keel, but was pitching violently into a head-beating sea, and the wind, which a few minutes before, was scarcely felt to blow, was now whistling its hundred strains among the cordage. Some sought their berths, among whom were Mr. Sharp and Mr. Dodge; some hurried up stairs to learn the reason, and all broke up their avocations for the night.

Captain Truck had the usual number of questions to answer, which he did in the following succinct and graphic manner, a reply that we hope will prove as satisfactory to the reader, as it was made, perforce, to be satisfactory to the curious on board.

"Had we stood on an hour longer, gentlemen, we should have been lost on the Coast of Cornwall!" he said, pithily: "had we stopped where we were, the sloop-of-war would have been down upon us in twenty minutes: by changing the course, in the way you have seen, he may get to leeward of us; if he find it out, he may change his own

course, in the dark being as likely to go wrong as right ; or he may stand in, and set up the ribs of his majesty's ship Foam to dry among the rocks of the Lizard, where I hope all her people will get safely ashore, dry shod."

"After waiting the result anxiously for an hour, the passengers retired to their rooms one by one ; but Captain Truck did not quit the deck until the middle watch was set. Paul Blunt heard him enter his state-room, which was next to his own, and putting out his head, inquired the news above. The worthy master had discovered something about this young man which created a respect for his nautical information, for he never misapplied a term, and invariably answered all his questions with respect.

"Dirtier, and dirtier," he said, in defiance of Mr. Dodge's judgment in language, pulling off his pea-jacket, and laying aside his sou'-wester, "a cap-full of wind, with just enough drizzle to take the comfort out of a man, and lacker him down like a boot."

"The ship has gone about?"

"Like a dancing-master with two toes. We have got her head to southward and westward again ; another reef in the topsails," (which word Mr. Truck pronounced *tor-sails*, with great unction), "England well under our lee, and the Atlantic ocean right before us. Six hours on this course, and we make a fair wind of it."

"And the sloop."

"Well, Mr. Blunt, I can give no direct account of her. She has dropped in along-shore, I suspect, where she is clawing off, like a boy climbing a hillock of ice on his hands and knees ; or is flying about among the other *foam*, somewhere in the latitude of the Lizard. An easy pillow to you, Mr. Blunt, and no tacking till the first nap's up."

"And the poor wretches in the Foam?"

"Why, the Lord have mercy on their souls !"

## CHAPTER IX.

MOST of the passengers appeared on deck soon after Saunders was heard rattling again among his glasses. The day was sufficiently advanced to allow a view of all that was passing, and the wind had shifted. The change had not occurred more than ten minutes, and Mr. Leach had just got through with the necessary operation of laying the yards about, for the breeze, which was coming stiff, now blew from the north-east. No land was visible, and the mate was just giving his opinion that they were up with Scilly, as Captain Truck appeared in the group.

One glance aloft, and another at the heavens, sufficed to let the experienced master into all the secrets of his situation. His next step was to jump into the rigging, and take a look at the sea in the direction of the Lizard. There, to his extreme disappointment, appeared a ship with every thing set that would draw, and with a studding-sail flapping, before it could be drawn down, which he knew in an instant to be the eternal Foam. At this spectacle Mr. Truck compressed his lips, and made an imprecation, that it would ill comport with our notions of propriety to repeat.

"Turn the hands up and shake out the reefs, sir," he said coolly to his mate, for it was a standing rule of the captain's to seem calmest when he was in the greatest rage. "Turn them up, sir, and show every rag that will draw, from the truck to the lower studding-sail boom, and be d—d to them!"

On this hint Mr. Leach bestirred himself, and the men were quickly on the yards, casting loose gaskets and reef-points. Sail opened after sail, and as the steerage passengers, who could show a force of thirty or forty men, aided with their strength, the Montauk was soon running dead before the wind, under every thing that would draw, and with studding-sails on both sides. The mates looked



surprised, the seamen cast inquiring glances aft, but Mr. Truck now lighted a cigar.

"Gentlemen," said the captain, after a few philosophical whiffs, "to go to America with yonder fellow on my weather beam is quite out of the question: he would be up with me, and in possession, before ten o'clock, and my only play is to bring the wind right over the taffrail, where, luckily, we have got it. I think we can bother him at this sport, for your sharp bottoms are not as good as your kettle-bottoms in ploughing a full furrow. As for bearing her canvass, the Montauk will stand it as long as any ship in King William's navy, before the gale. And on one thing you may rely; I'll carry you all into Lisbon, before that tobacco-rover shall carry you back to Portsmouth. This is a category to which I will stick."

This characteristic explanation served to let the passengers understand the state of the case. No one remonstrated, for all preferred a race to being taken; and Captain Truck admitted that their cruiser was too much for him on every tack but the one he was about to try. Mr. Sharp hoped that they might now escape, — and as for Sir George Templemore, he generously repeated his offer to pay, out of his own pocket, all the port-charges in any harbour the master would enter, rather than see such an outrage done on a foreign vessel in a time of peace.

The expedient of Captain Truck proved his judgment. Within an hour it was apparent that, if there was any difference in the sailing of the two ships under the present circumstances, it was slightly in favour of the Montauk. The Foam now set her ensign for the first time, a signal that she wished to speak the ship in sight. At this Captain Truck chuckled, for he pronounced it a sign she was conscious she could not get them within range of her guns.

"Show him the gridiron," cried the captain, briskly; "it will not do to be beaten in civility by a man who has beaten us already on so many tacks; but keep all fast as a church-door of a week-day."

The effect of success was always to make Mr. Truck loquacious, and he now began to tell many excellent anecdotes of events that happened to him in person, or of which



he had been an eye-witness ; and on which his hearers, as Sancho said, might so certainly depend as true, that, if they chose, they might safely swear they had seen themselves.

"Speaking of churches and doors, Sir George," he said, "were you ever in Rhode Island ? "

"Never, this is my first visit to America, captain."

"True ; well, you will be likely to go there, if you go to Boston, as it is the best way ; unless you would prefer to run over Nantucket shoals, and a hundred miles of ditto, as Mr. Dodge calls it."

"*Ditter*, captain, if you please — *ditter* : it is the continental word for round about.

"That is the road we are now travelling ! — I say, Leach, do you happen to know that we are making a *ditter* to America ? "

"You were speaking of a church, Captain Truck," politely interposed Sir George, who had become rather intimate with his fellow-occupant of the state-room.

"I was travelling through that state, a few years since, on my way from Providence to New London, at a time when a new road had just been opened. It was on a Sunday, and the stage — a four-horse power, you must know — had never yet run through on the Lord's day. Well, we might be, as it were, off here at right angles to our course, and there was a short turn in the road, as one would say, out yonder. As we hove in sight of the turn, I saw a chap at the mast head of a tree ; down he slid, and away he went right before it, towards a meeting-house two or three cables length down the road. We followed at a smart jog, and just before we got the church abeam, out poured the whole congregation, horse and foot, parson and idlers, sinners and hypocrites, to see the four-horse power go past. Now this is what I call keeping the church-door open on a Sunday."

We might have hesitated about recording this anecdote of the captain's had we not received an account of the same occurrence from a quarter that left no doubt that his version of the affair was substantially correct. This and a few similar adventures, some of which he invented, and all

of which he swore were literal, enabled the worthy master to keep the quarter-deck in good humour, while the ship was running at the rate of ten knots the hour in a line so far diverging from her true course. But the relief to landsmen is so great, in general, to meet with a fair wind at sea, that few are disposed to quarrel with its consequences. A bright day, a steady ship, the pleasure of motion as they raced with the combing seas, and the interest of the chase, set every one at ease; and even Steadfast Dodge was less devoured with envy than usual.

The Montauk continued to gain on her pursuer until sunset, when Captain Truck began again to cast about him for the chances of the night. He knew that the ship was running into the mouth of the Bay of Biscay, or at least was fast approaching it, and bethought him of the means of getting to the westward. The night promised to be any thing but dark, for though a good many wild-looking clouds were by this time scudding athwart the heavens, the moon diffused a sort of twilight gleam in the air. Waiting patiently, until the middle watch was again called, he reduced sail, and hauled the ship off to a south-west course, hoping insensibly to gain an offing before the Foam was aware of it; a scheme that he thought more likely to be successful, as by sheer dint of driving throughout the day, he had actually caused the courses of that vessel to dip before the night shut in.

Even the most vigilant became weary of watching, and Captain Truck was unpleasantly disturbed next morning by an alarm that the Foam was just out of gun shot, coming up with them fast. On gaining the deck he found the fact so. Favoured by the change in the course, the cruiser had been gradually gaining on the Montauk ever since the first watch was relieved, and had indeed lessened the distance between the respective ships by two thirds. No remedy remained but to try the old expedient of getting the wind over the taffrail once more, and showing all the canvass that could be spread. As like causes are known to produce like effects, the expedient brought about the old results. The packet had the best of it, and the sloop-of-war slowly fell astern. Mr. Truck

now declared he would make a "regular business of it," and accordingly he drove his ship in that direction throughout the day, the following night, and until near noon of the day which succeeded, varying his course slightly to suit the wind, which he studiously kept so near aft as to allow the studding-sails to draw on both sides. At meridian, on the fourth day out, the captain got a good observation, and ascertained that the ship was in the latitude of Oporto, with an offing of less than a degree. At this time the top-gallant sails of the Foam might be discovered from the deck, resembling a boat clinging to the watery horizon. As he had fully made up his mind to run into port, in preference to being overhauled, the master had kept so near the land, with intention of profiting by his position, in the event of any change favouring his pursuers, but he now believed that at sunset he should be safe in finally shaping his course for America.

"There must be double-fortified eyes aboard that fellow to see what we are about at this distance, when the night is once shut in," he said to Mr. Leach, who seconded all his orders with obedient zeal; "and we will watch our moment to slip out fairly into the great Prairie, and then we shall discover who best knows the trail! You'll be for trotting off to the Prairies, Sir George, as soon as we get in, and for trying your hand at the buffalo, like all the rest of them?"

"Should we not be more certain of accomplishing your plans by seeking refuge in Lisbon for a day or two? I confess I should like to see Lisbon; and as for the port-charges, I would rather pay them twice than that this poor man should be torn from his wife."

Captain Truck shook the baronet heartily by the hand, as he always did when this offer was renewed, declaring that his feelings did him honour.

"Never fear for Davis," he said. "Old Grab shall not have him this tack, nor the Foam either. I'll throw him overboard before such a disgrace befall us or him. Well, this leech has driven us from the old road, and nothing now remains but to make the southern passage, unless the wind prevail at south."

The Montauk, in truth, had not much varied from a course once greatly in favour with the London ships, Lisbon and New York being really in the same parallel of latitude, and the currents, if properly improved, often favouring the run. It is true, the Montauk had kept closer in with the continent by a long distance than was usual, even for the passage he had named ; but the peculiar circumstances of the chase had left no alternative, as the master explained to his listeners.

" It was a coasting voyage, or a tow back to Portsmouth, Sir George," he said, " and of the two I know you like the Montauk too well to wish to be quit of her so soon."

To this the baronet gave a willing assent, protesting that his feelings had got so much enlisted on the side of the vessel he was in, that he would cheerfully forfeit a thousand pounds rather than be overtaken. The master assured him that was just what he liked, and swore he was the sort of passenger he most delighted in.

A little before dark the head of the Montauk was inclined towards Lisbon, as if her intention was to run in ; but the moment the dark spot that pointed out the position of the Foam was lost in the haze of the horizon, Captain Truck gave the order to ware, and sail was made to the west-south-west.

Most of the passengers felt an intense curiosity to know the state of things on the following morning, and all of the men were dressed and on deck just as the day began to break. The wind had been fresh and steady all night, and as the ship had been kept with all her yards a little checked, and topmast studding-sails set, the officers reported her to be at least a hundred miles to the westward of the spot where she wore. The reader will imagine the disappointment the latter experienced, then, when they beheld the Foam a little on their weather-quarter, edging away for them as assiduously as she had been hauling up for them the night they sailed from Portsmouth, distant little more than a league !

" This is indeed extraordinary perseverance," said Paul Blunt to Eve, at whose side he was standing at the moment the fact was ascertained, " and I think our captain might do well to heave-to and ascertain its cause."



"I hope not," cried his companion with vivacity. "I confess to an *esprit de corps*, and a gallant determination to 'see it out,' as Mr. Leach styles his own resolution. One does not like to be followed in this manner, unless it be for the interest it gives the voyage. After all, what a zest it gives to the monotony of the ocean!"

"Do you then find the ocean a scene of monotony?"

"Such it has often appeared to me. But I acquit it of this sin now; for the interest of a chase is equal to that of a horse-race, a thing I delight in. Even Mr. John Effingham can look radiant under its excitement."

"And when this is the case he is singularly handsome: a nobler line of face is seldom seen than that of Mr. John Effingham."

"He has a noble outline of soul," returned Eve, warmly: "I love no one as much as him, with the exception of my father."

The young man could have listened all day, but Eve smiled, though with a glistening eye, and left the deck, conscious of having betrayed some of her most cherished feelings.

Captain Truck, while, as he expressed it, "struck aback like an old lady shot off a hand-sled in sliding down hill," was prompt in applying the old remedy to the evil. The Montauk was again put before the wind, sail was made, and the fortunes of the chase were once more cast on the "play of the ship."

The commander of the Foam certainly deprecated this change, for it was hardly made before he set his ensign, and fired a gun. But of these signals no other notice was taken than to show a flag in return, when the captain and his mates proceeded to get the bearings of the sloop-of-war. Ten minutes showed they were gaining; twenty did better; and in an hour she was well on the quarter.

Another day of strife succeeded, or rather of dull sailing, for not a rope was started on board the Montauk, the wind still standing fresh and steady. The sloop made many signals, indicating a desire to speak the Montauk, but Truck declared himself too experienced a navigator to be



caught by bunting, and in too great a hurry to stop and chat by the way.

The result may be anticipated. The two ships kept before the wind until the Foam was again far astern, and the observations of Captain Truck told him he was as far south as the Azores. In one of these islands he was determined to take refuge, provided he was not favoured by accident; for going farther south was out of the question, unless absolutely driven to it. Calculating his distance, on the evening of the sixth day out, he found he might reach an anchorage at Pico before the sloop-of-war could close with him, even allowing the necessity of hauling his ship again upon the wind.

But Providence had ordered differently. Towards midnight the breeze almost failed and became baffling, and when the day dawned the officer of the watch reported that it was a-head. The pursuing ship, though still in sight, was luckily so far astern and to leeward as to prevent any danger from a visit by boats, and there was leisure to make the preparations that might become necessary on the springing up of a new breeze. Of the speedy occurrence of such a change there was now every symptom, the heavens lightning up at the north-west, a quarter from which the genius of the storms mostly delights in making a display of his power.

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## CHAPTER X.

THE awaking of the winds on the ocean is frequently attended with portents as sublime as any the fancy can conceive. On the present occasion, the breeze that had prevailed so steadily for a week was succeeded by light baffling puffs, as if, conscious of the mighty powers of the airs that were assembling in their strength, these inferior blasts were hurrying to and fro for a refuge. The clouds, too, were whirling in uncertain eddies, many of the heaviest and darkest descending so low that they had an

appearance of settling on the waters. But the waters themselves were unnaturally agitated ; the billows, no longer following each other in long regular waves, were careering upwards like fiery coursers suddenly checked in their career. The usual order of the eternally unquiet ocean was lost in a species of chaotic tossings of the element, the seas heaving themselves upward, without order, and frequently without visible cause. This was the reaction of the currents, and of the influence of breezes still older than the last. Not the least fearful symptom of the hour was the terrific calmness of the air amid such a scene of menacing wildness. Even the ship came into the picture to aid the impression of intense expectation ; for, with her canvass reduced, she, too, seemed to have lost that instinct which had so lately guided her along the trackless waste, and was "wallowing," nearly helpless, among the confused waters. Still she was a beautiful and a grand object, perhaps the more so at that moment than at any other ; for her vast and naked spars, her well-supported masts, and all the complicated hamper of the machine gave her a resemblance to some sinewy gladiator pacing the arena, in waiting for the conflict at hand.

"This is an extraordinary scene," said Eve, who clung to her father's arm as she gazed around her in admiration and awe ; "a dread exhibition of the sublimity of nature !"

"Though accustomed to the sea," returned Mr. Blunt, "I have witnessed these ominous changes but twice before, and I think this the grandest of them all."

"Were the others followed by tempests ?" inquired the anxious parent.

"One brought a tremendous gale, while the other passed away like a misfortune of which we get a near view, but are permitted to escape the effects."

"I do not know that I wish such to be entirely our present fortune," rejoined Eve, "for there is so much sublimity in this view of the ocean, unaroused, that I feel desirous of seeing it when aroused."

"We are not in the hurricane latitudes, or the hurricane months," resumed the young man, "and it is not probable that there is anything more in reserve for us than a hearty

gale of wind, which may, at least, help us to get rid of yonder troublesome follower."

"Even that I do not wish, provided he will let us continue the race on our proper route. A chase across the Atlantic would be something to enjoy and to talk of in after life."

"I wonder if such a thing be possible!" exclaimed Mr. Sharp; "it would indeed be an incident to recount to another generation!"

"There is little probability of our witnessing such an exploit," Mr. Blunt remarked, "for gales of wind on the ocean have the same separating influence on consorts of the sea that domestic gales have on consorts of the land. Nothing is more difficult than to keep ships in sight of each other in very heavy weather, unless those of the best qualities are disposed to humour those of the worst."

"I know not which may be called the best, or which the worst, in this instance, for our tormentor appears to be as much better than ourselves in some particulars as we are better than he in others. If the humouring is to come from our honest captain, it will be some such humouring as the spoiled child gets from a capricious parent in moments of anger."

Mr. Truck passed the group at that instant, and heard his name coupled with the word honest, in the mouth of Eve, though he lost the rest of the sentence.

"Thank you for the compliment, my dear young lady," he said; "and I wish I could persuade Captain Somebody, of his Britannic Majesty's ship Foam, to be of the same way of thinking. It is all because he will not fancy me honest in the article of tobacco that he has got the Montauk down here, on the Spanish coast. I shall have to use double care to get the good craft home again."

"And why this difficulty, captain?" Eve, who was amused with Mr. Truck's modes of speech, inquired, "Is it not equally easy to go from one part of the ocean as from another?"

"Equally easy! Bless you, my dear young lady, you never made a more capital mistake in your life. Do you imagine it as easy to go from London to New York, now, as to go from New York to London?"

“ I am so ignorant as to have made this mistake, if mistake it be ; nor do I now see why it should be otherwise.”

“ Simply because it is up-hill, ma’am. As for our position here, to the eastward of the Azores, the difficulty is soon explained. By dint of coaxing I had got the good old ship so as to know every inch of the road on the northern passage, and now I shall be obliged to wheedle her along on a new route, like a shy horse getting through a new stable door. One might as well think of driving a pig from his sty as to get a ship out of her track.”

“ We trust to you to do all this and much more at need. But to what will these grand omens lead ? Shall we have a gale, or is so much magnificent menacing to be taken as an empty threat of Nature’s ? ”

“ That we shall know in the course of the day, Miss Effingham, though nature is no bully, and seldom threatens in vain. There is nothing more curious to study, or which needs a nicer eye to detect, than your winds.”

“ Of the latter I am fully persuaded, captain, for they are called the ‘ viewless winds,’ you will remember ; and the greatest authority speaks of them as being quite beyond the knowledge of man.”

“ I do not remember the writer you mean, my dear young lady,” returned Mr. Truck, innocently ; “ but he was a sensible fellow, for I believe Vattel has never yet dared to grapple with the winds. There are people who fancy the weather is foretold in the almanack ; but, according to my opinion, it is safer to trust a rheumatis’ of two or three years’ standing. A good, well-established, old fashioned rheumatis’ is as certain a barometer as that hanging up in the coach-house here. I once had a rheumatis’ that I set much store by, for it would let me know when to look out for easterly weather as infallibly as any instrument I ever sailed with. I never told you the story of the old Connecticut horse-jockey and the typhoon, I believe ; and as we are doing nothing but waiting for the weather to make up its mind ——”

“ The weather to make up its mind ! ” exclaimed Eve, looking around her in awe at the terrific grandeur of the



ocean, and of the pent and moody air ; “ is there, then, an uncertainty in this ? ”

“ Lord bless you ! my dear young lady, the weather is often as uncertain, and as hard to please, as an old girl who gets offers, on the same day, from a widower with ten children, an attorney with one leg, and the parson of the parish. Uncertain ! Why I have known the weather in this condition for a whole day ; so, as we have nothing better to do, Mr. Effingham, I will tell you the story about my neighbour, the horse-jockey. Hauling yards when there is no wind is like playing on a Jew’s-harp at a concert of trombones.”

Mr. Effingham made a sign of assent, and pressed the arm of Eve for patience.

“ You must know, gentlemen,” the captain commenced, looking round to collect as many listeners as possible, for he excessively disliked small audiences, “ you must know that we had formerly many craft that went between the river and the islands ——”

“ — The river ? ” interrupted Mr. Sharp.

“ Certain ; the Connecticut, I mean ; we all call it the river down our way — between the river and the West Indies, with horses, cattle, and other knick-knacks of that description. Among others was old Joe Bunk, who had followed the trade in a high-deck brig for some twenty-three years, he and the brig having grown old in company, like man and wife. About forty years since our river ladies began to be tired of their bohea ; and as there was a good deal said in favour of souchong in those days, it was determined to make an experiment in the new quality, before they dipped fairly into the trade. Well, what do you suppose was done in the premises, my dear young lady ? ”

Eve’s eyes were still on the heavens, but she civilly answered, —

“ No doubt they sent to a shop and purchased a sample.”

“ Not they ; they knew too much for that, since any rogue of a grocer might cheat them. When the excitement had got a little headway on it, they formed a tea



society, with the parson's wife for presidentess, and her daughter for secretary. In this way they went to work, until the men got the fever too, and a project was set a-foot to send a craft to China for a sample."

"China!" exclaimed Eve.

"China, certain; it lies off hereaway, round on the other side of the earth. Well, whom should they choose to go on the errand but old Joe Bunk. The old man had been so often to the islands and back, without knowing anything of navigation, they thought he was just their man, as there was no such thing as losing him. Well, Joe fitted up the brig; the Seven Dollies was her name; for you must know we had seven ladies in the town, who were called Dolly, and they each of them used to send a colt, or a steer, or some other delicate article to the islands by Joe, whenever he went; so he fitted up the Seven Dollies, hoisted in his dollars, and made sail. The last that was seen or heard of the old man for eight months was off Montauk, where he was fallen in with, two days out, steering south-easterly, by compass."

"I should think," observed John Effingham, "Mrs. Bunk must have been very uneasy all this time."

"Not she; she stuck to the bohea in hopes that sou-chong would arrive before the restoration of the Jews. Arrive it did, sure enough, at the end of eight months, and a capital adventure it proved for all concerned. Old Joe got a great name in the river for the exploit, though how he got to China no one could say, or how he got back again; or, for a long time, how he got the huge, heavy silver tea-pot he brought with him."

"A silver tea-pot?"

"Exactly that article. At last the truth came to be known; for it is not an easy matter to hide anything of that nature down our way. At first they tried Joe with all sorts of questions, but he gave them 'guess' for 'guess.' Then people began to talk, and finally it was fairly whispered that the old man had stolen the tea-pot. This brought him out; for it went so far as to be got up before the meeting.—Law was out of the question, you will understand, as there was no evidence; but the meeting

don't stick much at particulars, provided people talk a good deal."

"And the result?" asked John Effingham. "I suppose the parish took the tea-pot and gave Joe the grounds."

"You are as far out of the way as we are here, down on the coast of Spain! The truth is just this. The Seven Dollies was lying among the rest of them, at anchor, below Canton, with the weather as fine as young girls love to see it in May, when Joe began to get down his yards, to house his masts, and to send out all his spare anchors. He even went so far as to get two hawsers fastened to a junk that was grounded a little a-head of him. This made a talk among the captains of the vessels, and some came on board to ask the reason. Joe told them he was getting ready for the typhoon; but when they inquired his reasons for believing there was to be a typhoon at all, Joe looked solemn, shook his head, and said he had reasons enough, but they were his own. Had he been explicit, he would have been laughed at, but the sight of an old grey-headed man, who had been at sea forty years, getting ready in this serious manner, set the others at work too. Well, that night the typhoon came in earnest, and it blew so hard that Joe Bunk said he could see the houses in the moon, all the air having blown out of the atmosphere."

"But what has this to do with the tea-pot, Captain Truck?"

"It is the life and soul of it. The captains in port were so delighted with Joe's foreknowledge that they clubbed, and presented him with this pot as a testimony of their gratitude."

"But pray how did he know that the storm was approaching?" asked Eve, whose curiosity had been awakened in spite of herself. "It could not have been that his 'foreknowledge' was supernatural."

"That no one can say, for Joe was presbyterian-built, as we say, kettle-bottomed, and stowed well. The truth was not discovered until ten years afterwards, when the old fellow got to be a regular cripple, what between rheumatis', old age, and steaming. One day he had an attack of the first complaint, and in one of its most severe paroxysms,

when nature is apt to wince, he roared three times, 'a typhoon! a typhoon! a typhoon!' and the murder was out. Sure enough, the next day we had a regular northeaster; but old Joe got no sign of popularity that time. And now, when you get to America, gentlemen and ladies, you will be able to say you have heard the story of Joe Bunk and his tea-pot."

Thereupon Captain Truck took two or three hearty whiffs of the cigar, turned his face upwards, and permitted the smoke to issue forth in a continued stream, but still keeping his head raised in the inconvenient position it had taken. The eye of the master, fastened in this manner on something aloft, was certain to draw all other eyes in the same direction, and in a few seconds all around him were gazing in the same way, although none but himself could tell why.

"Turn up the watch below, Mr. Leach," Captain Truck at length called out, and Eve observed that he threw away the cigar, although a fresh one; a proof, as she fancied, that he was preparing for duty.

The people were soon at their places, and an effort was made to get the ship's head turned to the southward. Although the frightful stillness of the atmosphere rendered the manœuvre difficult, it succeeded in the end, by profiting by the passing and fitful currents. The men were then sent on the yards, to furl all the canvass, with the exception of the three topsails and the fore-course, most of it having been merely hauled up to await the result. All those who had ever been at sea before saw in these preparations proof that Captain Truck expected the change would be sudden and severe: still, as he betrayed no uneasiness, they hoped his measures were merely those of prudence. Mr. Effingham could not refrain from inquiring, however, if there existed any immediate motives for the preparations that were so actively making.

"This is no affair for the rheumatis'," returned the facetious master, "for, look you here, my worthy sir, and you, my dear young lady." This was a sort of parental familiarity honest Jack fancied he had a right to take with all his unmarried female passengers, in virtue of his office, and being hard upon sixty; "look you here, my dear

young lady, and you, too, ma'amselle, do you not see the manner in which those black-looking rascals are putting their heads together? and are plotting something quite in their own way, I'll warrant you."

"The clouds are huddling, and rolling over each other, certainly," returned Eve, who had been struck with the wild beauty of their evolutions, "and a noble, though fearful, picture they present; but I do not understand the particular meaning of it, if there be any hidden omen in their airy flights."

"No rheumatis' about you, young lady," said the captain, jocularly; "too young, and handsome, and too modern, too, I dare say, for that old-fashioned complaint. But on one category you may reply, and that is, that nothing in nature conspires without an object."

"But I do not think vapour whirling in a current of air is a conspiracy," answered Eve laughing, "though it may be a category."

"Perhaps not,—who knows, however; and, therefore, it behoves us to say nothing. But those clouds, you can see, are getting together, and making ready for a start, since here they will not be able to stay much longer."

"And what will compel them to disappear?"

"Do me the favour to turn your eyes here, to the nor'-west. You see an opening there that looks like a crouching lion; is it not so?"

"There is a bright streak of sky along the margin of the ocean that has lately made its appearance; does it prove that the wind will blow from that quarter?"

"Quite as much, my dear young lady, as when you open your window it proves that you mean to put your head out of it."

"An act a well-bred young woman very seldom performs," observed Mademoiselle Viefville; "and never in a town."

"No? Well, in our town on the river, the women's heads are half the time out of the windows. But I do not pretend, ma'amselle, to be expert in proprieties of this sort, though I can venture to say that I am somewhat of a judge of what the winds would be about when they open *their*



shutters. This opening to the nor'-west, then, is a sure sign of something coming out of the window, well-bred or not."

"But," added Eve, "the clouds above us, and those farther south, appear to be hurrying towards your bright opening, captain, instead of from it."

"Quite in nature, ladies. When a man has fully made up his mind to retreat, he blusters the most; and one step forward often promises two backward. You often see the stormy petterel sailing at a ship as if he meant to come aboard, but he takes good care to put his helm down before he is fairly in the rigging. So it is with clouds. Now these are putting the best face on the matter, but in a few minutes you will see them wheeling to the right about."

His prediction proved true; for half an hour did not pass before they were seen "scampering out of the way of the nor'-wester," to use the captain's figure, "like sheep giving play to the dogs." The horizon brightened with rapidity, and, in a short space of time, the whole of that frowning vault that had been shadowed by murky vapour was cleared of everything, with the exception of a few white, fleecy piles grouped in the north.

The ship betrayed the arrival of the wind by a cracking of the spars, as they settled into their places; then the huge hull began to push aside the waters, and to come under control. The first shock was far from severe, though, as the captain determined to bring his vessel up as near his course as the direction of the breeze would permit, he soon found he had as much canvass spread as she could bear. Twenty minutes brought him to a single reef, half an hour to a second.

By this time attention was drawn to the Foam. The old superiority of that cruiser was now apparent again, and calculations were made concerning the possibility of avoiding her, if they continued to stand on much longer on the present course. The captain had hoped the Montauk would have the advantage, from her greater bulk, when the two vessels should be brought down to close-reefed topsails, as he foresaw would be the case; but he was soon compelled to abandon even that hope. Further to the south-



ward he was resolved he would not go, as it would be leading him too far astray, and, at last, he came to the determination to stand towards the islands, which were as near as might be in his track, and to anchor in a neutral roadstead, if too hard pressed.

“He cannot get up with us before midnight, Leach,” he concluded the conference held with the mate by saying; “and by that time the gale will be at its height, if we are to have a gale, and then the gentleman will not be desirous of lowering his boats. In the mean time, we shall be driving in towards the Azores, and it will be nothing out of the course of nature should I find an occasion to play him a trick. As for offering up the Montauk a sacrifice on the altar of tobacco, as old Deacon Hourglass used to say, it is a category to be averted by any catastrophe short of condemnation.”

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## CHAPTER XI.

IN this instance, it is not our task to record the phenomena of the ocean, but a regular, though fierce gale of wind. One of the first signs of its severity was the disappearance of the passengers from the deck, until none remained but John Effingham and Paul Blunt. Both these gentlemen had got to be so familiar with ships, that sea-sickness and alarms were equally impotent as respects their constitutions.

The poor steerage-passengers stole for refuge into their dens, heartily repentant at having braved the dangers of the sea. The gentle wife of Davis would now willingly have returned to meet the resentment of her uncle; and as for the bridegroom himself—as Mr. Leach, who passed through this scene of abominations to see that all was right, described him — “Mr. Grab would not wring him for a dish-cloth, if he could see him in his present pickle.”

Captain Truck chuckled a good deal at this account, for

he had the same sympathy for sea-sickness as a kitten feels in the agony of the first mouse it has caught.

"It serves him right, Mr. Leach, for getting married; and mind you don't fall into the same abuse of your opportunities," he said, with an air of self-satisfaction; "getting married, Mr. Blunt, commonly makes a man a fit subject for nausea, and nothing is easier than to set the stomach-pump in motion in one of your bridegrooms; is not this true, Mr. John Effingham?"

Mr. John Effingham made no reply,—but the young man was singularly struck with the bitterness, not to say anguish, of the smile with which he bowed a cold assent. This was lost on Captain Truck, who proceeded:—

"One of the first things that I ask concerning my passengers is, is he married? when the answer is 'no,' I set him down as a good companion in a gale like this, or as one who can smoke, or crack a joke when a topsail is flying out of a bolt-rope,—a companion for a category. Now, if either of you gentlemen had a wife, she would have you under hatches to-day, lest you should slip through a scupper-hole, or be washed overboard with the spray, or have your eyebrows blown away in such a gale, and then I should lose the honour of your company. Comfort is too precious to be thrown away in matrimony. A man may gain foreknowledge by a wife, but he loses free agency. As for you, Mr. John Effingham, you must have coiled away about half a century of life, and there is not much to fear on your account; but Mr. Blunt is still young enough to be in danger of a mishap. I wish Neptune would come aboard of us, hereaway, and swear you to be true and constant to yourself, young gentleman."

Paul laughed, coloured slightly, then replied, —

"At the risk of losing your good opinion, captain, and even in the face of this gale, I avow myself an advocate for matrimony."

"If you will answer me one question, my dear sir, I will tell you whether the case is or is not hopeless. Have you made up your mind who the young woman shall be? If that point is settled, I can only recommend to you some of Joe Bunk's souchong, and advise you to submit, for

there is no resisting fate. How is the fact, sir? Have you settled upon the young lady in your own mind or not?"

Although there was nothing in all this but the permitted trifling of companions on shipboard, Paul received it with an awkwardness one would hardly have expected in a young man of the world. He reddened, laughed, and in the end fairly gave up the matter by walking to another part of the deck. Luckily, the attention of the master was drawn to the ship, at that instant, and Paul flattered himself he was unperceived; but the shadow of a figure at his elbow startled him, and turning he found Mr. John Effingham at his side.

"Her mother was an angel," said the latter huskily, "I too love her; but it is as a father."

"Sir! — Mr. Effingham! — These are sudden remarks, and such as I am not prepared for."

"Do you think one as jealous of that fair creature as I could have overlooked your passion? — She is loved by *both* of you, and she merits the warmest affection of a thousand. Persevere; for, while I have little influence on her decision, some strange sympathy causes me to wish you success. My man has told me that you have met before, and with her father's knowledge; this is all I ask, for my kinsman is discreet. He probably knows you, though I do not."

The face of Paul glowed, and he gasped for breath. Mr. Effingham smiled kindly, and was about to quit him, when he felt his hand convulsively grasped.

"Do not quit me, Mr. Effingham, I entreat you," he said rapidly; "it is so unusual for me to hear words of kindness, that they are most precious to me! I have permitted myself to be disturbed by the random remarks of that well-meaning, but unreflecting man; but in a moment I shall be more composed — less unworthy your attention and pity."

"Pity is a word I should never have thought of applying to the person, character, or, as I hoped, fortunes of Mr. Blunt; and I sincerely trust you will acquit me of importunence. I have felt an interest in you, young man, that I have long ceased to feel in most of my species, and I

trust this will be some apology for the liberty I have taken. Perhaps the suspicion that you were anxious to stand well in the good opinion of my little cousin was at the bottom of it."

"Indeed, you have not misconceived my anxiety, sir; for who is there that could be indifferent to one so simple, yet so cultivated; one, Mr. Effingham, so little like the cold sophistication and heartlessness of Europe on the one hand, and the unformed girlishness of America on the other; one, in short, so every way what the fondest father could wish."

John Effingham smiled; but his eye glistened. After a moment of doubt, he turned to his young companion, and with a delicacy of expression and a dignity of manner that none could excel him in, put a question that for several days had been uppermost in his thoughts.

"This frank confidence emboldens me to render our acquaintance less formal, by alluding to interests more personal than strangers have a right to touch on. You speak of the two countries in a way to show me you are acquainted with both."

"I have often crossed the ocean, and, for so young a man, have seen a full share of their societies. Perhaps it increases my interest in your lovely kinswoman, that, like myself, she properly belongs to neither."

"Be cautious how you whisper that in her ear, my youthful friend; for Eve Effingham fancies herself as much American in character as in birth. Single-minded—devoted to her duties—religious without cant—a warm friend of liberal institutions, without the slightest approach to the impracticable, you will find it hard to persuade her, that, with all her attainments, she is more than a humble copy of her own great *beau ideal*."

Paul smiled, and his eyes met those of John Effingham; the expression of both satisfied the parties that they thought alike in more things than in their common admiration of the subject of their discourse.

"I feel I have not been as explicit as I ought to be, Mr. Effingham," the young man resumed; "but on a more fitting occasion I shall presume on your kindness to be less



reserved. My lot has thrown me on the world, almost without friends, and I have known little of the language or the acts of the affections."

John Effingham pressed his hand, and from that time cautiously abstained from any allusion to his personal concerns, for a suspicion crossed his mind that the subject was painful. He knew that thousands of well-educated and affluent people, of both sexes, were to be found in Europe, to whom, from the circumstance of having been born out of wedlock, their private histories were painful, and at once inferred that some such event lay at the bottom of Paul Blunt's situation. Notwithstanding his attachment to Eve, he had too much confidence in her own, as well as her father's judgment, to suppose an intimacy would be lightly permitted, and the prejudices connected with such subjects he was quite free from. Perhaps his masculine independence of character caused him, on such points, to lean to the side of the *ultra* in liberality.

In this short dialogue, with the exception of the slight allusion of John Effingham, both had avoided any allusions to Mr. Sharp, or to his supposed attachment to Eve. Both were confident of its existence, and this, perhaps, was one reason why neither felt any necessity to advert to it. The conversation then took a more general character, and for several hours that day, while the rest of the passengers kept below, these two were together, laying the foundations of a sincere friendship. Hitherto Paul had regarded John Effingham with distrust and awe; but he found him a man so different from what his fancy had pictured, that the reaction in his feelings served to heighten them, and to aid in increasing his respect. On the other hand, the young man exhibited so much modest good sense, a fund of information so much beyond his years, such integrity and justice of sentiment, that when they separated for the night, the old bachelor was full of regret that nature had not made him the parent of such a son.

All this time the business of the ship had gone on. The wind increased steadily, until, as the sun went down, Captain Truck announced it to be a "regular-built gale." Sail after sail had been reduced or furled, until the Mon-



tauk was lying-to under fore-sail, a close-reefed main top-sail, a fore-top-mast stay-sail, and a mizen stay-sail. Doubts were even entertained whether the second of these sails would not have to be handed soon, and the fore-sail itself reefed.

The ship's head was to the south-south-west, her drift considerable, and her way, of course, barely sufficient to cause her to feel her helm. The Foam had gained on her several miles during the time sail could be carried; but she, also, had been obliged to heave-to, at the same increase of the sea and wind as that which had forced Mr. Truck to lash his wheel down. This state of things made a considerable change in the relative positions of the two vessels again, the next morning showing the sloop-of-war hull down, and well on the weather-beam of the packet. Her sharper mould, and more weatherly qualities, had done her this service, as became a ship intended for war and the chase.

At this, however, Captain Truck laughed. He could not be boarded in such weather, and it was matter of indifference where his pursuer might be, so long as he had time to escape him when the gale ceased. On the whole, he was rather glad of the present state of things, for it offered a chance to slip away to leeward as soon as the weather would permit, if, indeed, his tormentor did not altogether disappear in the northern board, or to windward.

The hopes and fears of the worthy master, however, were poured principally into the ears of his two mates, for few of the passengers were visible until the afternoon of the second day of the gale; then, indeed, a general relief to their physical suffering occurred, though it was accompanied by apprehensions that scarcely permitted the change to be enjoyed. About noon the wind came with such power, and the seas poured down against the bows of the ship with a violence so tremendous, that it got to be questionable whether she could remain with safety in her present condition any longer. Several times in the course of the morning the waves had forced her bows off, and before the ship could recover her position, the succeeding billow would break against her broad side, and throw a flood of water on her decks. This is a danger peculiar to lying-to in a gale,

or if the vessel get into the trough of the sea, and is met in that situation by a wave of unusual magnitude, she runs the double risk of being thrown on her beam-ends, and of having her decks cleared by the cataract that washes athwart them. Landsmen entertain little notion of the power of the waters when driven before a tempest. But experience shows that boats, hurricane-houses, guns, anchors of enormous weight, bulwarks and planks, are swept off into the ocean in this manner.

The process of lying-to has a double advantage, so long as it can be maintained, since it offers the strongest portion of the vessel to the shock of the seas, and has the merit of keeping it as near as possible to the desired direction. But it is a middle course, being often adopted as an expedient of safety when a ship cannot scud; and then again it is abandoned for scudding when the gale is so intensely severe that it becomes in itself dangerous. In nothing are the high qualities of ships so thoroughly tried as in their manner of behaving in these moments of difficulty; nor is the seamanship of the most accomplished officer so triumphantly established in any other part of his professional knowledge, as when he has had an opportunity of showing that he has known so to dispose of the vast weight his vessel is to carry, as to enable her mould to exhibit its perfection, and on occasion to turn both to the best account.

Long before noon, Captain Truck foresaw that, in consequence of the seas that were constantly coming on board of her, he should be compelled to put his ship before the wind; he delayed the manœuvre to the last moment, however, for what he deemed sufficient reasons. The longer he kept the ship lying-to, the less he deviated from his proper course to New York, and the greater was the probability of his escaping stealthily from the Foam; since the latter, by maintaining her position better, allowed the Montauk to drift gradually to leeward, and of course to a greater distance.

But the crisis would no longer admit of delay. All hands were called, the main-top sail was hauled up, not without difficulty, and then Captain Truck reluctantly gave the order to haul down the mizen-stay-sail, to put the

helm hard up, and to help the ship round with the yards. This is at all times a critical change, as has just been mentioned, for the vessel is exposed to the ravages of any sea larger than common that may happen to strike her as she lies, nearly motionless, with her broadside to its force. To accomplish it, therefore, Captain Truck went up a few rat-lines in the fore-rigging (he was too nice a calculator to offer even a surface as small as his own body to the wind in the after shrouds), — whence he looked out to windward for a lull, and a moment when the ocean had fewer billows than common of the larger and more dangerous kind. At the desired instant he signed with his hand, and the wheel was shifted from hard-down to hard-up.

This is always a breathless moment in a ship, for as none can foresee the result, it resembles the entrance of a hostile battery. A dozen men may be swept away in an instant, or the ship herself hove over on her side. John Effingham and Paul, who of all the passengers were alone on deck, understood the hazards, and watched the slightest change with the interest of men who had so much at stake. At first the movement of the ship was sluggish, and such as ill suited the eagerness of the crew. Then her pitching ceased, and she settled into the enormous trough bodily, or the whole fabric sunk, as it were, never to rise again. So low did she fall, that the fore-sail gave a tremendous flap; one that shook the hull and spars, from stem to stern. As she rose on the next surge, happily its foaming crest slid beneath her, and the tall masts rolled heavily to windward. Recovering her equilibrium, the ship started through the brine, and as the succeeding roller came on, she was urging a-head fast. Still the sea struck her a-beam, forcing her bodily to leeward, and heaving the lower yard-arms into the ocean. Tons of water fell on her decks, with the dull sound of the clod on the coffin. At this grand moment, old Jack Truck, who was standing in the rigging, dripping with the spray that had washed over him, with a naked head, and his grey hair glistening, shouted like a Stentor, "Haul in your fore-braces, boys! away with the yard like a fiddlestick!" Every nerve was strained; the unwilling yards, pressed upon by an almost irresistible column of air,

yielded slowly, and as the sail met the gale more perpendicularly, or at right angles to its surface, it dragged the vast hull through the sea with a power equal to that of a steam-engine. Ere another sea could follow, the Montauk was glancing through the ocean at a furious rate; and though offering her quarter to the billows, their force was now so much diminished by her own velocity, as to deprive them of their principal danger.

The motion of the ship immediately became easy, though her situation was still far from being without risk. No longer compelled to buffet the waves, but sliding along in their company, the motion ceased to disturb the systems of the passengers, and ten minutes had not elapsed before most of them were on deck, seeking the relief of the open air. Among others was Eve, leaning on the arm of her father.

It was a terrific scene. The gentlemen gathered around the beautiful and appalled spectatress of this grand sight, anxious to know the effect it might produce on one of her delicate frame and habits. She expressed herself as awed but not alarmed; for the habits of dependence usually leave females less affected by fear, in such cases, than those who, by their sex, are supposed to be responsible.

"Mademoiselle Viefville has promised to follow me," she said, "and as I have a national claim to be a sailor, you are not to expect hysterics from me; but reserve yourselves, gentlemen, for the *Parisienne*."

The *Parisienne*, sure enough, soon came out of the hurricane-house, with elevated hands, and eyes eloquent of admiration, wonder, and fear. Her first exclamations were those of terror, then turning a wistful look on Eve, she burst into tears. "*Ah, ceci est décisif!* When we part we shall be separated for life."

"Then we will not part at all, my dear mademoiselle; you have only to remain in America, to escape all future inconveniences of the ocean. But forget the danger, and admire the sublimity of this terrific panorama."

Well might Eve thus term the scene. The hazards now to be avoided were those of the ship's broaching to, and of being pooped. Nothing may seem easier, as has been said, than to "sail before the wind," the words having passed



into a proverb ; but there are times when even a favouring gale becomes prolific of dangers.

The velocity of the water, urged as it is before a tempest, is often as great as that of the ship, and at such moments the rudder is useless, its whole power being derived from its action as a moving body against the element in comparative repose. When ship and water move together, at an equal rate, in the same direction, of course this power of the helm is neutralised, and then the hull is driven much at the mercy of the winds and waves. Nor is this all ; the rapidity of the billows often exceeds that of a ship, and then the action of the rudder becomes momentarily reversed, producing an effect exactly opposite to that which is desired. It is true, this last difficulty is never of more than a few moments' continuance, else indeed would the condition of the mariner be hopeless ; but it is of constant occurrence, and so irregular as to defy calculation. In the present instance, the Montauk would seem to fly through the water, so swift was her progress ; and then, as a furious surge overtook her, she settled heavily into the element, like a wounded animal, that, despairing of escape, sinks helplessly resigned to fate. At such times the crests of the waves swept past her, like vapour in the atmosphere, and one unpractised would be apt to think the ship stationary, though in truth whirling along with a frightful momentum.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that the process of scudding requires the nicest attention to the helm, in order that the hull may be brought speedily back to the right direction, when thrown aside by the power of the billows ; for, besides losing her way in the cauldron of water — an imminent danger of itself, if left exposed to the succeeding waves — her decks, at least, would be swept, even should she escape a more serious calamity.

Pooping is a hazard of another nature, also peculiar to the process of scudding. It means the ship's being overtaken by the waters while running from them, when the crest of a sea, broken by the resistance, is thrown inboard, over the taffrail or quarter. The term is derived from the name of that particular portion of the ship. In order to avoid this risk, sail is carried on the vessel as long as possible, it being



deemed one of the greatest securities of scudding, to force the hull through the water at the greatest attainable rate. In consequence of these complicated risks, ships that sail the fastest and steer the easiest scud the best. There is, however, a species of velocity that becomes a source of new danger of itself: thus, exceedingly sharp vessels have been known to force themselves so far into the watery mounds in their front, and to receive so much of the element on deck as never to rise again. This is a fate to which those who attempt to sail the American clipper, without understanding its properties, are peculiarly liable. On account of this risk, however, there was no cause of apprehension, the full-bowed, kettle-bottomed Montauk being exempt from the danger, though Captain Truck intimated his doubts whether the corvette would like to brave the course he had himself adopted.

In this opinion the fact would seem to sustain the master of the packet, for when the night shut in, the spars of the Foam were faintly discernible, like spiders' webs on the bright streak of the evening sky. In a few more minutes, even this tracery vanished from the eyes of those aloft; it had not been seen on deck for more than an hour.

The magnificent horrors of the scene increased with the darkness. Eve and her companions stood watching it for hours, the supernatural-looking light, emitted by the foaming sea, rendering the spectacle one of attractive terror, and the first watch had been set an hour before the party had resolution enough to tear themselves from the sublime sight.

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## CHAPTER XII.

No one thought of seeking his berth when the passengers were below. Some conversed in broken dialogues, a few tried unavailingly to read, and more sat looking at each other in silent misgivings, as the gale howled through the

cordage and spars. Eve was seated on a sofa, leaning on the breast of her father, gazing silently into the forward cabin; for all idea of retiring within oneself, unless it might be to secret prayer, was banished from the mind. Even Mr. Dodge had forgotten the gnawings of envy, his exclusive democracy, and profound deference for rank, as betrayed in his strong desire to cultivate an intimacy with Sir George Templemore. As for the baronet, he sat by the cabin-table, his face buried in his hands, and once had been heard to express a regret that he had ever embarked.

Saunders broke the moody stillness of this characteristic party with preparations for supper. He took but one end of the table for his cloth, and a single cover showed that Captain Truck was about to dine, a thing he had not yet done that day. The attentive steward had an eye to his commander's tastes, for it is not often one sees a better-garnished board, so far as quantity was concerned. Besides the usual solids of ham, corned beef, and roasted shoat, there were carcasses of ducks, pickled oysters — a delicacy almost peculiar to America — and all the minor condiments of olives, anchovies, dates, figs, almonds, raisins, cold potatoes, and puddings, arranged solely with regard to the reach of Captain Truck's arm. Saunders, too, well knew the propensities of his superior to neglect any of these important essentials, and great care was had so to dispose of every thing, as to render the whole so many radii diverging from a common centre, the stationary arm-chair that the master of the packet loved to fill.

"Saunders!" cried the voice of Captain Truck, who had taken possession of what he called his throne in the cabin.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Come, show your physiognomy. What the devil do you think Vattel would say to such a supper as this?"

"I think, sir, he would call it a very good supper, for a ship in a hard gale of wind. That's my honest opinion, Captain Truck. I think Mr. Vattel would approve of that there supper, sir."

"Perhaps he might, for he has made blunders as well as another man. Go, mix me a glass of just what I love, when I've not had a drop all day. Gentlemen, will any of

you honour me, by sharing in a cut? This beef is not indigestible, and here is a real Marylander, in the way of a ham. No want of oakum to fill up the chinks with, either."

But the gentlemen were too full of the gale to wish to eat; besides they had not fasted, like Captain Truck, since morning. But Mr. Monday, the bag-man, as John Effingham had termed him, and who had been often enough at sea to know something of its varieties, consented to take a glass of brandy and water, as a corrective of the Madeira he had been swallowing. The appetite of Captain Truck was little affected by the state of the weather; for though too attentive to his duties to quit the deck until he had ascertained how matters were going on, now that he had fairly made up his mind to eat, he set about it with heartiness. For some time he was too much occupied to talk, making regular attacks upon the different *plats*, without much regard to cookery or material. The only pauses were to drink, and this was always done with a steadiness that never left a drop in the glass. Still Mr. Truck was a temperate man, for he never consumed more than his physical wants appeared to require, or his physical energies knew how to dispose of.

Mr. Sharp had watched the whole process, and thinking this a favourable occasion to ascertain the state of things on deck, came into the main-cabin to make the inquiry.

"The ladies are desirous of knowing where we are, and what is the state of the gale, Captain Truck," said the gentleman, when he had seated himself near the throne.

"My dear young lady," called out the captain, by way of cutting short the diplomacy of employing ambassadors between them, "I wish in my heart I could persuade you and mademoiselle to try a few of these pickled oysters; they are as delicate as yourselves, and worthy to be set before a mermaid."

"I thank you for the compliment, Captain Truck, and while I ask leave to decline it, I beg leave to refer you to the plenipotentiary Mademoiselle Vieffville"—Eve would not say herself—"has intrusted with her wishes."

"Thus you perceive, sir," interposed Mr. Sharp again,

"you will have to treat with me, by all the principles laid down by Vattel."

"And treat you, too, my good sir. Let me persuade you to try a slice of this anti-abolitionist," laying his knife on the ham, which he still continued to regard with a sort of melancholy interest. "No ; well I hold over-persuasion next to neglect. I am satisfied, after all, as Saunders says, that Vattel himself, unless more unreasonable at his grub than in matters of state, would be a happier man after he had been at this table twenty minutes, than before he sat down."

Mr. Sharp perceiving that it was idle to pursue his inquiry, while the other was in one of his discursive humours, fell into the captain's vein.

"If Vattel would approve of the repast, few men ought to repine at being so well provided."

"I flatter myself, sir, that I understand a supper, especially in a gale of wind, as well as Vattel, or any other could do."

"And yet Vattel was one of the most celebrated cooks of his day."

Captain Truck stared, looked his companion steadily in the eye, for he was too much addicted to mystifying not to distrust others, and picked his teeth with redoubled vigilance.

"Vattel, a cook ! This is the first I ever heard of it."

"There was a Vattel, in a former age, who stood at the head of his art as a cook ; this I can assure you: he may not have been your Vattel, however."

"Sir, there never were two Vattels. This is extraordinary news to me, and I scarcely know how to receive it."

"If you doubt my information, you may ask any of the other passengers. Either of the Mr. Effinghams, Mr. Blunt, Miss Effingham, or Mademoiselle Viefville will confirm what I tell you, especially the latter, for he was her countryman."

Hereupon Captain Truck began to stuff in the oakum again, for the calm countenance of Mr. Sharp produced an effect, and as he was pondering on the consequences of his oracle's turning out to be a cook, he thought it not amiss



to be eating, as it were, incidentally. After swallowing a dozen olives, six or eight anchovies, as many pickled oysters, and raisins and almonds, *à volonté*, he suddenly struck his fist on the table, —

“ My dear young lady,” he called out, “ will you do me the honour to say whether you ever heard of a cook of the name of Vattel ? ”

Eve laughed, and her sweet tones were infectious amid the dull howling of the gale.

“ Certainly, captain,” she answered ; “ Mr. Vattel was not only a cook, but perhaps the most celebrated on record, for sentiment at least, if not for skill.”

“ I make no doubt the man did his work well, let him be set about what he might ; and mademoiselle, he was a countryman of yours, they tell me ? ”

“ *Assurément*, Monsieur Vattel has left more distinguished *souvenirs* than any other cook in France.”

Captain Truck turned quickly to the elated and admiring Saunders, who felt his own glory enhanced by this important discovery, and said in that short-hand way he had of expressing himself to the chief of the pantry —

“ Do you hear that, sir ; see and find out what they are, and dress me a dish of these *souvenirs* as soon as we get in. I dare say they are to be had at the Tulton market, and mind while there to look out for some tongues and sounds. I’ve not made half a supper to night, for the want of them. I dare say these *souvenirs* are capital eating. Pray, mademoiselle, is the gentleman dead ? ”

“ *Hélas, oui!* How could he live with a sword run through his body ? ”

“ Ha ! killed in a duel ; died fighting for his principles, if the truth were known ! I shall have a double respect for his opinion for this. Mr. Sharp, a glass of Geissenheimer to his memory : we might honour a less worthy man.”

As the captain poured out the liquor, a fall of several tons of water on the deck shook the entire ship, and one of the passengers in the hurricane-house opening a door to ascertain the cause, the sound of the waters and of the roaring winds came fresher into the cabins. Mr. Truck cast an eye at the tell-tale over his head to ascertain the



course of the ship, paused just an instant, and then tossed off his wine.

"This hint reminds me of my mission," Mr. Sharp rejoined. "The ladies desire to know your opinion of the weather?"

"I owe them an answer, if it were only in gratitude for the hint about Vattel. Who the devil would have supposed the man ever was a cook! But these Frenchmen are not like the rest of mankind; half the nation are cooks."

"And very good cooks, too, monsieur le capitaine," said Mademoiselle Viefville. "Monsieur Vattel died for the honour of his art. He fell on his own sword, because the fish did not arrive in season for the dinner of the king."

Captain Truck looked more astonished than ever. Then turning short round to the steward, he shook his head and exclaimed, —

"Do you hear that, sir! How often would you have died, if a sword had been run through you every time the fish was forgotten? Once, to a certainty, about these very tongues and sounds."

"But the weather?" interrupted Mr. Sharp.

"The weather, my dear ladies, is very good weather with the exception of winds and waves, of which unfortunately there are, just now, more than we want. The ship must scud, and as we go like a race-horse, without stopping to take breath, we may see the Canary Islands before the voyage is over. Of danger there is none in this ship, as long as we can keep clear of the land; and in order that this may be done, I will just step into my state-room, and find out exactly where we are."

On receiving this information, the passengers retired for the night, Captain Truck setting about his task in good earnest. The result of his calculations showed that they would run to the westward of Madeira, which was all he cared about immediately, intending always to haul up to his course on the first good occasion.

## CHAPTER XIII.

EVE slept little. As she lay in her berth, her ear was within a foot of the roaring waters without, and her frame trembled as she heard them gurgling so distinctly, that it seemed as if they had forced their way through, and were filling the ship. During two hours she remained with closed eyes, a startled listener of the fearful strife raging over the ocean. Night had no stillness, for the roar of the winds and waters was incessant, though deadened by the intervening decks and sides; but now and then an open door admitted the whole scene into the cabins. At such moments every sound was fresh and frightfully grand—even the shout of the officer coming to the ear like a warning cry from the deep.

At length Eve, wearied by her apprehensions, fell into a troubled sleep. About midnight the glare of a candle crossed her eyes, and she was broad awake in an instant. On rising in her berth she found Nanny Sidley, who had so often watched over her infant slumbers, at her side, gazing wistfully in her face.

“ ’Tis a dread night, Miss Eve,” half whispered the appalled domestic. “ I have not been able to sleep for thinking of you !”

“ And why of me particularly, my good Nanny ?” returned Eve, smiling in the face of her old nurse as the infant smiles in its moments of tenderness. “ Are there not others, too, worthy of your care ; my beloved father—your own good self—Mademoiselle Viefville—Cousin Jack—and—” the warm colour deepened on the cheek of the beautiful girl, she scarcely knew why herself ; “ and many others in the vessel, that one, kind as you, might think of, when your thoughts become apprehensions, and your wishes prayers.”

“ There are many precious souls in the ship, ma’am, and no one wishes them all safe on land again more than myself ; but it seems to me, no one among them all is so much loved as you.”

Eve leaned forward playfully, and drawing her old nurse

towards her, kissed her cheek, while her own eyes glistened, then laid her flushed cheek on that bosom which had so frequently been its pillow before. After remaining a minute in this affectionate attitude, she inquired if her nurse had been on deck.

“ I go every half-hour, Miss Eve ; for I feel it as much my duty to watch over you here, as when I had you all to myself in the cradle. I do not think your father sleeps a great deal to-night, and several of the gentlemen remain dressed ; they ask me how you spend the time in this tempest, whenever I pass their doors.”

Eve's colour deepened, and Ann Sidley thought she had never seen her child more beautiful, as the golden hair, which had strayed from the confinement of the cap, fell on the warm cheek, and rendered eyes that were always full of feeling, softer even than common.

“ They conceal their uneasiness for themselves under an affected concern for me, my good Nanny,” she said hurriedly.

“ It may be so, ma'am, for I know but little of the world. It is fearful, Miss Eve, to think that we are in a ship, so far from any land, whirling along as fast as a horse could plunge.”

“ The danger is not exactly of that nature, perhaps, Nanny.”

“ There is a bottom to the ocean, is there not ? I have heard some maintain there is no bottom to the sea,—and that would make the danger so much greater. If I felt certain that the bottom was not very deep, and there was only a rock to be seen now and then, I should not find it so very dreadful.”

Eve laughed like a child, and the contrast between the sweet simplicity of her looks, and more cultivated intellect, and the matronly appearance of the less instructed Ann, made one of those pictures in which the superiority of mind over all other things becomes most apparent.

“ Your notions of safety, my dear Nanny, are not those of a seaman ; I believe there is nothing of which they stand more in dread than of rocks and the bottom.”

“ I fear I'm but a poor sailor, ma'am, for in my judg-

ment we could have no greater consolation in such a tempest than to see them around us. Do you think, Miss Eve, that the bottom of the ocean, if there is a bottom, is whitened with the bones of mariners, as people say ?”

“ I doubt not, Nanny, that the great deep might give up many awful secrets ; but you ought to think less of these things, and more of that merciful Providence which has protected us through so many dangers. You are in much less danger now than I have known you to be.”

“ I ! Miss Eve !—Do you suppose that I fear for myself ? What matters it if a poor old woman like me die a few years sooner or later ? Do not, I implore you, Miss Effingham, suppose me so selfish as to feel any uneasiness to-night on my own account.”

“ Is it then, as usual, all for me, my dear old nurse ? Put your heart at ease, for they who know best betray no alarm ; and the captain sleeps as tranquilly this night as on any other.”

“ But he is a rude man, and accustomed to danger. He has neither wife nor children, and I’ll engage has never given a thought to the horrors of having a form precious as this floating in the ocean, amidst ravenous fish and sea-monsters.”

Here her imagination overcame poor Nanny, she folded her arms about the beautiful person of Eve, and sobbed violently. Her young mistress, accustomed to similar exhibitions of affection, soothed her with assurances that soon restored her self-command, when the dialogue was resumed with greater tranquillity, Eve returning fourfold, with the advantages of a cultivated intellect, those simple lessons that she had received from her companion when a child ; the latter listening, as she always did, to these exhortations, which sounded in her ears like the echoes of all her own better thoughts, with a love and reverence no other could awaken. Eve passed her small white hand over the wrinkled cheek of Nanny in kind fondling, as it had been passed a thousand times when a child, an act she well knew her nurse delighted in, and continued,—

“ And now, my good old Nanny, you will set your heart at ease, I know ; for though a little too apt to trouble

yourself about one who does not deserve half your care, you are much too sensible to feel distrust out of reason. We will talk of something else a few minutes, and then you will lie down and rest your weary body."

"Weary! I should never feel weary in watching, when I thought there was a cause for it."

Although Nanny made no allusion to herself, Eve understood in whose behalf this watchfulness was meant. She drew the old woman towards her, and left a kiss on each cheek ere she continued:—

"These ships have other things to talk about, besides their dangers," she said. "Do you not find it odd, that a vessel of war should follow us in this extraordinary way?"

"Quite so, ma'am, and I did intend to speak to you about it, when you had nothing better to think of. At first I fancied, but I believe it was a silly thought, that some of the great English lords that used to be so much about us at Paris and Rome, had sent this ship to see you safe to America, Miss Eve; for I never supposed they would make so much fuss concerning a poor runaway couple."

Eve did not refrain from laughing again at this conceit of Nanny's, for her temperament was gay as childhood.

"Those great lords are not great enough for that, dear Nanny, even had they the inclination. But has no other reason suggested itself to you, among the many circumstances you may have had occasion to observe in the ship?"

Nanny looked at Eve, then turned her eyes aside, glanced furtively at the young lady again, and at last felt compelled to answer, —

"I endeavour, ma'am, to think well of every body, though strange thoughts will sometimes arise. I suppose I know to what you allude; but I don't feel certain it becomes me to speak."

"With me at least, Nanny, you need have no reserves, and I confess a desire to learn if we have thought alike about some of our fellow-passengers. Speak freely then; for you can have no more apprehension in communicating all your thoughts to me, than to your own child."



“Not as much, ma’am, for you are both child and mistress to me. It is odd, Miss Eve, that gentlemen should not pass under their proper names; and I have had unpleasant feelings about it, though I did not think it became me to speak, while your father was with you, and mamerzelle,” so Nanny always styled the governess, “and Mr. John, all of whom love you almost as much as I do. But now you encourage me to speak my mind, Miss Eve, I will say I should like that no one came near you who does not carry his heart in his open hand.”

Eve smiled as her nurse grew warm, but blushed, spite of an effort to seem indifferent.

“This would be a vain wish, dear Nanny, in the mixed company of a ship,” she said. “It is too much to expect that strangers will throw aside reserve, on first finding themselves in close communion.”

“Strangers, ma’am!”

“I perceive that you recollect one of our shipmates. Why do you shake your head?” The tell-tale blood of Eve again mantled over her lovely countenance. “I suppose I ought to have said *two*, though I doubted whether you retained any recollection of one of them.”

“No gentleman ever speaks to you twice, Miss Eve, that I do not remember him.”

“Thank you, Nanny, for this and a thousand other proofs of your never-ceasing interest; but I had not believed you so vigilant as to take heed of every face that happens to approach me.”

“Ah, Miss Eve! neither of these gentlemen would like to be mentioned by you in this careless manner. They both did a great deal more than ‘happen to approach you?’”

“Hist! dear Nanny; you may be overheard. Use no names, therefore, as we understand each other without. Now, my dear nurse, would I give something to know which of these young men has made the most favourable impression on your upright mind?”

“Nay, Miss Eve, what is my judgment in comparison with your own, and that of Mr. John Effingham, and ——”

“My cousin Jack! In the name of wonder, Nanny; what has he to do with the matter?”

"Nothing, ma'am ; only I can see he has his favourites as well as another, and I'll venture to say Mr. Dodge is not the greatest he has in this ship."

"I think you might add Sir George Templemore," returned Eve, laughing.

Ann Sidley looked hard at her young mistress and smiled ; then continued the discourse as if there had been no interruption.

"Quite likely, ma'am ; and Mr. Monday, and all that set. But you see how soon he discovers a real gentleman, for he is quite easy and friendly with Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt, particularly the last."

Eve was silent, for she did not like the open introduction of these names, though she scarce knew why.

"My cousin is a man of the world," she resumed ; "there is nothing surprising in his discovering men of his own class. We know both these persons to be not exactly what they seem, though we know no harm of either, unless it be the change of names. It would have been better had they come on board, bearing their proper appellations ; to us, at least, it would have been more respectful, though both affirm they were ignorant that my father had taken passage in the Montauk."

"I should be sorry, ma'am, if either failed in respect."

"It is not quite adulatory to make a young woman the involuntary keeper of the secrets of two unreflecting young men ; that is all, my good Nanny. We cannot well betray them, and are consequently their confidants *par force*. The most amusing thing is, that they are masters of each other's secret, and feel a delightful awkwardness in a hundred instances. For my part I think each is fairly enough punished. They will be fortunate if their servants do not betray them before we reach New York."

"No fear of that, ma'am, for they are cautious men, and if disposed to blab, Mr. Dodge has given both good opportunities already ; I believe he has put to them as many questions as there are in the catechism."

"Mr. Dodge is a vulgar man."

"So we all say, ma'am, in the servants' cabin, and

every body is so set against him there, that there is little chance of his learning much. I hope, Miss Eve, mamerzelle does not distrust either of the gentlemen?"

"Surely you cannot suspect Mademoiselle Viefville of indiscretion, Nanny; a better spirit does not exist."

"No, ma'am, 'tis not that; but I should like to have one secret with you, all to myself. I honour and respect mamerzelle, who has done a thousand times more for you than a poor ignorant woman like me could have done; but I do believe, Miss Eve, I love your shoe-tie better than she loves your pure and beautiful spirit."

"Mademoiselle Viefville is an excellent woman, and I believe sincerely attached to me."

"She would be a wretch else. I do not deny her attachment, but I only say it is nothing, it can be nothing compared to that of the one who first held you in arms, and who has always held you in heart. Mamerzelle can sleep such a night as this, which I'm sure she could not do were she concerned for you as I am."

Eve knew that jealousy of Mademoiselle Viefville was Nanny's weakness, and drawing the old woman to her, she entwined her arms around her neck and complained of drowsiness. Accustomed to watching, and really unable to sleep, the nurse now passed a perfectly happy hour in holding her child, who literally dropped asleep on her bosom; after which Nanny slid into the berth beneath, and finally lost her apprehensions in perturbed slumbers.

A cry on deck awoke all early on the succeeding morning. It was scarcely light, but a common excitement seized on every passenger; and ten minutes had not elapsed when Eve and her governess appeared in the hurricane-house, the last of those who came from below.

The gale continued, if any thing, with increased power; the ocean was rolling over its cataracts of combing seas, with which the ship was still racing, driven under the strain of a reefed forecourse, the only canvass that was set. Even with this little sail the hull was glancing through the 'raging' seas, at a rate little short of ten miles in the hour.

Captain Truck was in the mizen rigging, bareheaded,

every lock of hair blowing out like a pendant. Occasionally he signed to the man at the wheel, for instead of sleeping, he had been conning the ship for hours in the same situation. As Eve appeared, he was directing the attention of the gentlemen to some object astern, but a few moments put all on deck in possession of the facts.

About a cable's length, on one of the quarters of the Montauk, was a ship careering before the gale like themselves, though carrying more canvass, and consequently driving faster through the water. The sudden appearance of this vessel in the sombre light of the morning, the dark hull, relieved by a single narrow line of white paint, dotted with ports; the glossy hammock-cloths, and all those other coverings of dark glistening canvass which give to a cruiser an air of finish and comfort; the symmetry of the spars, and the gracefulness of all the lines, whether of the hull or hamper, told all who knew any thing of such subjects, that the stranger was a vessel of war. To this information Captain Truck added that it was their old pursuer the Foam.

"She is corvette-built," said the master of the Montauk, "and is obliged to carry more canvass than we, in order to keep out of the way of the seas; for, if one of these big fellows should overtake her, and throw its crest into her waist, she would become like a man who has taken too much Saturday-night, and with whom a second dose might settle the purser's books for ever."

Such, in fact, was the history of the sudden appearance of this ship. She had lain-to as long as possible, and on being driven to scud, carried a close-reefed maintop-sail, a show of canvass that urged her through the water about two knots to the hour faster than the rate of the packet. Necessarily following the same course, she overtook the latter just as the day began to dawn. The cry had arisen on her sudden discovery, and the moment had now arrived when she was about to come up, abreast of her late chase. The passage of the Foam, under such circumstances, was a grand but thrilling thing. Her captain, too, was seen in the mizen rigging of his ship, rocked by the gigantic



billows over which the fabric was careering. He held a speaking-trumpet in his hand, as if bent on duty, in the midst of that awful warring of the elements. Captain Truck called for a trumpet in his turn, and fearful of consequences waved it to the other to keep more aloof. The injunction was either misunderstood, the man-of-war's man too much bent on his object, or the sea too uncontrollable for such a purpose, the corvette driving up on a sea quite a-beam of the packet, and in fearful proximity. The Englishman applied the trumpet, and words were heard amid the roaring of the winds. At that time the white field of Old Albion with the St. George's cross rose over the bulwarks, and by the time it had reached the gaff-end, the bunting was whipping in ribands.

"Show 'em the gridiron!" growled Captain Truck through his trumpet, with its mouth turned in board.

This order was instantly obeyed, and the stripes of America were soon seen fluttering nearly in separate pieces. The two ships now ran a short distance in parallel lines, rolling from each other so heavily that the bright copper of the corvette was seen nearly to her keel. The Englishman, who seemed a portion of his ship, again tried his trumpet; the detached words of "lie-by,"—"orders,"—"communicate," were caught by one or two, but the howling of the gale rendered all connection impossible. The Englishman ceased his efforts, for the ships were now rolling-to, and it appeared as if they would interlock their spars. There was an instant when Mr. Leach had his hand on the main-brace to let it go; but the Foam started away on a sea, like a horse that feels the spur, and disobeying her helm, shot forward as if about to cross the Montauk's fore-foot.

A breathless instant followed, for all on board thought they must now inevitably come foul of each other; and the more so, because the Montauk took the impulse of the sea just as it was lost to the Foam, and seemed on the point of plunging into the stern of the latter. Even the seamen clenched the ropes convulsively, and the boldest held their breaths for a time. "The p-o-r-t, hard a port, and be d——d to you!" of Captain Truck; and the "S-t-a-r-



b-o-a-r-d, starboard hard!" of the Englishman, were both distinctly audible to all in the two ships; for this was a moment in which seamen can speak louder than the tempest. The affrighted vessels seemed to recede together, and then shot asunder in diverging lines, the Foam leading. All further attempts at a communication were useless; the corvette being half a mile ahead in a quarter of an hour, rolling her yard-arms nearly to the water.

Captain Truck said little to his passengers, but when he was discussing the matter with his chief-mate, he told the latter there was "just one minute when he would not have given a ship's biscuit for both vessels, nor much more for their cargoes. A man must have a small regard for human souls, when he puts them so much in jeopardy for a little tobacco."

Throughout the day it blew furiously, for the ship was running into the gale, a phenomenon that we shall explain, as our readers may not comprehend it. All gales of wind commence to leeward; or, in other words, the wind is first felt at some particular point, and later, as we recede from that point, proceeding in the direction from which the wind blows. It is always severest near the point where it commences, appearing to diminish in violence as it recedes. This, therefore, is an additional motive for mariners to lie-to, instead of scudding, since the latter not only carries them far from their true course but nearer to the scene of the greatest fury of the elements.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

AT sunset the speck presented by the reefed topsail of the corvette had sunk beneath the horizon in the southern board, and that ship was seen no longer. Several islands had been passed, looking tranquil and smiling amid the fury of the tempest; but it was impossible to haul up for

any one among them. The most that could be done was to keep the ship dead before it, to prevent her broaching-to, and to have a care that she kept clear of those rocks and that bottom for which Nanny Sidley had so much pined.

Familiarity with the scene began to lessen the apprehensions of the passengers, and ere another night shut in, the principal concern was connected with the course the ship was compelled to steer. The wind had so far hauled to the westward as to render it certain that the coast of Africa would lie in their way, if obliged to scud many hours longer; for Truck's observations placed him to the southward and eastward of the Canary Islands. This was a long distance out of his course, but the rate of sailing rendered the fact clear.

This, too, was the precise time when the Montauk felt the weight of the tempest, or rather, when she experienced the heaviest portion of that which it was her fate to feel. Lucky was it for the good ship that she had not been in this latitude a few hours earlier. The responsibility of his situation now began seriously to disturb Captain Truck, though he kept his apprehensions to himself like a prudent officer. All his calculations were gone over again with the utmost care, the rate of sailing was cautiously estimated, and the result showed, that ten or fifteen hours more would inevitably produce shipwreck unless the wind moderated.

Fortunately the gale began to break about midnight. The wind still blew tremendously, but it was less steadily, and there were intervals of half-an-hour at a time when the ship might have carried more canvass, even on a bowline: of course her speed abated in proportion, and, after day had dawned, a long survey from aloft showed no land to the eastward. When perfectly assured of this important fact, Captain Truck rubbed his hands with delight, ordered a coal for his cigar, and began to abuse Saunders about the quality of the coffee.

Saunders, trained in similar lectures, went pouting to his work, taking care to expend a proper part of his spleen on Mr. Toast, who of course suffered in proportion as his

superior was made to feel, in his own person, the weight of Captain Truck's authority.

The captain's squalls, however, were of short duration, and he was soon in even a better humour than common, as every minute gave the cheering assurance that the tempest was drawing to a close. He had finished his third cigar, and was issuing his orders to turn the reef out of the foresail, and to set the maintop-sail close-reefed, when most of the passengers appeared on deck for the first time that morning.

"Here we are, gentlemen!" cried Captain Truck in the way of salutation, "nearer to Guinea than I could wish, with every prospect, now, of soon working our way across the Atlantic, and possibly of making a thirty or thirty-five days' passage of it yet. We have this sea to quiet; and then I hope to show you what the Montauk has in her. I think we have now got rid of the Foam, as well as of the gale. I did believe, at one time, her people might be wading on the coast of Cornwall; but I now believe they are more likely to try the sands of the great Desert of Sahara."

"It is to be hoped they have escaped the latter calamity as fortunately as they escaped the first!" observed Mr. Effingham.

"It may be so; but the wind has got round to nor'-west, and has not been sighing these last twelve hours. Cape Blanco is not a hundred leagues from us, and, at the rate he was travelling, that gentleman with the speaking-trumpet may now be philosophising over the fragments of his ship, unless he had the good sense to haul off more to the westward than he was steering when last seen. His ship should have been christened the 'Scud,' instead of the 'Foam.'"

Every one expressed the hope that the ship, to which their own situation was fairly enough to be ascribed, might escape this calamity; and all faces regained their cheerfulness as they saw the canvass fall, in sign that their own danger was past. So rapidly, indeed, did the gale now abate, that the topsail was hardly hoisted before the order was given to shake out another reef, and within an hour all

the heavier canvass that was proper to carry before the wind was set, solely with a view to keep the ship steady. The sea was still fearful, and Captain Truck found himself obliged to keep off from his course, in order to avoid the danger of having his decks swept. The racing with the crest of the waves, however, was quite done, for the seas soon cease to comb and break after the force of the wind is expended.

At no time is the motion of the vessel more unpleasant, or, indeed, more dangerous, than in the interval that occurs between the ceasing of a violent gale and the springing up of a new wind. The ship is unmanageable, and falling into the troughs of the sea, the waves break in upon her decks, often doing serious injury, while the spars and rigging are put to the severest trial by the sudden and violent surges which they have to withstand. Of all this Captain Truck was aware, and when summoned to breakfast gave many cautions to Mr. Leach before quitting the deck.

“I do not like the new shrouds we bent in London,” he said, “for the rope has stretched in this gale in a way to throw too much strain on the old rigging; so see all ready for taking a fresh drag on them, as soon as the people have breakfasted. Mind and keep her out of the trough, sir, and watch every roller that comes tumbling after us.”

After repeating these injunctions in different ways, looking to windward some time, and aloft five or six minutes, Captain Truck finally went below, to pass judgment on Mr. Saunders’ coffee. Once in his throne, at the head of the long table, the worthy master, after a proper attention to his passengers, set about the duty of eating, with a zeal that never failed him on such occasions. He had just swallowed a cup of coffee, when a heavy flap of the sails announced the sudden failure of the wind.

“That is bad news,” said Captain Truck, listening to the fluttering blows of the canvass against the masts; “I never like to hear a ship shaking its wings while there is a heavy sea on; but this is better than the Desert of Sahara, and so, my dear young lady, let me recommend to you a cup of this coffee.”



A jerk of the whole ship was followed by a report like that made by a musket. Truck rose, and stood leaning on one hand in a bent attitude, expectation and distrust intensely portrayed in every feature. Another helpless roll of the ship succeeded, and three or four similar reports were immediately heard, as if large ropes had parted in quick succession. A rending of wood followed, and then came a chaotic crash, in which the impending heavens appeared to fall on the devoted ship. Most of the passengers shut their eyes, and when they were opened again, Mr. Truck had vanished.

It is scarcely necessary to describe the confusion that followed. Eve was frightened, but she behaved well, though Mademoiselle Viefville trembled so much as to require the assistance of Mr. Effingham.

"We have lost our masts," John Effingham coolly remarked; "an accident that will not be likely to be very dangerous, though by prolonging the passage a month or two, it may have the merit of making this good company more intimately acquainted with each other, a pleasure for which we cannot express too much gratitude."

Eve implored his forbearance by a glance, for she saw his eye directed towards Mr. Monday and Dodge, for both of whom she knew her kinsman entertained an incurable dislike. His words, however, explained the catastrophe, and most of the men hastened on deck to assure themselves of the fact.

John Effingham was right. The new rigging, which had stretched so much during the gale, had permitted too much of the strain, in the tremendous roll of the ship, to fall upon the other ropes. The shroud most exposed had parted first; three or four more had followed, and before there was time to secure any thing, the remainder had gone together, and the mainmast had broken at a place where a defect was now seen in its heart. Falling over the side, the latter had brought down with it the mizen-mast and all its hamper, and as much of the fore-mast as stood above the top. In short, of all the complicated tracery of ropes, the proud display of spars, and the broad folds of canvass that had so lately overshadowed the deck of the Montauk,



the mutilated fore-mast, the fore-yard and sail, and the fallen head-gear alone remained. All the rest either cumbered the deck, or was beating against the side of the ship, in the water.

The hard, red, weather-beaten face of Captain Truck was expressive of mortification and concern for a single instant. His mind then seemed made up to the calamity, and he quietly lighted a cigar.

"Here is a category, and be d——d to it, Mr. Leach," he said, after taking a single whiff. "You are doing quite right, sir; cut away the wreck and force the ship free of it, or we shall have some of those sticks poking themselves through the planks. I always thought the Chandler in London, into whose hands the agent has fallen, was a —— rogue, and now I know it. Cut away, carpenter, and get us rid of all this thumping as soon as possible. A capital vessel, Mr. Monday, or she would have rolled the pumps out of her, and capsized the galley."

No attempt being made to save any thing, the wreck was floating astern in five minutes, and the ship was fortunately extricated from this new hazard. Mr. Truck, in spite of his acquired coolness, looked piteously at all that gallant hamper, in which he had so lately rejoiced, as yard-arm, cross-trees, tressel-trees, and tops rose on the summits of swells or settled in the troughs. But habit is a seaman's philosophy, and in no one feature was his character more respectable than in that manliness which disinclined him to mourn over a misfortune that was inevitable.

The Montauk now resembled a tree stripped of its branches; her glory had, in a great degree, departed. The fore-mast alone remained, and even of this the head was gone, a circumstance of which Captain Truck complained more than any other, as, to use his own expressions, "it destroyed the symmetry of the spar, which had proved itself a good stick." What, however, was of more real importance, it rendered it difficult to get up a spare top-mast forward. As both the main and mizen-mast had gone quite near the deck, this was almost the only easy expedient that remained; and within an hour of the accident, Mr. Truck announced his intentions to stand as far

south as he could to strike the trades, and then to make a fair wind of it across the Atlantic, unless he might be able to fetch into the Cape de Verde Islands, where it would be possible to get something like a new outfit.

"All I now ask, my dear young lady," he said to Eve, who ventured on deck to look at the desolation, as soon as the wreck was cut adrift, "all I now ask, my dear young lady, is an end to westerly winds for two or three weeks, and I will promise to place you all in America yet, in time to eat your Christmas dinner. I do not think Sir George will shoot many white bears among the Rocky Mountains this year, but then there will be so many more left for another season. The ship is in a category; but worse categories than this have been reasoned out of countenance. All head-sail is not a convenient show of cloth to claw off a lee-shore with; but I still hope to escape the misfortune of laying eyes on the coast of Africa."

"Are we far from it?" asked Eve, who sufficiently understood the danger of being on a shore, in which it was vain to seek for a port. "I would rather be in the neighbourhood of any other land, I think, than that of Africa."

"Especially Africa between the Canaries and Cape Blanco," returned Captain Truck, with an expressive shrug. "More hospitable regions exist, certainly; for, if accounts are to be credited, the honest people along-shore never get a Christian that they do not mount him on a camel, and trot him through the sands a thousand miles or so, under a hot sun, with a sort of haggis for food, that would go nigh to take away even a Scotchman's appetite."

"And you do not tell us how far we are from this frightful land, monsieur le capitaine?" inquired Made-moiselle Viefville.

"In ten minutes you shall know, ladies, for I am about to observe for the longitude. It is a little late, but it may yet be done."

The ladies were silent, while Mr. Truck proceeded to get the time and the sun. As soon as he had run through his calculations, he came to them with a face in which the eye was roving, though it was still good humoured.

“ And the result ? ” said Eve.

“ It is not quite as flattering as I could wish. We are materially within a degree of the coast ; but, as the wind is gone, or nearly so, we may hope to find a shift that will shove us farther from the land. And now I have dealt frankly with you, let me beg you will keep the secret, for my people will be dreaming of Turks, instead of working, if they knew the fact.”

It required no great observation to discover that Captain Truck was far from satisfied with the position of his ship. Without any after-sail, and almost without the means of making any, it was idle to think of hauling off from the land, more especially against the heavy sea that was still rolling in from the north-west ; and his present object was to make the Cape de Verdes, before reaching which he would be certain to meet the trades, and where, of course, there would be some chance of repairing damages. His apprehensions would have been much less were the ship a degree or two farther south, or even a degree farther west, as the prevailing winds in this part of the ocean are from the northward and eastward ; but it was no easy matter to force a ship that distance under a foresail, the only regular sail that now remained in its place. It is true, he had some of the usual expedients of seamen at his command, and the people were immediately set about them ; but in consequence of the principal spars having gone so near the decks, it became exceedingly difficult to rig jury-masts.

Something must be attempted, however, and the spare spars were got out, and all the necessary preparations were commenced, in order that they might be put into their places and rigged, as well as circumstances would allow. As soon as the sea went down, and the steadiness of the ship would permit, Mr. Leach succeeded in getting up an awkward lower studding-sail and a sort of a stay-sail forward, and with these additions to their canvass the ship was brought to head south, with the wind light at the westward. The sea was greatly diminished about noon ; but a mile an hour, for those who had so long a road before them, and who were so near a coast that was

known to be fearfully inhospitable, was a cheerless progress, and the cry of "Sail, ho!" early in the afternoon diffused a general joy in the Montauk.

The stranger was made to the southward and eastward, and was standing on a course that must bring her quite near to their own track, as the Montauk then headed. The wind was so light, however, that Captain Truck gave it as his opinion they could not speak until night had set in.

"Unless the coast has brought him up, yonder flaunting gentleman, who seems to have had better luck with his light canvass than ourselves, must be the Foam," he said. "Tobacco or no tobacco, bride or bridegroom, the fellow has us at last, and all the consolation that is left is, that we shall be much obliged to him, now, if he will carry us to Portsmouth, or into any other Christian haven. We have shown him what a kettle-bottom can do before the wind, and now let him give us a tow to windward like a generous antagonist. That is what I call Vattel, my dear young lady."

"If he do this, he will indeed prove himself a generous adversary," said Eve, "and we shall be certain to speak well of his humanity, whatever we may think of his obstinacy."

"Are you quite sure the ship in sight is the corvette?" asked Paul Blunt.

"Who else can it be?—Two vessels are quite sufficient to be jammed down here on the coast of Africa, and we know that the Englishman must be somewhere to leeward of us; though, I will confess, I had believed him much farther, if not plump up among the Mahommedans, beginning to reduce to a feather-weight, like Captain Riley, who came out with just his skin and bones, after a journey across the desert."

"I do not think those top-gallant-sails have the symmetry of the canvass of a ship-of-war."

Captain Truck looked steadily at the young man an instant, as one regards a sound criticism, and then he turned his eye towards the object of which they were speaking.

"You are right, sir," he rejoined, after a moment;



“and I have had a lesson in my own trade from one young enough to be my son. The stranger is no cruiser, and as there is no port in-shore of us any where near this latitude, he is probably some trader driven down here like ourselves.”

“And I’m sure, captain,” put in Sir George Templemore, “we ought to rejoice that, like ourselves, he has escaped shipwreck. For my part, I pity the poor wretches on board the Foam most sincerely.”

“You have shown yourself a christian throughout that affair, Sir George, and I shall not forget your handsome offers to befriend the ship. We were in a category more than once with that nimble-footed racer in our wake, and you were the man, Sir George, who manifested the most hearty desire to get us out. To be frank with you, when I first had the honour of your acquaintance, I did not think you had so much in you. There was a sort of knee-buckleism about your *debut*, as Mr. Dodge calls it, that made me distrust you.”

“Oh! I *do* like my comforts,” said Sir George, laughing.

“That you do; I am only surprised you don’t smoke. Now, Mr. Dodge tells me you have six-and-thirty pairs of breeches!”

“I have — yes. One would wish to go abroad decently clad.”

“Well! if it should be our luck to travel in the deserts, your wardrobe would rig out a whole harem.”

“I wish, captain, you would do me the favour to step into our state-room, some morning; I have many curious things I should like to show you. A set of razors, in particular — and a dressing case — and a pair of patent pistols — and that life-preserver that you admire so much, Mr. Dodge. Mr. Dodge has seen most of my curiosities, I believe, and will tell you some of them are worth examination.”

“Yes, captain, I must say,” observed Mr. Dodge, — for this conversation was held apart between the three, the mate keeping an eye the while on the duty of the ship — “Yes, captain, I must say I have met no gentleman who



is better supplied with necessities than *my* friend Sir George."

" Particularly breeches, Mr. Dodge. Have you coats to match, Sir George ? "

" Certainly, sir. One would be absurd in his shirt sleeves. I wish, captain, we could make Mr. Dodge a little less of a republican. I find him a most agreeable room-mate, but rather annoying on the subject of kings."

" You stick up for the people, Mr. Dodge ? "

" On that subject, Sir George and I shall never agree, for he is obstinately monarchical ; but I tell him, we shall treat him none the worse for that. He has promised me a visit, and I have pledged myself to his being unqualifiedly well received."

" I understand, Mr. Dodge," pursued the baronet, " that he is the editor of a public journal, in which he entertains his readers with his observations during his travels. ' The Active Inquirer,' is it not, Mr. Dodge ? "

" That, Sir George, is the present name, though when we supported Mr. Adams it was called ' The Active Enquirer,' with an E."

" A distinction without a difference," interrupted Captain Truck. " This is the second time I have had the honour to sail with Mr. Dodge, and a more active inquirer never put foot in a ship, though I did not know the use he put his information to before. It is all in the way of trade, I find."

" Mr. Dodge claims to belong to a profession, captain, and is above trade. He tells me many things have occurred on board this ship, that will make eligible paragraphs."

" The d—— he does !—I should like, Mr. Dodge, to know what you will find to say concerning this category in which the Montauk is placed."

" Oh ! captain, no fear of me, when you are concerned. You know I am a friend ; you have no cause to apprehend any thing, though I'll not answer for everybody on board ; for there are passengers in this ship whose deportment meets with my unqualified disapprobation."

" And you intend to paragraph them ? "

Mr. Dodge was swelling with the conceit of a vulgar

man, who fancies himself in possession of a power that others dread. He did not dare express all his rancour, while he was unequal to suppressing it entirely.

"These Effinghams, and this Mr. Sharp, and that Mr. Blunt," he muttered, "think themselves everybody's betters; but we shall see! America is not a country in which people can shut themselves up in rooms, and fancy they are lords and ladies."

"Bless my soul!" said Truck, with his affected simplicity; "how did you find this out, Mr. Dodge?"

"Oh! I know when a man is blown up with his own importance. As for Mr. John Effingham, he has been so long abroad that he has forgotten that he is a-going home to a country of equal rights!"

"Very true, Mr. Dodge; a country in which a man cannot shut himself up in his room, whenever the notion seizes him. But, my dear sir, are you quite sure that Mr. John Effingham has so high a sentiment in his own favour? It would be awkward business to make a blunder in such a serious matter. You should remember the mistake of the Irishman!"

"What was that?" asked the baronet, completely mystified by the indomitable gravity of Captain Truck.

"He mistook the drumming in his own ear, for some noise that disturbed his companions."

Mr. Dodge felt uncomfortable, and, affecting to have something to do, went below.

Captain Truck, who never smiled except at the corner of his left eye, turned away, and began rattling off his people.

The prognostic of the master concerning the strange ship proved true, for about nine at night she came within hail, and backed her maintop-sail. This vessel proved to be an American in ballast, bound from Gibraltar to New York; a return store-ship from the squadron kept in the Mediterranean. She had met the gale to the westward of Madeira, and after holding on as long as possible, had also been compelled to scud. According to the report of her officers, the Foam had run in much closer to the coast than herself, and it was their opinion she was lost. Their own escape was owing entirely to the wind's abating, for they had actually

been within sight of the land, though having received no injury, they had been able to haul off in season.

Luckily, this ship was ballasted with fresh water, and Captain Truck passed the night in negotiating a transfer of his steerage passengers, under an apprehension that, in the crippled state of his own vessel, his supplies might be exhausted before he could reach America. In the morning, the offer of being put on board the store-ship was made to those who chose to accept it, and all in the steerage, with most from the cabin, profited by the occasion to exchange a dismasted vessel for one that was, at least, full rigged. Provisions were transferred accordingly, and by noon next day the stranger made sail on a wind, the sea being tolerably smooth, and the breeze still a-head. In three hours she was out of sight to the northward and westward, the Montauk holding her own dull course to the southward, with the double view of striking the trades, or of reaching one of the Cape de Verdes.

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## CHAPTER XV.

THE situation of the Montauk appeared more desolate than ever, after the departure of so many of her passengers. When the upper sails of the store-ship sunk as a speck in the ocean, Mr. Effingham regretted that he, too, had not overcome his reluctance to a crowded cabin, and gone on board her with his own party. Thirty years before he would have thought himself fortunate in finding accommodations so comfortable; but habit and indulgence change our opinions, and he had now thought it impossible to place Eve in a situation so common to those who travelled by sea at the commencement of the century.

Most of the cabin passengers decided differently, none remaining but the Effinghams and their party; Mr. Sharp, Mr. Blunt, Sir George Templemore, Mr. Dodge, and Mr. Monday. Mr. Effingham had been influenced by the superior comforts of the packet, and his hopes that a speedy

arrival at the islands would enable the ship to refit in time to reach America almost as soon as the dull sailing-vessel which had just left them. Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt had both expressed a determination to share his fortunes, which was indirectly saying that they would share the fortunes of his daughter. John Effingham remained as a matter of course, though he had made a proposition to the stranger to tow them into port, an arrangement that failed in consequence of the stranger throwing out some pretty plain hints about salvage; Mr. Monday staying from an inveterate attachment to the steward's stores, more of which, he judged, would now fall to his share than formerly.

Sir George Templemore had given some demonstrations of an intention to transfer himself and the thirty-six pair of breeches to that vessel; but on examining the confined place in which he would be compelled to stow himself, he was unequal to the sacrifice. On the other hand, he knew an entire state-room would now fall to his share, and this self-indulged and feeble-minded young man preferred the gratification of his besetting weakness to his safety.

As for Mr. Dodge, he was one of the first to propose a general swarming. During the night, he had been employed in fomenting a party to "resolve" that the Montauk should be altogether abandoned; and after this scheme failed, dwelt eloquently on the propriety of Captain Truck's yielding his own judgment to that of the majority. He might as well have scolded against the late gale, as make such an attempt on the notions of the old seaman concerning his duty; for no sooner was the thing intimated to him than he growled a denial in a tone that effectually silenced remonstrance. When these two plans failed, Mr. Dodge endeavoured strenuously to show Sir George that his interests were on the side of a removal; but with all the hold that incessant adulation had given him on the mind of the other, he was unable to overcome his love of ease.

To the surprise of every one, Mr. Dodge, on finding it impossible to prevail on Sir George Templemore to leave the packet, suddenly announced his own intention to remain. Few stopped to inquire into his motives. To his room-mate he affirmed that the strong friendship he had



formed for him, could alone induce him to relinquish the hope of reaching home previously to the autumn elections.

As a consequence of these feelings of Mr. Dodge, the fastidiousness of Sir George Templemore, the interest her two admirers took in Eve, the devotion of Mr. Monday to champagne, and the decision of Mr. Effingham, these persons therefore remained the sole occupants of the cabins of the Montauk.

If we were to say that Captain Truck did not feel melancholy as the store-ship sunk beneath the horizon, we should represent that stout-hearted mariner as more stoical than he was. In the course of a long and adventuresome professional life, he had encountered calamities before, but until now he had never been compelled to call in assistance to deliver his passengers at the stipulated port. He felt the necessity as a sort of stain upon his character as a seaman. The honest master sighed often, smoked nearly double the usual number of cigars in the course of the afternoon, and when the sun went down, stood gazing at the sky in melancholy silence, as long as any of the magnificent glory that accompanies the decline of day lingered among the vapours of the horizon. He then summoned Saunders to the quarter-deck, where the following dialogue took place between them.

"This is a devil of a category to be in, master steward!"

"Well, he might be better, sir. I only wish the butter may endure until we get in."

"If it fail, I shall go nigh to see you clapt into the State's prison."

"There is an end to all things, Captain Truck; if you please, sir, even to butter. I presume, sir, Mr. Vattel, if he knows any thing of cookery, will admit that."

"Harkee, Saunders, if you ever insinuate again that Vattel belonged to the coppers, I'll take the liberty to land you on the coast here, where you may amuse yourself in stewing young monkeys for your own dinner. I saw you aboard the other ship, sir, overhauling her arrangements; what sort of a time will the gentlemen be likely to have in her?"

"Atrocious, sir! I give you my honour, as a real gen-



tleman, sir. Why, would you believe it, Captain Truck, the steward is a downright nigger ; he wears ear-rings and a red flannel shirt. As for the cook, sir, he wouldn't pass an examination for Jemmy Ducks aboard here, and there is but one camboose, and one set of coppers."

" Well, the steerage-passengers, in that case, will fare as well as the cabin."

" Yes, sir, and the cabin as bad as the steerage ; and for my part, I abomernate liberty and equality."

" You should converse with Mr. Dodge on that subject, Master Saunders. May I inquire if you happen to remember the day of the week ?"

" Beyond controversy, sir ; to-morrow will be Sunday, Captain Truck."

" If to-morrow will be Sunday, to-day must be Saturday, Mr. Saunders. If this be Saturday, there will be a Saturday night before long, and look to it, that we have our ' sweethearts and wives.' Though I have neither myself, I feel the necessity of something cheerful."

Mr. Saunders withdrew to confer with Toast on the subject, and Captain Truck proceeded to give his orders for the night. The proud ship did indeed present a sight to make a seaman melancholy ; for to the only regular sail that stood, the fore-sail, by this time was added a lower studding-sail, imperfectly rigged, and which would not resist a fresh puff, while a very inartificial jury-topmast supported a topgallant-sail, that could only be carried in a free wind. Aft, preparations were making of a more permanent nature, it is true. The upper part of the mainmast had been cut away, as low as the steerage-deck, where an arrangement had been made to step a spare topmast. The spar itself was lying on the deck rigged, and a pair of sheers were in readiness to be hoisted, in order to sway it up ; but night approaching, the men had been broken off to rig the yards, bend the sails, and to fit the other spars it was intended to use, postponing the last act, that of sending all up until morning.

" We are likely to have a quiet night of it," said the captain, glancing at the heavens ; " and at eight to-morrow let all hands be called, when we will turn-to with a will,

and make a brig of the old hussey. This topmast will do to bear the strain of the spare mainyard, unless there come another gale, and by reefing the new mainsail we shall be able to make something out of it. The topgallant-mast will fit of course above, and we may make out, by keeping a little free, to carry the sail: at need, we may possibly coax the contrivance into carrying a studding-sail also. We have sticks for no more, though we'll endeavour to get up something aft out of the spare spars obtained from the store-ship. You may knock off at four bells, Mr. Leach, and let the poor fellows have their Saturday's night in peace. It is misfortune enough to be dismasted, without having one's grog stopped."

The mate of course obeyed, and the evening shut in beautifully, with all the glory of a mild night, in a latitude as low as that they were in. They who have never seen the ocean under such circumstances, know little of its charms in its moments of rest. The term sleeping is well applied to its impressive stillness, for the long sluggish swells on which the ship rose and fell, hardly disturbed its surface. The moon did not rise until midnight, and Eve, accompanied by most of her companions, walked the deck by the bright starlight.

The song and the laugh rose frequently from the fore-castle, where the crew were occupied with their Saturday-night, and occasionally a rude toast was heard. But weariness soon got the better of merriment forward, and the hard-worked mariners went down to their berths, leaving those whose duty it was to remain to doze away the hours in such places as they could find on deck.

"A white squall," said Captain Truck, looking up at the uncouth sails that hardly impelled the vessel through the water, "would soon furl all our canvass for us, and we are in the very place for such an interlude."

"And what would then become of us?" asked Made-moiselle Vieffville.

"You had better ask what would become of that apology for a topsail, mam'selle, and yonder stun'sail, which looks like an American in London without straps to his pan-

taloons. The canvass would play kite, and we should be left to renew our inventions. A ship could scarcely be in better plight than we are, to meet with one of these African flurries."

"In which case, captain," observed Mr. Monday, who stood by the skylight watching the preparations below, "we can go to our Saturday-night without fear; for I see the steward has every thing ready, and the punch looks very inviting."

"Mr. Saunders may not be a conjuror or a mathematician, gentlemen," cried Captain Truck, as he ladled out the beverage, "but he understands the philosophy of sweet and sour, strong and weak; and I will venture to praise his liquor without tasting it. Well, gentlemen, there are better-rigged ships on the ocean than this of ours, but there are few with more comfortable cabins, or stouter hulls, or better company. Please God we can get a few sticks aloft again, now that we are quit of our troublesome shadow, I think I may flatter myself with a reasonable hope of landing you, that do me the honour to stand by me, in New York, in less time than a common drogger would make the passage, with all his legs and arms. Let our first toast be, 'A happy end to a disastrous beginning.'"

Captain Truck's hard face twitched a little while making this address, and as he swallowed the punch, his eyes glistened in spite of himself. Mr. Dodge, Sir George, and Mr. Monday repeated the sentiment sonorously, while the other gentlemen bowed, and drank it in silence.

The commencement of a regular scene of merriment is usually dull and formal, and it was sometime before Captain Truck could bring any of his companions up to the point where he wished to see them; for though a sober man, he loved a social glass, and particularly at those times which conformed to the practices of his calling. Though Eve and her governess had declined taking their seats at table, they consented to place themselves where they might share in the conversation.

"Here have I been drinking sweethearts and wives of a Saturday-night, my dear young lady, these forty years and

more," said Captain Truck, after the party had sipped their liquor for a minute or two, "without ever furnishing myself with either ; but, though so negligent of my own interests, I make it a rule to advise all my young friends to get spliced before they are thirty. Many is the man who has come aboard my ship a determined bachelor, who has left it at the end of the passage ready to marry the first pretty woman he fell in with."

As Eve had too much self-respect to permit jokes concerning matrimony to make a part of her conversation, this rally of the honest mariner produced no *suites*.

"Are we not unusually low, Captain Truck," inquired Blunt, with a view to change the discourse, "not to have fallen in with the trades? I have commonly met with those winds on this coast as high as twenty-six or twenty-seven, and I believe you observed to-day in twenty-four."

Captain Truck looked hard at the speaker, and nodded his head in approbation.

"You have travelled this road before, Mr. Blunt, I perceive. I have suspected you of being a brother chip from the moment I saw you first put your foot on the side cleets. You did not come aboard parrot-toed, like a country-girl waltzing ; but set the ball of the foot firmly on the wood, and swung off the length of your arm, like a man who knows how to humour the muscles. Your present remark shows you understand where a ship ought to be, in order to be in her right place. As for the trades, they are a little uncertain, like a lady's mind when she has more than one good offer ; for I've known them to blow as high as thirty, and then again to fail a vessel as low as twenty-three, or even lower. It is my private opinion, gentlemen, that we are on the edge of the trades, or in those light baffling winds which prevail along their margin. If we can force the ship fairly out of this trimming region we shall do well enough, for a north-east or an east wind would soon send us up with the islands, even under the rags we carry. We are very near the coast certainly — much nearer than I could wish ; but when we do get the good breeze, it will be all the better for us, as it will find us well to windward."



"But these trades, Captain 'Truck," asked Eve, "if they always blow in the same direction, how is it possible that the late gale should drive a ship into the quarter of the ocean where they prevail?"

"Always, means sometimes, my dear young lady. Although light winds prevail near the edge of the trades, gales, and tremendous fellows too, sometimes blow there also, as we have just seen. I think we shall now have settled weather, and that our chance of a safe arrival, more particularly in some southern American port, is almost certain, though our chance for a speedy arrival be not quite as good. I hope, before twenty-four hours are passed, to see our decks white with sand."

"Is that a phenomenon seen here?" asked the father.

"Often, Mr. Effingham, when ships are close in with Africa, and fairly in the steady winds. To say truth, the country abreast of us, some twenty or thirty miles distant, is not the most inviting."

"If we are so very near the coast, why do we not see it?"

"Perhaps we might from aloft, if we had any aloft just now. We are to the southward of the mountains, however, and off a part of the country where the Great Desert makes from the coast. And now, gentlemen, I perceive Mr. Monday finds all this sand arid, and I ask permission to give you, one and all, 'Sweethearts and wives.'"

Most of the company drank the toast with spirit, though both the Effinghams scarce wetted their lips. Eve stole a glance at her father, and her own eyes filled with tears; for she knew that allusions of this nature revived in him mournful recollections. As for her cousin Jack, he was so confirmed a bachelor, that she thought nothing of his want of sympathy with such a sentiment.

"You must have a care for your heart in America, Sir George Templemore," cried Mr. Dodge. "Our ladies are celebrated for their beauty, and are immensely popular, I can assure you."

Sir George looked pleased, and it is probable his thoughts ran on the particular vestment of the six and thirty in which he ought to make his first appearance in such society.

"I allow the American ladies to be handsome," said



Mr. Monday ; “ but no Englishman need be in danger of his heart from such a cause, after having been accustomed to the beauty of his own island. Captain Truck, I have the honour to drink your health.”

“ Fairly said,” cried the captain, bowing to the compliment ; “ and I ascribe to the fact that I have been kept sailing between two countries so much favoured in this particular, that I have never been able to make up my mind which to prefer. I have wished a thousand times there was but one handsome woman in the world, when a man would have nothing to do but fall in love with her, and make up his mind to get married at once.”

“ That is a cruel wish to us men,” returned Sir George, “ as we should be certain to quarrel for the beauty.”

“ In such a case,” resumed Mr. Monday, “ we common men would have to give way to the claims of the nobility, and satisfy ourselves with plainer companions. I have the honour to drink your health, Sir George.”

“ I protest against your principle, Mr. Monday, said Mr. Dodge, “ which is an invasion on human rights. Perfect freedom of action is to be maintained in this matter as in all others. I acknowledge the English ladies are beautiful, but I shall always maintain the supremacy of the American fair.”

“ We will drink their healths, sir. I am far from denying their beauty, Mr. Dodge, but I think you must admit that they fade earlier than our British ladies. Your climate is none of the best, and wears out constitutions almost as fast as your states make them.”

“ I hope there is no danger to be apprehended from the climate,” said Sir George ; “ I detest bad climates.”

“ In that case, Sir George, you had better have stayed at home. In the way of climate, a man seldom betters himself by leaving Old England. This is the tenth time I’ve been in America, allowing that I ever reach there ; and though I entertain a profound respect for the country, I find myself growing older every time I quit it.”

“ You live too well when among us, Mr. Monday,” said the captain ; “ there are too many soft crabs, hard clams, and canvass-backs ; too much old Madeira, for

a man of your well-known taste to resist them. Sit less time at table, and go oftener to church this trip, and let us hear your report a twelvemonth hence."

"You quite mistake my habits, Captain Truck. Though a judicious eater, I seldom take any thing that is compounded, being a plain roast and boiled man; I ascribe all the difficulty, sir, to the climate, which will not permit a man to digest properly."

"Well, Mr. Monday, I subscribe to most of your opinions, and I believe few men are more harmonious in sentiment, in general, than you and Sir George and myself," observed Mr. Dodge; "but in this instance I feel constrained to record my vote in the negative. I have travelled a little, gentlemen, and I do affirm, Captain Truck, that, in my poor judgment, America is a very good sort of a country; at all events, quite good enough for me."

"You never said truer words, Mr. Dodge, and I beg you will join Mr. Monday and myself in a fresh glass of punch. You have seen more of human nature than your modesty allows you to proclaim, and I dare say this company would be gratified if you would let us know your opinions of the different people you have visited. Tell us something of that *dittur* you made on the Rhine."

"Mr. Dodge intends to publish, it is to be hoped!" observed Mr. Sharp; "and it may not be fair to anticipate his matter."

"I beg, gentlemen, you will have no scruples on that score. Saunders, hand me the manuscript you will find on the shelf of our state-room, next to Sir George's patent tooth-pick case. This is the book; and now, gentlemen and ladies, I beg you to remember that these are merely the ideas as they arose, and not my more mature reflections. Would you prefer a few notes on Paris, ladies, or shall I commence with some extracts about the Rhine?"

"Oh! *de grace, monsieur*, be so very kind as not to overlook *Paris*?" said Mademoiselle Viefville.

"Mr. Dodge bowed graciously, and turning over the leaves, alighted in the heart of the great city named. After some preliminary hemming, he commenced in a grave didactic tone, that showed the value he attached to his own observations.

“ ‘*Dejjuned* at ten, as usual, an hour that I find exceedingly unreasonable and improper, and one that would meet with general disapprobation in America. I do not wonder that a people gets to be immoral and depraved in their practices, who keep such improper hours. The mind acquires habits of impurity by taking the meals out of the natural seasons. I impute much of the corruption of France to the periods of the day in which the food is taken. Indeed the custom of taking wine at this meal, together with the immorality of the hour, must be chief reasons why the French ladies are so much in the practice of drinking to excess.’ ”

“ *Mais, monsieur !* ”

“ You perceive, mademoiselle calls in question the accuracy of your facts,” observed Mr. Blunt, who began to enjoy a scene which at first had promised nothing but *ennui* and disgust.

“ I have it on the best authority, I give you my honour, or I would not introduce so grave a charge in a work of this contemplated importance. I obtained my information from an English gentleman who has resided twelve years in Paris, and he informs me that a very large portion of the women of fashion in that capital, let them belong to what country they will, are dissipated.”

“ *A la bonne heure, monsieur ! — mais*, to drink, it is very different.”

“ Not so much so, mademoiselle, as you imagine,” rejoined John Effingham. “ Mr. Dodge is a purist in language as well as in morals, and he uses terms differently from us less-instructed prattlers. By dissipated he understands a drunkard.”

“ *Comment !* ”

“ Certainly ; Mr. John Effingham, I presume, will at least give us the credit in America of speaking our language better than any other known people. ‘ After dejjunying, took a *phyacre* and rode to the palace, to see the king and royal family leave for Nully.’ ”

“ *Pour où ?* ”

“ *Pour Neuilly, mademoiselle,*” Eve quietly answered.

“ ‘ For Nully. His majesty went on horseback, pre-

ceding his illustrious family and all the rest of the noble party, dressed in a red coat, laced with white on the seams, wearing blue breeches and a cocked hat.' "

" *Ciel!* "

" ' I made the king a suitable republican reverence as he passed, which he answered with a gracious smile, and a benignant glance of his royal eye. The Hon. Louis Philippe Orleans, the present sovereign of the French, is a gentleman of portly and commanding appearance, and in his state attire, which he wore on this occasion, looks ' every inch a king.' He rides with grace and dignity, and sets an example of decorum and gravity to his subjects that it is to be hoped will produce a beneficial influence on the manners of the nation. His dignity was altogether worthy of the schoolmaster of Haddenfield.' "

" *Par exemple!* "

" Yes, mam'selle, in the way of example, it is, that I mean. Although a pure democrat, and every way opposed to exclusion, I was particularly struck with the royalty of his majesty's demeanour, and the great simplicity of his whole deportment. I stood in the crowd next to a very accomplished countess, who spoke English, and she did me the honour to invite me to pay her a visit at her hotel, in the vicinity of the Bourse."

" *Mon Dieu — mon Dieu — mon Dieu!* "

" After promising my fair companion to be punctual, I walked as far as Notter Dam."

" I wish Mr. Dodge would be a little more distinct in his names," said Mademoiselle Viefville, who had begun to take an interest, that even valueless opinions excite in us concerning things that touch the affections.

" Mr. Dodge is a little profane, mademoiselle," observed the captain; " but his journal probably was not intended for the ladies, and you must overlook it. Well, sir, you went to that naughty place."

" To Notter Dam, Captain Truck, I flatter myself that is pretty good French."

" I think, ladies and gentlemen, we have a right to insist on a translation; for plain roast and boiled men, like Mr. Monday and myself, are sometimes weeping when we ought

to laugh, so long as the discourse is in any thing but old-fashioned English."

"*Notter Dam*, I believe, *mam'selle*, means our Mother; the Church of our Mother.—'Here I was painfully impressed with the irreligion of the structure, and the general absence of piety in the architecture. Idolatry abounded, and so did holy water. The building is much inferior in comfort and true taste to the commoner American churches, and met with my unqualified disapprobation.'"

"*Est il possible que cela soit vrai, ma chère!*"

"*Je l'espère, bien, mademoiselle.*"

"You may *despair bien*, cousin Eve," said John Effingham, whose face curled even more than usual with contempt.

The ladies whispered a few explanations, and Mr. Dodge went on.

"From *Notter Dam* I proceeded in a *cabrioly* to the great national burying-ground, *Père la Chaise*, so termed from the circumstance that its distance from the capital rendered chaises necessary for the *convoys*."

"How's this, how's this!" interrupted Mr. Truck; "is one obliged to sail under a convoy about the streets of Paris?"

"Mr. Dodge means to say, *convoi*," kindly interposed Mademoiselle Viefville.

"The celebrated cemetery is, indeed, worthy of its high reputation. The most republican simplicity prevails in the interments, ditches being dug in which the bodies are laid, side by side, without distinction of rank, and with regard only to the order in which the convoys arrive.' I think this sentence, gentlemen, will have great success in America, where the idea of any exclusiveness is quite outdone to the majority."

Mr. Dodge turned over a few leaves, and gave other extracts.

"The last six hours have been devoted to a profound investigation of the fine arts. My first visit was to the *gullyteen*; after which I passed an instructive hour or two in the galleries of the *Musy*, where I discovered several very extraordinary things, in the way of sculpture and painting. I was particularly struck with the manner in



which a plate was portrayed in the celebrated marriage of Cana, which might very well have been taken for real Delft. Saint Michael and the Dragon is a *shefdowvry*.' ”

“ *A quoi ?* ”

“ *Un chef-d'œuvre, mademoiselle.* ”

“ ‘ The manner in which the angel holds the dragon with his feet, looking exactly like a worm trodden on by the foot of a child, is exquisitely plaintive and interesting. Indeed, these touches of nature abound in the works of the old masters. I no longer wonder that a Raphael, a Titian, a Correggio, a Guide-o, or a Cooley. ’ ”

“ And pray who may he be ? ” asked Mr. Monday.

“ A young genius in Dodgetown, who promises one day to render the name of an American illustrious. He has painted a new sign for the store, that, in its way, is quite equal to the marriage of Cana. ‘ I have stood with tears over the despair of a Niobe, ’ continuing to read, ‘ and witnessed the contortions of the snakes in the Laocoon with a convulsive eagerness to clutch them, that has made me fancy I could hear them hiss. ’ That sentence, I think, will be likely to be noticed even in the New-Old-New-Yorker, one of the very best reviews of our days, gentlemen. ”

“ ‘ In the evening I went to the Grand Obery, where I listened to music that is altogether inferior to that which we enjoy in America, especially at the general trainings. The want of science was conspicuous ; and if *this* be music, then do I know nothing about it. As for the dancing, it is my decided impression that nothing can be worse ; and I affirm, without fear of contradiction, that there is not an assembly in all America in which a *cotillion* would not be danced in one half the time that one was danced in the *bally* to-night. ’ ”

“ *Dans le quoi ?* ”

“ I believe I have not given the real Parisian pronunciation to this word, which the French call *ballay*, ” continued the reader.

“ Belay, or make all fast, as we say on ship-board. Mr. Dodge, as master of this vessel, I beg to return you the united thanks of the passengers for this information ; and

next Saturday we look for a renewal of the pleasure. The ladies are getting to be sleepy I perceive, and as Mr. Monday *never* drinks and the other gentlemen have finished their punch, we may as well retire, to get ready for a hard day's work to-morrow."

After the party had broke up, Mademoiselle Viefville passed an hour in the state-room of Miss Effingham, during which time she made several very supererogatory complaints of the manner in which the editor of the *Active Inquirer* had viewed things in Paris, besides asking a good many questions concerning his character.

"I am not quite certain, my dear mademoiselle, that I can give you a very learned description of the animal you think worthy of all these questions, but, by the aid of Mr. John Effingham's information, I believe it ought to be something as follows:—America once produced a very distinguished philosopher, named Franklin."

*"Comment ma chère! Tout le monde le connaît!"*

"This Monsieur Franklin commenced life as a printer; but living to a great age, and rising to high employments, became a philosopher in morals, as his studies had made him one in physics. Now, America is full of printers, and most of them fancy themselves Franklins."

*"Mais the world has not seen but un seul Franklin!"*

"Nor is it likely to see another very soon. In America the young men are taught, justly enough, that by merit they may rise to the highest situations; and, according to Mr. John Effingham, too many of them fancy that because they are at liberty to turn any qualities they may happen to have to account that they are actually fit for any thing. Even he allows that this peculiarity of the country does much good, but he maintains that it also does much harm, by causing pretenders to start up in all directions. Of this class he describes Mr. Dodge to be. This person, instead of working at the mechanical part of a press, to which he was educated, has the ambition to control its intellectual, and thus edits the *Active Inquirer*. My Cousin Jack affirms that America is filled with such, and insists that this stuff will be given to his readers as views of Europe worthy of their attention."

" *Ce conte du roi ! mais, c'est trop fort !*"

" With the coat laced at the seams, and the cocked hat !"

" *Et l'honorable Louis Philippe d'Orleans !*"

" Orléans, mademoiselle ; d'Orleans would be anti-republican."

Then the two ladies sat looking at each other a few moments in silence, when both burst into a hearty fit of laughter. Indeed, so long did Eve, in the buoyancy of her young spirits, and her keen perception of the ludicrous, indulge herself, that her fair hair fell about her rosy cheeks, and her bright eyes fairly danced with delight.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

CAPTAIN TRUCK was in a sound sleep as soon as his head touched the pillow. With the exception of the ladies, the others soon followed his example ; and as the people were excessively wearied, and the night was so tranquil, ere long only a single pair of eyes were open on deck — those of the man at the wheel. The wind died away, and even this worthy was not innocent of nodding at his post.

Under such circumstances, it will occasion no great surprise that the cabin was aroused next morning with the sudden and startling information that the land was close aboard the ship. Every one hurried on deck, where the dreaded coast of Africa was seen, with a palpable distinctness, within two miles of the vessel. It presented a long broken line of sand-hills, unrelieved by a tree, and with a hazy back-ground of remote mountains to the north-east. The margin of the coast nearest to the ship was indented with bays ; and even rocks appeared in places ; but the general character of the scene was that of burning sterility. On this picture of desolation all stood gazing in awe as the day gradually brightened, until a cry arose from forward of " a ship."

" Whereaway ?" sternly demanded Captain Truck ; for the sudden and unexpected appearance of this dangerous

coast had awakened all that was forbidding and severe in the temperament of the old master : " whereaway, sir ? "

" On the larboard quarter, sir, and at anchor."

" She is ashore ! " exclaimed half-a-dozen voices at the same instant. The glass soon settled this important point. About a league astern of them were indeed to be seen the spars of a ship, with the hull looming on the sands in a way to leave no doubt of her being a wreck. It was the first impression of all, that this was the Foam ; but Captain Truck soon announced the contrary.

" It is a Swede, or a Dane," he said, " by his rig and his model. A stout, solid, compact sea-boat, high and dry on the sands. He does not appear even to have bilged, and most of his sails, and all of his yards, are in their places. Not a living soul is to be seen about her ! Ha ! there are signs of tents made of sails on shore, and broken bales of goods ! Her people have been seized and carried into the desert, as usual, and this is a fearful hint that we must keep the Montauk off the bottom. Turn-to the people, Mr. Leach, and get up your sheers, that we may step our jury-masts at once ; the smallest breeze on the land would drive us ashore, without any after-sail."

While the crew set about completing the work they had prepared the previous day, Captain Truck and his passengers passed the time in ascertaining all they could concerning the wreck, and the reason of their being themselves in a position so different from what they had previously believed.

As respects the first, little more could be ascertained ; she lay high and dry on a hard sandy beach, where she had probably been cast during the late gale, and sufficient signs were made out by the captain to prove to him that she had been partly plundered. More than this could not be discovered at that distance, and the work of the Montauk was too urgent to send a boat manned with her own people to examine. Mr. Blunt, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Monday, and the servants of the two former, however, volunteering to pull the cutter, it was finally decided to look more closely into the facts, Captain Truck himself taking charge of the expedition. While this is getting



ready, a word of explanation will suffice to tell the reader the reason why the Montauk had fallen so much to leeward.

The ship was so near the coast, it was now obvious she was driven by a current that set along the land, but which, it was probable, had set towards it more in the offing. The imperceptible drift of so many hours of the time between the observation of the previous day and the discovery of the coast had sufficed to carry the vessel a great distance; and to this simple cause, coupled perhaps with some neglect in the steerage during the past night, was her present situation to be attributed. At this moment, the little air there was came from the land, and by keeping her head off shore, Captain Truck entertained no doubt of being able to escape the calamity that had befallen the other ship in the fury of the gale. A wreck is always a matter of so much interest with mariners, therefore, that taking all these things into view, he had come to the determination of examining into the history of the one in sight, so far as circumstances permitted.

The Montauk carried three boats: the launch, a large, safe, and well-constructed craft, which stood in the usual chucks between the foremast and mainmast; a jolly-boat, and a cutter. It was next to impossible to get the first into the water, deprived as the ship was of its mainmast, but the others hanging at davits, one on each quarter, were easily lowered. The packets seldom carry any arms, beyond a light gun to fire signals with, the pistols of the master, and perhaps a fowling-piece or two. Luckily the passengers were better provided: all the gentlemen had pistols, and most of them fowling-pieces. Although a careful examination of the coast offered no signs of enemies, these arms were carefully collected, loaded, and deposited in the boats, in order to be prepared for the worst. Provisions and water were also provided, and the party were about to proceed.

Captain Truck and one or two of the adventurers were still on the deck, when Eve, with that love of excitement that often visits the most delicate spirits, expressed regret that she could not make one in the expedition.

“ There is something so strange and wild in landing on



an African desert," she said ; " and I think a near view of the wreck would repay us, mademoiselle, for the hazard."

The young men hesitated between their desire to have such a companion, and their doubts of the prudence of the step ; but Captain Truck declared there could be no risk, and Mr. Effingham consenting, the plan was altered so as to include the ladies.

A single whip was rigged on the fore-yard, a chair was slung, and in ten minutes both ladies were floating on the ocean in the cutter : this boat pulled six oars, which were manned by the servants of the two Messrs. Effinghams, Mr. Blunt, and Mr. Sharp, together with the two latter gentlemen in person ; Mr. Effingham steered. Captain Truck had the jolly-boat, of which he pulled an oar himself, aided by Saunders, Mr. Monday, and Sir George Templemore ; the mates and the regular crew being actively engaged in rigging their jury-mast. Mr. Dodge declined being of the party, feeding himself with the hope that the present would be a favourable occasion to peep into the state-rooms, to run his eye over forgotten letters, and otherwise to increase the stock of information of the editor of the *Active Inquirer*.

" Look to your chains, and see all clear for a run of the anchors, Mr. Leach, should you drift within a mile of the shore," called out the captain, as they pulled off. " The ship is drifting along the land, but the wind you have will hardly do more than meet the send of the sea, which is on shore : should any thing go wrong, show an ensign at the head of the jury-stick forward."

The mate waved his hand, and the adventurers passed away. It was a strange sensation to most of those in the boats to find themselves in their present situation. Eve and Mademoiselle Vieffville, in particular, could scarcely credit their senses, when they found the egg-shells that held them heaving and setting like bubbles on those long sluggish swells which had seemed of so little consequence while in the ship, but which now resembled the heavy respirations of a leviathan. As they receded fast from the Montauk, with all her love of excitement, Eve heartily repented of her undertaking before they had gone a mile. The gentle-

men, however, were in good spirits, and as the boats kept near each other, Captain Truck enlivening their way, and Mr. Effingham, who was influenced by a motive of humanity in consenting to come, being earnest and interested, Eve soon got to entertain other ideas.

As they drew near the end of their expedition new feelings got the mastery in the whole party. The solitary grandeur of the coasts, the sublime sterility — for even naked sands may become sublime by their vastness — the heavy moanings of the ocean on the beach, and the entire spectacle of the solitude, blended as it was with the associations of Africa, united to produce sensations of a pleasing melancholy. The spectacle of the ship, bringing with it the images of European civilisation, as it lay helpless and deserted on the sands, too, heightened the effect.

This vessel, beyond all question, had been driven up on a sea during the late gale, at a point where the water was of sufficient depth to float her, until within a few yards of the very spot where she now lay, Captain Truck giving the following probable history of the affair : —

“ On all sandy coasts,” he said, “ the return waves that are cast on the beach form a bar, by washing back with them a portion of the particles. This bar is usually within thirty or forty fathoms of the shore, and there is frequently sufficient water within it to float a ship. As this bar, however, prevents the return of all the water, on what is called the under-tow, narrow channels make from point to point, through which this excess of the element escapes. These channels are known by the appearance of the water over them, the seas breaking less at those particular places than in the spots where the bottom lies nearer to the surface, and all experienced mariners are aware of the fact. No doubt, the unfortunate master of this ship, finding himself reduced to the necessity of running ashore to save the lives of his crew, has chosen such a place, and has consequently forced his vessel where she has remained dry as soon as the sea fell. So worthy a fellow deserved a better fate ; for this wreck is not three days old, and yet no signs are to be seen of any who were in that stout ship.”

These remarks were made as the boats lay on their oars, at a short distance without the line, where the

breaking of the sea pointed out the position of the bar. The channel, also, was plainly visible directly astern of the ship, the sea merely rising and falling in it without combining. A short distance to the southward a few bold black rocks thrust themselves forward, and formed a sort of bay, in which it was practicable to land without risk ; for they had come on the coast in a region where the monotony of the sands, as it appeared when close in, was little relieved by the presence of any thing else.

“ If you keep the cutter just without the breakers, Mr. Effingham,” Captain Truck continued, after examining the shore, “ I will pull into the channel, and land in yonder bay. If you feel disposed to follow, you may do so by giving the tiller to Mr. Blunt, on receiving a signal from me. Be steady, gentlemen, and look well to the arms on landing, for we are in a knavish part of the world.

The captain made a sign, and the jolly-boat entered the channel. Inclining south, it was seen rising and falling just within the breakers, and then it was hid by the rocks. In another minute, Mr. Truck, followed by all but Mr. Monday, who stood sentinel at the boat, was on the rocks, making his way towards the wreck. On reaching the latter, he ascended swiftly even to the main cross-trees. Here a long examination of the plain, beyond the bank that hid it from the view of all beneath, succeeded, and then the signal to come on was made to those who were still in the boat.

“ Shall we venture ? ” cried Paul Blunt, soliciting an assent by the very manner in which he put the question.

“ What say you, dear father ? ”

“ I hope we may not yet be too late to succour some Christian in distress, my child. Take the tiller, Mr. Blunt, and for humanity’s sake let us proceed ! ”

The boat advanced, Paul standing erect to steer, his ardour to proceed corrected by apprehensions on account of her precious freight. There was an instant when the ladies trembled, for it seemed as if the light boat was about to be cast upon the shore ; but the steady hand of him who steered averted the danger, and in a minute they were floating at the side of the jolly-boat. The ladies got ashore without difficulty, and stood on the rocks.

"*Nous voici donc, en Afrique,*" exclaimed Mademoiselle Vieffville.

"The wreck," murmured Eve; "let us go to the wreck. There may be a hope of yet saving some wretched sufferer."

Toward the wreck they proceeded, leaving two of the servants to relieve Mr. Monday on his watch.

It was an impressive thing to stand at the side of a ship on the sands of Africa, a scene in which the desolation of an abandoned vessel was heightened by the desolation of a desert. The position of the vessel, which stood nearly erect, imbedded in the sands, rendered it less difficult than might be supposed for the ladies to ascend, a rude staging having been made to facilitate the passage. Here the scene became thrice exciting, for it was the very type of a hastily deserted dwelling.

Before Eve gained the deck, the party had ascertained that no living soul remained. The trunks, chests, furniture, and other appliances of the cabin, had been rummaged, and many boxes had been raised from the hold and plundered, a part of their contents still lying on the decks. The ship, however, had been lightly freighted, and the bulk of her cargo, salt, was apparently untouched. A Danish ensign was found bent to the halyards, a proof that Captain Truck's conjecture concerning the vessel was accurate. Her name, too, was ascertained to be the *Carrier*, as translated into English, and she belonged to Copenhagen. More than this it was not easy to ascertain. No papers were found, and her cargo, or as much of it as remained, was so mixed and miscellaneous that no guess could be given as to the port where it had been taken in.

Several of the light sails had evidently been carried off, but all the heavy canvass was left on the yards which remained in their places. The vessel was large, exceedingly strong, as was proved by the fact that she had not bilged in beaching, and apparently well found. Nothing was wanting to launch her into the ocean but machinery and force, and a crew to sail her, when she might have proceeded on her voyage. But such a restoration was hopeless, and this admirable machine, like a man cut off in his youth and vigour, had been cast upon the shores of this inhos-



pitiable region, to moulder where it lay, unless broken up by the wanderers of the desert.

There was no object more likely to awaken melancholy ideas in Captain Truck than a spectacle of this nature. A fine ship, complete in nearly all her parts, virtually uninjured, yet beyond the chance of further usefulness, in his eyes was a picture of the most cruel loss.

He examined the bottom, which he pronounced capital for stowing, and excellent as that of a sea-boat ; he admired the fastenings ; applied his knife to try the quality of the wood, and pronounced the Norway pine of the spars equal to any thing in our own southern woods. The rigging, too, he regarded as one loves to linger over the regretted qualities of a deceased friend.

The tracks of camels and horses were abundant around the ship, and especially at the bottom of the rude staging which had evidently been made to carry articles from the vessel to the backs of the animals that were to bear them into the desert. The foot-prints of men were also to be seen, and there was a mournful certainty in distinguishing the marks of shoes as well as those of the naked foot.

Judging from these signs, Captain Truck was of opinion the wreck must have taken place but two or three days before, and that the plunderers had not left the spot many hours.

“ They probably went off with what they could carry at sunset last evening, and there can be no doubt that, before many days, they will be back again. God protect the poor fellows who have fallen into this miserable bondage ! What an occasion would there now be to rescue one of them, should he happen to be hid near this spot ! ”

The idea seized the whole party, and all eagerly turned to examine the bank, which rose nearly to the summit of the masts, in the hope of discovering some concealed fugitive. The gentlemen went below again, and Mr. Sharp and Mr. Blunt called out in German, English, and French, to invite any one who might be secreted to come forth. No sound answered these friendly calls. Again Captain Truck went aloft to look into the interior, but he beheld nothing more than the broad unpeopled desert.



A place where the camels had descended to the beach was at no great distance, and thither most of the party proceeded, mounting to the level of the plain beyond. In this expedition Paul Blunt led the advance, and as he rose over the brow of the bank, he cocked both barrels of his fowling-piece, uncertain what might be encountered. They found, however, a silent waste, almost without vegetation, and nearly as trackless as the ocean that lay behind them. At the distance of a hundred rods an object was just discernible, lying on the plain half-buried in the sand, and thither the young men expressed a wish to go, first calling to those in the ship to send a man aloft to give the alarm, in the event of any party of the Mussulmans being seen. Mr. Effingham, too, had the precaution to cause Eve and Mademoiselle Viefville to get into the cutter, which he caused to pull out over the bar.

A camel's path, of which the tracks were nearly obliterated by the sands, led to the object, and the adventurers soon reached the desired spot. It proved to be the body of a man who had died by violence. His dress denoted that of a passenger rather than of a seaman, and he had evidently been dead but a few hours. The cut of a sabre had cleft his skull. Agreeing not to acquaint the ladies with this horrible discovery, the body was hastily covered with sand, the pockets of the dead man having been first examined; for, contrary to usage, his person had not been stripped. A letter was found, written by a wife to her husband, and nothing more. It was in German, and its contents, though simple, were endearing and natural. It spoke of the traveller's return; for she who wrote it little thought of the miserable fate that awaited her beloved in this remote desert.

As nothing else was visible, the party returned hastily to the beach, where they found Captain Truck impatient to return. In the interest of the scene the Montauk had disappeared behind a headland, towards which she had been drifting when they left her. Her absence created a general sense of loneliness, and the whole party hastened into the jolly-boat. When without the bar, the cutter took in her proper crew, and the boats pulled

away, leaving the Dane standing on the beach in his solitary desolation.

As they got further from the land the Montauk came in sight again, and Captain Truck announced the agreeable intelligence that the jury mainmast was up, and that the ship had after-sail set, diminutive and defective as it might be. Instead of heading to the southward, however, as heretofore, Mr. Leach was apparently endeavouring to get back again to the northward of the headland that had shut in the ship, or was trying to retrace his steps. Mr. Truck rightly judged that this was proof his mate disliked the appearance of the coast astern, and was anxious to get an offing. The captain in consequence urged his men to row, and in little more than an hour the whole party were on the deck of the Montauk again, and the boats hanging at the davits.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

IF Captain Truck distrusted the situation of his ship when he saw that the mate had changed her course, he liked it still less after he was on board. The current had set the vessel not only to the southward, but in-shore, and the send of the ground-swell was gradually, but inevitably, heaving her in towards the land. At this point the coast was more broken than at the spot where the Dane had been wrecked, some signs of trees appearing, and rocks running off in irregular reefs into the sea. More to the south, these rocks were seen without the ship, while directly astern they were not half a mile distant. Still the wind was favourable, though light and baffling, and Mr. Leach had got up every stitch of canvass that circumstances would allow; the lead had been tried, and the bottom was found to be a hard sand mixed with rocks, and the depth of the water such as to admit of anchoring. It was a sign that Captain Truck did not absolutely despair, after ascertaining all these facts, that he caused Mr. Saunders to be summoned; for, as yet, none of those who had been in the boats had breakfasted.

The meal was silent, and even sad ; every one was thinking of the poor Danes and their fate, while they who had been on the plain had the additional subject of the murdered man for their contemplation.

“ Is it possible to do nothing to redeem these poor people, father, from captivity ? ” Eve at length demanded.

“ I have been thinking of this, my child ; but I see no other method than to acquaint their government of their situation.”

“ If a hundred pounds, Miss Effingham, will be useful,” Sir George Templemore said, “ and you will honour us by becoming the keeper of the redemption money, I have great pleasure in making the offer.”

This was handsomely said, though it was a little abrupt, and caused Eve to hesitate and redden.

“ I shall accept your gift, sir,” she said ; “ and with your permission will transfer it to Mr. Effingham, who will better know what use to put it to, in order to effect our purpose. I think I can answer for as much more from himself.”

“ You may, my dear—and twice as much, if necessary. John, this is a proper occasion for your interference.”

“ Put me down at what you please,” said John Effingham, whose charities in a pecuniary sense were as unlimited as in feeling they were apparently restrained ; “ one hundred, or one thousand, to rescue that poor crew ! ”

“ I believe, sir, we must all follow so good an example,” Mr. Sharp observed ; “ and I hope this scheme will not prove useless. I think it may be effected by means of some of the agents at Mogadore.”

Mr. Dodge raised many objections, for it exceeded his means to give so largely, and his character was formed in a school too jealous to confess an inferiority on a point even as worthless as that of money. He walked out of the cabin, therefore, with strong heart-burnings because others had presumed to give that which it was not really in his power to bestow.

On the other hand, both Mademoiselle Viefville and Mr. Monday manifested the superiority of the opinions in which they had been trained. The first quietly handed a Napo-

leon to Mr. Effingham, who took it with as much attention as he received any of the larger contributions; while the latter produced a five-pound note, with a hearty good-will that redeemed the sin of many a glass of punch in the eyes of his companions.

Eve did not dare to look towards Paul Blunt, while this collection was making; but she felt regret that he did not join in it. He was silent and thoughtful, and even seemed pained, and she wondered if it were possible that one, who certainly lived in a style to prove that his income was large, could be so thoughtless as to have deprived himself of the means of doing that which he so evidently desired to do. The mind of Eve, however, was greatly relieved when her father told her that the young man had put a hundred sovereigns in gold into his hands, and that he had seconded this offering with another, of embarking for Mogadore, should they get into the Cape de Verdes, or the Canaries, with a view of carrying out the charitable plan with the least delay.

"He is a noble-hearted young man;" said the pleased father, as he communicated this fact; "and I shall not object to the plan."

"If he offer to quit this ship one minute sooner than is necessary, he does, indeed, deserve a statue of gold," said John Effingham; "for it has all that can attract a young man, and all too that can awaken his jealousy."

"Cousin Jack!" exclaimed Eve reproachfully, thrown off her guard by the abruptness of this language.

The quiet smile of Mr. Effingham proved that he understood both, but he made no remark. Eve instantly recovered her spirits, and angry at herself for the girlish exclamation, turned on her assailant. "I do not know that I ought to be seen in an aside with Mr. John Effingham," she said, "even when sanctioned with the presence of my own father."

"And may I ask why so much sudden reserve, my offended beauty?"

"Merely that the report is already active concerning the delicate relation in which we stand towards each other."

John Effingham looked surprised, but he suppressed his



curiosity from a long habit of affecting an indifference he did not always feel. The father was less dignified, for he quietly demanded an explanation.

"It would seem," returned Eve, assuming a solemnity suited to a matter of interest, "that our secret is discovered. While we were indulging our curiosity about this unfortunate ship, Mr. Dodge was gratifying the laudable industry of the Active Inquirer by prying into our state-rooms."

"This meanness is impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Effingham.

"Nay," said John, "no meanness is impossible to a demagogue — a pretender to things of which he has no just conception — a man who lives to envy and traduce. Let us hear what Eve has to say."

"My information is from Ann Sidley, who saw him in the act. Now the kind letter you wrote my father, Cousin Jack, just before we left London, is the subject of my daily study — not on account of its promises, but of the strong affection it displays to a girl who is not worthy of one half you feel for her."

"Pshaw!"

"Well, let it be pshaw! I had read that letter this very morning, and carelessly left it on my table. This letter Mr. Dodge, in his undying desire to lay every thing before the public, as in duty bound, has read; and misconstruing some of the phrases has drawn the conclusion that I am to be made a happy woman as soon as we reach America, by being converted from Miss Eve Effingham into Mrs. John Effingham."

"Impossible! No man can be such a fool or miscreant!"

"I rather think, my child," added the milder father, "that injustice has been done Mr. Dodge. No person approximating to the station of a gentleman could even think of an act so base as this you name."

"Oh! if this be all your objection to the tale," observed the cousin, "I am ready to swear to its truth. But Eve has caught a little of Captain Truck's spirit of mystifying, and is determined to make a character by a bold stroke in the beginning."



“Thank you for the compliment, Cousin Jack, which, however, I am forced to disclaim, as I never was more serious in my life. That the letter was read Nanny saw. That Mr. Dodge has since been industriously circulating the report of my good fortune, she has heard from the mate, who had it from the highest source of information direct, and that such a man would be likely to come to such a conclusion, you have only to recall the terms of the letter to believe. You speak of its being time to cease roving, of settling yourself at last, and of making Eve the mistress of your fortune. Now to all this, recreant, confess.”

John Effingham made no answer, but the father warmly expressed his indignation.

“We can hardly tolerate his presence, John, and it is almost a matter of conscience to send him to Coventry.”

“If you entertain such notions, your wisest way, Edward, will be to return to the place whence you have come, for, trust me, you will find scores of such gentlemen where you are going! Were he to publish my letter, a large portion of his readers would fancy he was merely asserting the liberty of the press. You have been dreaming abroad, Ned Effingham, while your country has retrograded, in all that is respectable, a century in a dozen years!”

As this was the usual language of John Effingham, neither of his listeners thought much of it, though Mr. Effingham more decidedly expressed an intention to cut off even the slight communication with the offender he had permitted himself to keep up.

Meanwhile the air from the land had freshened, and even the heavy canvass on which the Montauk was now compelled principally to rely had been asleep, as mariners term it, or had blown out from the mast, where it stood inflated and steady, a proof at sea, where the water is always in motion, that the breeze is getting to be fresh. Aided by this power, the ship had overcome the united action of the heavy groundswell and of the current, and was stealing out from under the land, when the air murmured for an instant, as if about to blow still fresher, and then all the sails flapped. The wind had passed away like a bird, and a dark line to

seaward denoted the approach of the breeze from the ocean.

The new wind brought little with it beyond the general danger of blowing on shore. The breeze was light, and not more than sufficient to force the vessel through the water, in her present condition, a mile and a half in the hour, this too in a line nearly parallel with the coast. Captain Truck saw therefore at a glance that he should be compelled to anchor. Previously, however, to doing this, he had a long talk with his mates, and a boat was lowered.

The lead was cast, and the bottom was found to be still good, though a hard sand, which is not the best holding ground. "A heavy sea would cause the ship to drag," Captain Truck remarked, "should it come on to blow, and the lines of dark rocks astern of them would make chips of the Pennsylvania in an hour, were that great ship to lie on it." He entered the boat, and pulled along the reefs to examine an inlet that Mr. Leach reported to have been seen, before he got the ship's head to the northward. Could an entrance be found at this point, the vessel might possibly be carried within the reef, and a favourite scheme of the captain's could be put in force, to which he now attached the highest importance. A mile brought the boat up to the inlet, where Mr. Truck found the following appearances. The general formation of the coast in sight was that of a slight curvature, within which the ship had so far drifted as to be materially within a line drawn from headland to headland. There was, consequently, little hope of urging a vessel, crippled like the Montauk, against wind, sea, and current, out again into the ocean. For about a league abreast of the ship the coast was rocky, though low, the rocks running off from the shore quite a mile in places, and every where fully half that distance. The formation was irregular, but it had the general character of a reef whose position was marked by breakers, as well as by the black heads of rocks that here and there showed themselves above the water. The inlet was narrow, crooked, and so far environed by rocks as to render it questionable whether there was a passage at all, though the smoothness of the water had raised hopes to that effect.

As soon as Captain Truck arrived at the mouth of this passage, he felt so much encouraged by the appearance of things that he gave the concerted signal for the ship to ware round and to stand to the southward. This was losing ground in the way of offing; but tack the Montauk could not with so little wind, and the captain saw by the drift she had made since he left her, that promptitude was necessary. The ship might anchor off the inlet, as well as any where else, if reduced to anchoring outside at all, and then there was always the chance of entering.

As soon as the ship's head was again to the southward, and Captain Truck felt certain that she was lying along the reef at a reasonably safe distance, and in as good a direction as he could hope for, he commenced his examination. Like a discreet seaman he pulled off from the rocks to a suitable distance, for should an obstacle occur outside, he well knew any depth of water further in would be useless. The day was so fine, and in the absence of rivers, the ocean so limpid in that low latitude, that it was easy to see the bottom at a considerable depth. But to this sense, of course, the captain did not trust, for he kept the lead going constantly, although all eyes were also employed in searching for rocks.

The first cast of the lead was in five fathoms, and these soundings were held nearly up to the inlet, where the lead struck a rock in three fathoms and a half. At this point, then, a more careful examination was made, but three and a half was the shallowest cast. As the Montauk drew nearly a fathom less than this, the cautious old master proceeded closer in. Directly in the mouth of the inlet was a large flat rock, that rose nearly to the surface of the sea, and which, when the tide was low, was probably bare. This rock Captain Truck at first believed would defeat his hopes of success, which by this time were strong; but a closer examination showed him that on one side of it was a narrow passage, just wide enough to admit a ship.

From this spot the channel became crooked, but it was sufficiently marked by the ripple on the reef; and after a careful investigation, he found it was possible to carry three fathoms quite within the reef, where a large space existed

that was gradually filling up with sand, but which was nearly all covered with water when the tide was in, as was now the case, and which had channels, as usual, between the banks. Following one of these channels a quarter of a mile, he found a basin of four fathoms of water, large enough to take a ship in, and, fortunately, it was in close proximity to a portion of the reef that was nearly always bare, when a heavy sea was not beating over it. Here he dropped a buoy, for he had come provided with several fragments of spars for this purpose; and, on his return, the channel was similarly marked off, at all the critical points. On the flat rock, in the inlet, one of the men was left, standing up to his waist in the water, it being certain that the tide was falling.

The boat now returned to the ship, which it met at the distance of half a mile from the inlet. The current setting southwardly, her progress had been more rapid than when heading north, and her drift had been less towards the land. Still there was so little wind, so steady a groundswell, and it was possible to carry so little after-sail, that great doubts were entertained of being able to weather the rocks sufficiently to turn into the inlet. Twenty times in the next half hour was the order to let go the anchor on the point of being given as the wind baffled, and as often was it countermanded, to take advantage of its reviving. These were feverish moments, for the ship was now so near the reef as to render her situation very insecure in the event of the wind rising, or of a sea getting up, as the sand of the bottom was too hard to make good holding-ground. Still, as there was a possibility of kedging the ship off a mile into the offing, if necessary, in the present state of the weather, Captain Truck stood on with a boldness he might not otherwise have felt. The anchor hung suspended by a single turn of the stopper, ready to drop at a signal, and Mr. Truck stood between the night-heads, watching the slow progress of the vessel, and accurately noticing every foot of leeward set she made, as compared with the rocks.

All this time the poor fellow stood in the water, awaiting the arrival of his friends, who, in their turn, were



anxiously watching his features, as they gradually grew more distinct.

"I see his eyes," cried the captain, cheerily; "take a drag at the bowlines, and let her head up as much as she will Mr. Leach, and never mind those sham topsails. Take them in at once, sir; they do us, now, more harm than good."

The clewline blocks rattled, and the top-gallant sails, which were made to do the duty of top-sails, but which would hardly spread to the lower yards, so as to set on a wind, came rapidly in. Five minutes of intense doubt followed, when the captain gave the animating order to —

"Man the main-clew garnets, boys, and stand by to make a run of it!"

This was understood to be a sign that the ship was far enough to windward, and the command to "in main-sail," which soon succeeded, was received with a shout.

"Hard up with the helm, and stand by to lay the fore-yard square," cried Captain Truck, rubbing his hands. "Look that both bowers are clear for a run; and you, Toast, bring me the brightest coal in the galley."

The movements of the Montauk were necessarily slow; but she obeyed her helm, and fell off until her bows pointed in towards the sailor in the water. This fine fellow, the moment he saw the ship approaching, waded to the verge of the rock, where it went off perpendicularly to the bottom, and waved to them to come on without fear.

"Come within ten feet of me," he shouted. "There is nothing to spare on the other side."

As the captain was prepared for this, the ship was steered accordingly, and as she hove slowly past on the rising and falling water, a rope was thrown to the man, who was hauled on board.

"Port!" cried the captain, as soon as the rock was passed; "port your helm, sir, and stand for the first buoy."

In this manner the Montauk drove slowly but steadily on, until she had reached the basin, where one anchor was let go almost as soon as she entered. The chain was paid out until the vessel was forced over to some distance, and then the other bower was dropped. The fore-sail was



hauled up and handed, and chain was given the ship, which was pronounced to be securely anchored.

“Now,” cried the captain, all his anxiety ceasing. “I expect to be made a member of the New York Philosophical Society, for discovering a port on the coast of Africa, which harbour, ladies and gentlemen, without too much vanity, I hope to be permitted to call Port Truck.”

The situation of the Montauk was certainly one to excite uneasiness. It was much like that for which Miss Effingham’s nurse had pined, having many rocks and sands in sight, with the land at no great distance.

To the westward lay the ocean, broad, smooth, and glittering, but heaving and setting with its eternal breathings. Between the vessel and this waste of water, and within three hundred feet of the first, stretched an irregular line of ripple, dotted here and there with heads of low naked rocks, marking the direction of the reef. This was all that would interpose between the basin and the billows, should another storm occur; but Captain Truck thought this would suffice so far to break the waves as to render the anchorage secure. Astern of the ship, however, a rounded ridge of sand began to appear as the tide fell, within forty fathoms of the vessel, and as the bottom was hard, and difficult to get an anchor into it, there was the risk of dragging on this bank. We say that the bottom was hard, for the reader should know that it is not the weight of the anchor that secures the ship, but the hold its pointed fluke and broad palm get of the ground. The coast itself was distant less than a mile, and the entire basin within the reef was fast presenting spits of sand, as the water fell on the ebb. Still there were many channels, and it would have been possible, for one who knew their windings, to have sailed a ship several leagues among them, without passing the inlet, these channels forming a sort of intricate network in every direction from the vessel.

When Captain Truck had coolly studied his position, he set about the duty of securing his ship in good earnest. The two light boats were brought under the bows, and the stream anchor was lowered, and fastened to a spar that lay across both. This anchor was carried to the bank astern,

and, by dint of sheer strength, it was laid over its summit with a fluke buried to the shank in the hard sand. By means of a hawser, and a purchase applied to its end, the men on the banks next roused the chain out, and shackled it to the ring. The bight was hove-in, and the ship secured astern, so as to prevent a shift of wind, off the lands, from forcing her on the reef. As no sea could come from this quarter, the single anchor and chain were deemed sufficient for this purpose. As soon as the boats were at liberty, and before the chain had been got ashore, two kedges were carried to the reef, and laid among the rocks, in such a way that their flukes and stocks equally got a hold of the projections. To these kedges lighter chains were secured; and when all the bights were hove-in, to as equal a strain as possible, Captain Truck pronounced his ship in readiness to ride out any gale that would be likely to blow. So far as the winds and waves might affect her, the Montauk was, in truth, reasonably safe; for on the side where danger was most to be apprehended, she had two bowers down, and four parts of smaller chain were attached to the two kedges. Nor had Captain Truck fallen into the common error of supposing he had so much additional strength in his fastenings, by simply running the chains through the rings, but he had caused each to be separately fastened, both in-board and to the kedges, by which means each length of the chain formed a distinct and independent fastening of itself.

So absolute is the sovereignty of a ship, that no one had presumed to question the master as to his motives for this extraordinary precaution, though it was the common impression that he intended to remain where they were until the wind became favourable, or, at least, until all danger of being thrown upon the coast from the currents and the ground-swell should have ceased. Paul Blunt observed, that he fancied it was the intention to take advantage of the smooth water within the reef, to get up a better and more efficient set of jury-masts. But Captain Truck soon removed all doubts. While on board the Danish wreck, he had examined her spars, sails, and rigging, and though adapted for a ship two hundred tons

smaller than the Montauk, he was of opinion they might be fitted to the latter vessel, and made to answer for crossing the ocean, provided the Mussulmans and the weather would permit the transfer.

“We have smooth water and light airs,” he said, when concluding his explanation, “and the current sets southwardly along this coast; by means of hard working, a kind Providence, and our own enterprise, I hope yet to see the Montauk enter the port of New York, with royals set, and ready to carry sail on a wind. The seaman who cannot rig his ship with sticks and ropes and blocks enough, might as well stay ashore. And so, my dear young lady, by looking along the land, the day after to-morrow, in the northern board here, you may expect to see a raft booming down upon you that will cheer your heart, and once more raise the hope of a Christmas dinner in New York.”

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

HIS mind made up, and his ship in readiness, Captain Truck gave his orders to proceed with promptitude. The ladies remaining behind, he observed that the two Messrs. Effingham, as a matter of course, would stay with them.

“I propose to leave the ship in the care of Mr. Blunt,” he said, “for I perceive something about that gentleman which denotes a nautical instinct. If Mr. Sharp choose to remain also, your society will be the more agreeable, and in exchange, gentlemen, I ask the favour of the strong arms of all your servants. Mr. Monday is my man in fair or foul, and so, I flatter myself, will be Sir George Templemore; and as for Mr. Dodge, if he stay behind, why the Active Inquirer will miss a notable paragraph. Mr. Saunders shall have the honour of cooking for you, and I propose taking every one else to the Dane.”

As no objection could be made to this arrangement, within an hour of the time when the ship was fastened, the

cutter and jolly-boat departed, it being the intention of Captain Truck to reach the wreck that evening, to have his sheers ready to raise by daylight in the morning, for he hoped to be back again in the course of the succeeding day. No time was to be lost, the return of the Arabs being hourly expected, and the tranquillity of the open sea being at all times a matter of uncertainty. With the declared view of making quick work, and with the secret apprehension of a struggle with the owners of the country, the captain took with him every officer and man in his ship that could possibly be spared, and as many of the passengers as he thought might be useful. Supposing numbers would be important in the way of intimidation, he cared almost as much for appearances as for any thing else, or certainly he would not have deemed the presence of Mr. Dodge of any great moment.

Neither provisions nor water, beyond what might be necessary in pulling to the wreck, nor ropes, nor blocks, nor any thing but arms and ammunition, were taken in the boats; for the examination of the morning had shown the captain, that, notwithstanding so much had been plundered, a sufficiency of all still remained in the stranded vessel. Indeed, the fact that so much had been left was one of his reasons for hastening off himself, as he deemed it certain that they who had taken away what was gone, would soon return for the remainder. The fowling-pieces and pistols, with all the powder and ball in the ship, were taken; a light gun that was on board, for the purpose of awaking sleepy pilots, being left loaded, with the intention of serving for a signal of alarm, should any material change occur in the situation of the ship.

The party included thirty men, and they pulled out of the inlet with spirit. The boats were crowded, it is true, but there was room to row, and the launch had been left in its place on deck, because it was known that two boats were to be found in the wreck, one of which was large: in short, as Captain Truck had meditated this expedient from the moment he ascertained the situation of the Dane, he now set about carrying it into effect.

The distance between the vessels was about four leagues,



and a headland intervening, those in the boats in less than an hour lost sight of their own ship, as she lay anchored within the reef. At almost the same moment the wreck came into view, and Captain Truck applied his glass with great interest in order to ascertain the state of things in that direction. All was tranquil, no signs of any one having visited the spot since the morning being visible.

The sun was still above the horizon, when the cutter and jolly-boat rowed through the narrow channel astern of the wreck, and brought up, as before, by the side of the rocks. Leaping ashore, Captain Truck led the way, and in five minutes was seen in the forward cross-trees examining the plain with his glass. All was solitary and deserted, and the order was given to commence operations without delay.

A gang of the best seamen got out the spare top-mast and lower-yard of the *Dane*, and set about fitting a pair of sheers. Mr. Leach led a party up forward, and the second mate went up with another further aft; each proceeded to send down its respective top-gallant-mast, top-sail-yard, and top-mast, while Captain Truck from the deck superintended the same work on the mizen-mast. As the men worked with spirit, and a strong party remained below to give the drags, and to come up the lanyards, spar came down after spar with rapidity, and just as the sun dipped in the ocean to the westward, every thing but the lower-masts was lying on the sands, alongside of the ship; nothing having been permitted to touch the decks in descending. Previously, however, to sending down the lower-yards, the launch had been lifted from its bed and landed also by the side of the vessel.

All hands were now mustered on the sands, and the boat was launched, an operation of some delicacy, as heavy rollers were occasionally coming in. As soon as it floated, this powerful auxiliary was swept up to the rocks, and then the men began to load it with the standing rigging and the sails, the latter having been unbent as fast as each spar came down. Two kedges were found, and a hawser was bent to one, when the launch was carried outside of the bar and anchored. Lines being brought in, the yards were hauled out to the same place, and strongly lashed to-



gether for the night. A great deal of running rigging, many blocks, and divers other small articles, were put into the boats of the Montauk, and the jolly-boat of the wreck, which was still hanging at her stern, was also lowered and got into the water. With these acquisitions, the party had now four boats, one of which was heavy, and capable of carrying a considerable freight.

By this time it was so dark, that Captain Truck determined to suspend his labours until morning. In the course of a few hours of active toil, he had secured all the yards, the sails, the standing and running rigging, the boats, and many of the minor articles of the Dane, and nothing of essential importance remained but the three lower masts. These, it is true, were all in all to him, for without them he would be but little better off than he was before, since his own ship had spare canvass and spare yards enough to make a respectable show above the foundation. This foundation, however, was the great requisite, and his principal motive in taking the other things was to have a better fit than could be obtained by using spars and sails that were not intended to go together.

At eight o'clock the people got their suppers, and prepared to turn in for the night. Some conversation passed between Captain Truck and his mates, concerning the manner of disposing of the men while they slept, which resulted in the former keeping a well-armed party of ten with him in the ship, while the remainder were put in the boats, all of which were fastened to the launch, as she lay anchored off the bar. Here they made beds of the sails, and setting a watch, the greater portion of both gangs were soon as quietly asleep as if lying in their own berths on board the Montauk. Not so with Captain Truck and his mates. They walked the deck of the Dane fully an hour after the men were silent, and for some time even after Mr. Monday had finished the bottle of wine he had taken the precaution to bring with him from the packet, and had bestowed his person among some old sails in the cabin. The night was a bright star-light, but the moon was not to be expected until near morning. The wind came off the sands of the interior in hot puffs, but so lightly as to sound, that it breathed past them like the sighing of the desert.

"It is lucky, Mr. Leach," said the captain, continuing the discourse he had been holding with his mate in a low voice, under the sense of the insecurity of their situation; "it is lucky, that we got out the stream anchor astern, else we should have had the ship rubbing her copper against the corners of the rocks. This air seems light, but under all her canvass, the Montauk would soon flap her way out from this coast if all were ready."

"Ay, ay, sir, if all were ready!" repeated Mr. Leach, as if he knew how much honest labour was to be expended before that happy moment could arrive.

"If all were ready. I think we may be able to whip these three sticks out of this fellow by breakfast-time in the morning, and then a couple of hours will answer for the raft; after which, a pull of six or eight more will take us back to our own craft."

"If all goes well, it may be done, sir."

"Well or ill, it must be done."

"I hope it may be done, sir."

"Mr. Leach!"

"Captain Truck!"

"We are in a d——le category, sir, if the truth must be spoken."

"That is a word I am not much acquainted with, but we have an awkward berth of it here, if that be what you mean?"

A long pause, during which these two seamen, one of whom was old, the other young, paced the deck diligently.

"Mr. Leach!"

"Captain Truck!"

"Do you ever pray?"

"I have done such a thing in my time, sir."

"You should then take to your thanksgivings. I think your grandfather was a parson, Leach."

"Yes, he was, sir, and I have been told your father followed the same trade."

"You have been told the truth, Mr. Leach. My father was as meek, and pious, and humble a Christian as ever thumped a pulpit. I ran away from him at twelve, and never passed a week at a time under his roof afterwards.

He was a good man, Leach ; and as for my mother, if there ever was a pure spirit on earth, it was in her body ! My mother taught me to pray, and when I was ten I had underrun all the Commandments, knew the Lord's Creed, and the Apostles' Prayer, and had made a handsome slant into the Catechism ; but, dear me, it has all oozed out of me."

"Folks were better educated in your time, Captain Truck, than they are now-a-days, by all I can learn."

"No doubt of that. America has fallen astern sadly in manners within the last fifty years. I do not flatter myself with being as good as I was when under my dear mother's command, but there are worse men in the world than John Truck. Now, in the way of vices, Leach, I never swear."

"Not you, sir ; and Mr. Monday *never* drinks."

As the protestation of sobriety on the part of the passenger had got to be a joke, Captain Truck had no difficulty in understanding his mate ; and though nettled at a retort that was like usurping his own right to the exclusive quizzing of the vessel, he was in a mood much too sentimental and reflecting to be angry. After a moment's pause he resumed the dialogue.

"No, I *never* swear ; or, if I do, it is in a small gentlemanly way, and with none of your foul-mouthed oaths, such as are used by the horse-jockeys that formerly sailed out of the river."

"Were they hard swearers ?"

"Is a nor'-wester a hard wind ? Those fellows, after they had been chooked off and jammed by the religion ashore for a month or two, would break out like a hurricane when they had made an offing, and were fairly out of hearing of the parsons and deacons. It is said that old Joe Bunk began an oath on the bar that he did not get to the end of until his brig was off Montauk."

"You had some object in view, Captain Truck, when you asked me if I ever prayed !"

"Certain. If I were to set to work to pray myself, just now, it would be for smooth water to-morrow, that we may have a good time in towing the raft to the ship — hist ! Leach ; did you hear nothing ?"

"There was a sound different from what is common in the air from the land! It is probably some savage beast, for Africa is full of them."

"I think we might manage a lion from this fortress. Unless the fellow found the stage he could hardly board us, and a plank or two thrown from that, would make a draw-bridge of it at once. Look yonder! there is something moving on the bank, or my eyes are two jewel-blocks."

Mr. Leach looked in the required direction, and he, too, fancied he saw something in motion on the margin of the bank. At the point where the wreck lay the beach was far from wide, and her flying jib-boom, which was still out, projected so near the lower acclivity, where the coast rose to the level of the desert, as to come within ten feet of the bushes by which the latter was fringed. Although the spar had drooped a little in consequence of having lost the support of the stays, its end was still sufficiently high to rise above the leaves, and to permit one seated on it to overlook the plain, as well as the starlight would allow. Believing the duty to be important, Captain Truck, first giving his orders to Mr. Leach, as to the mode of alarming the men, should it become necessary, went cautiously out on the bowsprit, and thence by the foot-ropes, to the farthest extremity of the booms. As this was done with the steadiness of a seaman, and with the utmost care to prevent discovery, he was soon stretched on the spar, balancing his body by his legs beneath, and casting eager glances about, though prevented by the obscurity from seeing either far or very distinctly.

After lying in this position a minute, Captain Truck discovered an object on the plains at the distance of a hundred yards from the bushes, evidently in motion. He was now all watchfulness, for, had he not seen the proofs that the Arabs or Moors had already been at the wreck, he knew that parties of them were constantly hovering along the coast in the hope of booty. As all his own people were asleep, the mates excepted, and the boats could just be discovered by himself, who knew their position, he was in hopes that, should there be any of the barbarians near, the presence of his own party could hardly be known. It



is true, the alteration in the appearance of the wreck by the removal of the spars, must strike any one who had seen it before ; but this change might have been made by another party of marauders, or those who had now come, if any there were, might see the vessel for the first time.

While such thoughts were rapidly glancing through his mind, the reader will imagine that the worthy master was not altogether at his ease. Still he was cool, and as he was resolved to fight his way off, even against an army, he clung to the spar with a species of physical resolution that would have done credit to a tiger. The object on the plain moved once more, and the clouds opening beyond, he plainly made out the head and neck of a dromedary. There was but one, however ; nor could the most scrupulous examination show him a human being. After remaining a quarter of an hour on the boom, during all which time the only sounds that were heard were the sighings of the night-air, and the sullen and steady wash of the surf, Captain Truck came on deck again, where he found his mate waiting his report with intense anxiety. The former was fully aware of the importance of his discovery, but, being a cool man, he had not magnified the danger to himself.

"The Moors are down," he said ; "but I do not think there can be more than two or three of them ; probably spies ; and could we seize them, we may gain a few hours on their comrades, which will be all we want ; after which they shall be welcome to the salt and the other dunnage of the poor Dane. Leach, are you the man to stand by me in this affair ?"

"Have I ever failed you, Captain Truck ?"

"That you have never, my fine fellow ; give me a squeeze of your honest hand, and let there be a pledge of life or death in it."

The mate met the iron grasp of his commander, and each knew that he received an assurance on which he might rely.

"Shall I wake the men, sir ?" asked Mr. Leach.

"Not one of them. Every hour of sleep the people get will be a lower mast saved. These sticks that still remain are our foundation, and even one of them is of more



account to us, just now, than a fleet of ships might be at another time. Take your arms and follow me ; but first, we will give a hint to the second mate of what we are about."

This officer was asleep on the deck, for he had been so much wearied with his great exertions that afternoon, as to catch a little rest as the sweetest of all gifts. It had been the intention of Captain Truck to dismiss him to the boats, but observing him to be overcome with drowsiness, he had permitted him to catch a nap where he lay. The look-out, too, was also slumbering under the same indulgence ; but both were awakened, and made acquainted with the state of things on shore.

"Keep your eyes open, but keep a dead silence," concluded Captain Truck ; "for it is my wish to deceive these scouts, and to keep them ignorant of our presence. When I cry out 'Alarm,' you will muster all hands, and clear away for a brush, but not before. God bless you, my lads ! mind and keep your eyes open. Leach, I am ready."

The captain and his companion cautiously descended to the sands, and passing astern of the ship, first took their way to the jolly-boat, which lay at the rocks. Here they found the two men in charge so soundly asleep that nothing would have been easier than to bind them without giving the alarm. After a little hesitation it was determined to let them dream away their sorrows, and to proceed to the spot where the bank was ascended.

At this place it became necessary to use the greatest caution. The steepness of the short ascent requiring them to mount nearly on their hands and feet, this part of their progress was made without much hazard, and the two adventurers soon stood on the plain, sheltered by some bushes.

"Yonder is the camel," whispered the captain : "you see his crooked neck, with the head tossing at moments. The fellow is not fifty yards from the body of the poor German ! Now let us follow along this line of bushes, and keep a sharp look-out for the rider."

They proceeded in the manner mentioned, until they

came to a point where the bushes ceased, and there was an opening that overlooked the beach quite near the wreck.

"Do you see the boats, Leach, here away, in a line with the starboard davit of the Dane? They look like dark spots on the water, and an ignorant Arab might be excused for taking them for rocks."

"Except that they rise and fall with the rollers: he must be doubly a Turk who could make such a blunder!"

"Your wanderers of the desert are not so particular. The wreck has certainly undergone some changes since yesterday, and I should not wonder if even a Mussulman found them out, but ——"

The gripe of Mr. Leach, whose fingers almost entered his arm, and a hand pointed towards the bushes on the other side of the opening, silenced the captain's whisper. A human form was seen standing on the fringe of the bank, directly opposite the jib-boom. It was swaddled in a sort of cloak, and the long musket that was borne in a hollow of an arm, was just discernible, diverging from the line of the figure. The Arab, for such it could only be, was evidently gazing on the wreck, and presently he ventured out more boldly, and stood in the spot that was clear of bushes. The death-like stillness on the beach deceived him, and he advanced with less caution towards the spot where the two officers were in ambush, still keeping his eye on the ship. A few steps brought him within reach of Captain Truck, who drew back his arm until the elbow reached his hip, when he darted it forward, and dealt the incautious barbarian a severe blow between the eyes. The Arab fell like a slaughtered ox, and before his senses were fairly recovered, he was bound hands and feet, and rolled over the bank down upon the beach with little ceremony, his fire-arms remaining with his captors.

"That lad is in a category," whispered the captain; "it now remains to be seen if there is another."

A long search was not rewarded with success, and it was determined to lead the camel down the path, with a view to prevent his being seen by any wanderer in the morning.

"If we get the lower masts out betimes," continued the captain, "these land pirates will have no beacons in sight

to steer by, and in a country in which one grain of sand is so much like another, they might hunt a week before they made a happy land-fall."

The approach of the two towards the camel was made with less caution than usual, the success of their enterprise throwing them off their guard. They believed, in short, that their captive was either a solitary wanderer, or that he had been sent ahead as a scout, by some party that would be likely to follow in the morning.

"We must be up and at work before the sun, Mr. Leach," said the captain, speaking clearly, but in a low tone, as they approached the camel. The head of the animal was tossed; then it seemed to snuff the air, and it gave a shriek. In the twinkling of an eye an Arab sprang from the sand, on which he had been sleeping, and was on the creature's back. He was seen to look around him, and before the startled mariners had time to decide on their course, the beast, which was a dromedary trained to speed, was out of sight in the darkness. Captain Truck had thrown forward his fowling-piece, but he did not fire.

"We have no right to shoot the fellow," he said, "and our hope is now in the distance he will have to ride to join his comrades. If we have got a chief, as I suspect, we will make a hostage of him, and turn him to as much account as he can possibly turn one of his own camels. Depend on it we shall see no more of them for several hours, and we will seize the opportunity to get a little sleep. A man must have his watch below, or he gets to be as dull and as obstinate as a top-maul."

The captain having made up his mind to this plan was not slow in putting it in execution. Returning to the beach they liberated the legs of their prisoner, whom they found lying like a log on the sands, and made him mount the staging to the deck of the ship. Leading the way into the cabin, Mr. Truck examined the fellow by a light, turning him round and commenting on his points very much as he might have done any other animal of the desert.

The Arab was a swarthy, sinewy man of forty, with all his fibres indurated and worked down to the whipcord meagreness and rigidity of a racer, his frame presenting a

perfect picture of the sort of being one would fancy suited to the exhausting motion of a dromedary, and to the fare of a desert. He carried a formidable knife, in addition to the long musket of which he had been deprived, and his principal garment was the coarse mantle of camel's hair, that served equally for cap, coat, and robe. His wild dark eyes gleamed, as Captain Truck passed the lamp before his face, and it was sufficiently apparent that he fancied a very serious misfortune had befallen him. As any verbal communication was out of the question, some abortive attempts were essayed by the two mariners to make themselves understood by signs, which, like some men's reasoning, produced results exactly the contrary of those which had been expected.

"Perhaps the poor fellow fancies we mean to eat him, Leach," observed the captain, after trying his skill in pantomime for some time without success; "and he has some grounds for the idea, as he was felled like an ox. Try and let the miserable wretch understand, at least, that we are not cannibals."

Hereupon the mate commenced an expressive pantomime, which described, with sufficient clearness, the process of skinning, cutting up, cooking, and eating the carcass of the Arab, with the humane intention of throwing a negative over the whole proceeding, by a strong sign of dissent at the close; but there are no proper substitutes for the little monosyllables "yes" and "no," and the meaning of the interpreter got so confounded that the captain himself was mystified.

"D—n it, Leach," he interrupted, "the man fancies that he is not good eating, you make so many out-of-the-way contortions. A sign is a jury-mast for the tongue, and every seaman ought to know how to practise them, in case he should be wrecked on a savage coast. Old Joe Bunk had a dictionary of them, and in calm weather he used to go among his horses and horned cattle, and talk with them by the hour. He made a diagram of the language, and had it taught to us youngers. Now, I will try my hand on this Arab, for I could never sleep while he imagined we intended to breakfast on him."



The captain now recommenced his own explanations in the language of nature. He too described the process of cooking and eating—for this he admitted was indispensable by way of preface—and then, to show his horror, gave a very good representation of a process he had often witnessed among his sea-sick passengers, by way of showing his loathing of cannibalism in general, and of eating this Arab in particular. By this time the man was thoroughly alarmed, and by way of commentary on the captain's eloquence, he began to utter wailings in his own language, and groans that were not to be mistaken. To own the truth, Mr. Truck was a good deal mortified with this failure, which, like all other unsuccessful persons, he was ready to ascribe to anybody but himself.

“I begin to think, Mr. Leach,” he said, “that this fellow is too stupid for a spy, and that, after all, he is no more than a driveller who has strayed from his tribe, from a want of sense to keep the road in a desert. A man of the smallest information must have understood me, and yet you perceive by his lamentations that he knows no more what I said than if he were in another parallel of latitude. The chap has quite mistaken my character; for if I really did intend to make a beast of myself, and devour my species, no one of the smallest knowledge of human nature would think I'd begin on a nigger! What is your opinion of the man's mistake, Mr. Leach?”

“It is very plain, sir, that he supposes you mean to broil him, and then to eat so much of his steaks, that you will be compelled to heave up like a marine two hours out; and, if I must say the truth, I think most people would have inferred the same thing from your signs.”

“And what the devil did he make of your's, Master Cookery-Book?” cried the captain with some heat. “No, no, sir; you are a very respectable first officer, but are no more acquainted with Joe Bunk's principles of signs, than this editor here knows of truth and propriety. It is your blundering manner of soliloquising that has set the lad on a wrong traverse. He has just grafted your own idea on my communication, and has got himself into a category that a book itself would not reason him out of, until his fright is



passed. Logic is thrown away on all 'skeary animals,' said old Joe Bunk. Hearkee, Leach, I've a mind to set the rascal adrift, condemning the gun and the knife for the benefit of the captors. I think I should sleep better for the certainty that he was trudging along the sand, satisfied he was not to be barbecued in the morning."

"There is no use in detaining him, sir, for his mess-mate, who went off on the dromedary, will sail a hundred feet to his one, and if an alarm is really to be given to their party, it will not come from this chap. He will be unarmed, and by taking away his pouch we shall get some ammunition for this gun of his, which will throw a shot as far as Queen Anne's pocket-piece. For my part, sir, I think there is no use in keeping him, for I do not think he would understand us if he stayed a month, and went to school the whole time."

"You are quite right, and as long as he is among us we shall be liable to unpleasant misconceptions; so cut his lashings, and set him drift, and be d——d to him."

The mate, who by this time was drowsy, did as desired, and in a moment the Arab was at liberty. At first the poor creature did not know what to make of his freedom, but a smart application, *à posteriori*, from the foot of Captain Truck, whose humanity was of the rough quality of the seas, soon set him in motion up the cabin-ladder. When the two mariners reached the deck, their prisoner was already leaping down the staging, and in another minute his active form was obscurely seen clambering up the bank, on gaining which he plunged into the desert, and was seen no more.

None but men indurated in their feelings by long exposure would be likely to sleep under the circumstances in which these two seamen were placed; but they were both too cool, and too much accustomed to arouse themselves on sudden alarms, to lose the precious moments in womanish apprehensions, when they knew that all their physical energies would be needed on the morrow. They accordingly regulated the look-outs, gave strong admonitions of caution, and then the captain stretched himself in the berth of the poor Dane, now a captive in the desert, while Mr.

Leach got into the jolly-boat, and was pulled off to the launch. Both were sound asleep in less than five minutes after their heads touched their temporary pillows.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

THE sleep of the weary is sweet. . Of all the party that lay thus buried in sleep, on the verge of the Great Desert, exposed at any moment to an assault from its ruthless occupants, but one bethought him of the danger; though *he* was, in truth, so little exposed as to have rendered it of less moment to himself than to most of the others. This person was in one of the boats, and as they lay at a reasonable distance from the land, and the barbarians would not probably have known how to use any craft had they even possessed one, he was consequently safe from everything but a discharge from their long muskets. But this remote risk sufficed to keep him awake. Although Mr. Leach, in setting his look-outs on board the boats, had overlooked the editor of the *Active Inquirer*, never before had that vigilant person's inquiries been more active than throughout that long night, and twenty times would he have aroused the party on false alarms, but for the cool indifference of the phlegmatic seamen, to whom the duty more properly belonged. These brave fellows knew too well the precious qualities of sleep to allow that of their shipmates to be causelessly disturbed. The night passed away undisturbed, therefore, nor was the order of the regular watch broken until the look-outs in the wreck awoke Captain Truck.

It was now precisely at the moment when the first rays of the sun glide into the atmosphere. One no longer saw by starlight, or by moonlight, though a little of both was still left; but objects, though indistinct and dusky, had their true outlines, while every moment rendered their surfaces more obvious.

When Captain Truck appeared on deck, his first glance

was at the ocean ; for were its tranquillity seriously disturbed, it would be a death-blow to his hopes. Fortunately there was no change.

“The winds seem to have put themselves out of breath in the last gale, Mr. Leach,” he said, “and we are likely to get the spars round as quietly as if they were so many saw-logs in a mill-pond. Even the ground-swell has lessened, and the breakers on the bar look like the ripple of a wash tub. Turn the people up, sir, and let us have a drag at these sticks before breakfast, or we may have to broil an Arab yet.”

Mr. Leach hailed the boats, and ordered them to send their gang of labourers on shore. He then gave the accustomed raps on the deck, and called “all hands” in the ship. In a minute the men began to appear, yawning and stretching their arms—for no one had thrown aside his clothes—most of them launching their sea-jokes with as much indifference as if they lay quietly in the port to which they were bound. After some ten minutes to shake themselves, the whole party was again mustered on the deck of the *Dane*, with the exception of a hand or two in the launch and Mr. Dodge. The latter had assumed the office of sentinel over the jolly-boat, which, as usual, lay at the rocks, to carry articles off as might be wanted.

“Send a hand up into the foretop, Mr. Leach,” said the captain ; “a fellow with sharp eyes ; none of your chaps who read with their noses down in the cloudy weather of an almanack ; and let him take a look at the desert, in search of Arabs.”

Although the lower rigging was down, and safe in the launch, a girt-line, or as Captain Truck, in the true Doric of his profession pronounced it, a “*gunt-line*,” was rove at each mast, and a man was accordingly hauled up forward as soon as possible. As it was still too dusky to distinguish far with accuracy, the captain hailed him, and bade him stay where he was until ordered down, and to keep a sharp look-out.

“We had a visit from one chap in the night,” he added, “and as he was a hungry-looking rascal, he is a greater fool than I think him, or he will be back before long, after

some of the beef and stock-fish of the wreck. Keep a bright look-out !”

The men, though accustomed to their commander's manner, looked at each other more seriously, glanced at their arms, and then the information produced precisely the effect that had been intended, that of inducing them to apply to their work with threefold vigour.

“Let the boys chew upon that, instead of their tobacco,” observed the captain to Mr. Leach. “I'll warrant you the sheers go up none the slower for the information !”

This prognostic was true enough, for instead of gaping and stretching themselves about the deck, as had been the case a minute before, the men commenced their duty in good earnest, calling to each other to come to the falls and the capstan-bars, and to stand by the heels of the sheers.

“Heave away !” cried the mate, smiling to see how quick the captain's hint had been taken ; “heave round with a will, men, and let us set these logs on end, that they may walk.”

As the order was obeyed to the letter, the day had not fairly opened when the sheers were in their places and secured. Every man was all activity, and as their work was directed by those whose knowledge was never at fault, a landsman would have been surprised at the readiness with which the crew next raised a spar, as heavy as the main-mast, and had it suspended, top and all, in the air, high enough to be borne over the side. The lowering was a trifling affair, and the massive stick was soon lying at its length on the sands. Captain Truck well knew the great importance of this particular spar, for he might make out with the part of the foremast that remained in the packet, whereas, without this mast he could not possibly rig anything of much available use aft. He called out to the men, therefore, as he sprang upon the staging, to follow him, and to launch the spar into the water before they breakfasted.

“Let us make sure of this fellow, men,” he added, “for it is our main stay. With this stick fairly in our raft, we may yet make a passage ; no one must think of his teeth till it is out of all risk.”



The people knew the necessity for exertion, and worked accordingly. The top was knocked off and carried down to the water; the spar was then cut round, and rolled after it, not without trouble, however, as the trestle-trees were left on; but the descent of the sands favoured the labour. When on the margin of the sea, by the aid of handspikes, the head was got afloat, or so nearly so, as to require but little force to move it, when a line from the boats was fastened to the outer end, and the top was secured alongside.

"Now, clap your handspikes under it, boys, and heave away!" cried the captain. "Heave together, and keep the stick straight—heave, and his head is afloat!—Haul, haul away in the boat!—heave all at once, and as if you were giants!—you gained three feet that tug, my hearties,—try him again, gentlemen, as you are,—and move together, like girls in a *cotillion*!—Away with it!—What the devil are you staring at, in the fore-top there? Have you nothing better to do than to amuse yourself in seeing us heave our insides out?"

The intense interest attached to the securing of this spar had extended to the look-out in the top, and instead of keeping his eye on the desert, as ordered, he was looking down at the party on the beach, and betraying his sympathy in their efforts by bending his body, and appearing to heave in common with his messmates. Admonished of his neglect, he turned towards the desert, and at the next instant gave the alarm of "The Arabs!"

Every man ceased his work, and the whole were on the point of rushing in a body towards their arms, when the greater steadiness of Captain Truck prevented it.

"Whereaway?" he demanded.

"On the most distant hillock of sand; may be a mile and a half inland."

"How do they head?"

"Dead down upon us, sir."

"How do they travel?"

"They have camels and horses; all are mounted, sir."

"What is their number?"

The man paused, and then called out,—



"They are strong-handed, sir; quite a hundred, I think. They have brought up, sir, and seem to be sounding about them for an anchorage."

Captain Truck hesitated, and looked wistfully at the mast.

"Boys!" he said, shaking his hand over the bit of massive wood, with energy, "this spar is of more importance to us than our mother's milk in infancy. It is our victuals and drink, life and hopes. Let us swear we will have it in spite of a thousand Arabs. Stoop to your handspikes, and heave at the word—heave as if you had a world to move—heave men, heave!"

The people obeyed, and the mast advanced more than half the necessary distance into the water. But the man now called out that the Arabs were advancing swiftly.

"One more effort, men," said Captain Truck, reddening in the face with anxiety, and throwing down his hat to set the example in person; "heave!"

The men hove, and the spar floated.

"Now to your arms, boys, and you, sir, in the top, keep yourself hid behind the head of the mast. We must be ready to show these gentry we are not afraid of them." A sign of the hand told the men in the launch to haul away, and the all-important spar floated slowly across the bar to join the raft.

The men now hurried up to the ship, a post that Captain Truck declared he could maintain against a whole tribe, while Mr. Dodge began incontinently to scull the jolly-boat, in the best manner he could, off to the launch. Both Sir George Templemore and Mr. Monday denounced him for deserting the party in this scandalous manner, but without effect. Mr. Dodge's skill, unfortunately for his success, did not equal his zeal; and finding, when he got on the bar, that he was unable to keep the boat's head to the sea, or indeed to manage it at all, he fairly jumped into the water, and swam lustily towards the launch. As he was expert at this exercise, he arrived safely, cursing in his heart all travelling, the Arabs, and mankind in general, wishing himself quietly back among his beloved people. The boat drove upon the sands, and was eventually taken care of by two of the Montauk's crew.

As soon as Captain Truck found himself on the deck of the *Dane*, the arms were distributed. It was his policy not to commence war, for he had nothing to gain by it, though, without making any professions, his mind was fully made up not to be taken alive, as long as there was a possibility of averting such a disaster. The man aloft gave constant notice of the movements of the Arabs, and soon announced that they had halted at a pistol's shot from the bank, where they were securing their camels, and that his estimate of their force was not far from true.

In the mean time Truck was far from satisfied with his position. The bank was higher than the deck of the ship, and so near as to render the bulwarks of little use, had those of the *Dane* been of any available thickness, which they were not. Then, the position of the ship, lying a little on one side, with her bows towards the land, exposed her to a raking fire; a cunning enemy having it in his power, by making a cover of the bank, to pick off his men, with little exposure to himself. The odds were too great to sally upon the plain, and though the rocks offered a tolerable cover towards the land, they had none towards the ship. Divide his force he dared not do; and by abandoning the ship he would allow the Arabs to seize her, thus commanding the other position, besides the remainder of the stores.

Men think fast in trying circumstances, and though the captain was in a situation so novel, his practical knowledge and coolness rendered him an invaluable commander.

"I do not know, gentlemen," he said, addressing his passengers and mates, "that Vattel has laid down any rule to govern this case. These Arabs, no doubt, are the lawful owners of the country in one sense; but it is a desert—and a desert, like a sea, is common property for the time being to all who find themselves in it. We have been driven in here, moreover, by stress of weather—and this is a category on which Vattel has been very explicit. We have a *right* to the hospitality of these Arabs, and if it be not freely accorded, d—n me, gentlemen, but I feel disposed to take just as much of it as I find I shall have occasion for! Mr. Monday, I should like to hear your sentiments."

"Why, I have the greatest confidence in your knowledge, Captain Truck, and am equally ready for peace or war. I should try negotiation to begin with, sir, if it be practicable ; after which I would offer war."

"I am of the same mind, sir ; but in what way are we to negotiate with a people we cannot make understand a word we say ? It is true, if they were versed in signs, one might do something with them ; but I have reason to know they are boobies on such subjects. We shall get ourselves into a category at the first *protocol*, as the writers say."

Now Mr. Monday thought there was a language that any man might understand. In the wreck he had discovered a case of liquor, besides a cask of Hollands, and he thought an offering of these might put the Arabs in good humour.

"I have known men, who, treated with dry, in matters of trade, were as obstinate as mules, become pliable, sir, over a bottle," he said ; "and I think, if we offer the Arabs this after they have been in possession a short time, we shall find them better disposed towards us. If it should not prove so, I should feel less reluctance in shooting them than before."

"I have somewhere heard that the Mussulmans never drink," observed Sir George ; "in which case, we shall find our offering despised. Then there is the difficulty of a first possession ; for if these people are the same as those that were here before, they may not thank us for giving them a part of that of which they may lay claim to own all."

"Capitally put, Sir George, and I should be of your way of thinking, if I did not believe these Arabs might really be mollified by drink. If I had a proper ambassador I would resort to the plan at once."

Mr. Monday, after a moment's hesitation, spiritedly offered to be one of two to go to the Arabs with the proposal, for he had sufficient penetration to perceive that there was little danger of his being seized, while an armed party of so much strength remained to be overcome, and he had sufficient nerve to encounter the risk. All he asked was a companion, and Captain Truck was so much struck with

the spirit of the volunteer, that he made up his mind to accompany him himself. To this plan, however, both the mates and all the crew stoutly but respectfully objected. They felt his importance too much, and neither of the mates, even, would be allowed to go on an expedition of so much hazard.

"It is of no moment," said Mr. Monday; "I could have liked a gentleman for my companion; but no one of the brave fellows will have any objection to passing an hour in company with an Arab sheik over a bottle. What say you, my lads, will any one of you volunteer?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" cried a dozen.

"This will never do," interrupted the captain; "I have need of the men, for my heart is set on these two sticks that remain, and we have a head-sea and a stiff breeze to struggle with in getting back to the ship. I have it! What do you say to Mr. Dodge for a companion, Mr. Monday? He is used to committees; and then he has need of some stimulant after the ducking he has received. Mr. Leach, take a couple of hands, and go off in the jolly-boat and bring Mr. Dodge on shore. My compliments to him, and tell him he has been unanimously chosen to a most honourable and popular employment."

As this was an order, the mate did not scruple about obeying it. He was soon on his way towards the launch. Captain Truck now hailed the top, and inquired what the Arabs were about. The answer was satisfactory, they were still busy with their camels and pitching their tents. This did not look much like immediate war, and bidding the man aloft to give timely notice of their approach, Mr. Truck fancied he might still have time to shift his sheers, and whip out the mizen-mast, and accordingly set about it without delay.

As every one worked, as it might be for life, in fifteen minutes this light spar was suspended in the falls. In ten more its heel was clear of the bulwarks, and it was lowered on the sands almost by the run. To knock off the top and roll it down to the water took but a few minutes longer, and then the people were called to their breakfast, the sentinel aloft reporting that the Arabs were employed in the same



manner, and in milking their camels. This was a fortunate relief, and every body ate in peace, and in full assurance that those whom they distrusted were engaged in the same manner.

Neither the Arabs nor the seamen, however, lost any time at the meal. The former were soon reported to be coming and going in parties of fifteen or twenty, arriving and departing in an eastern direction. Occasionally a single runner went or came alone, on a fleet dromedary, as if communications were held with other bodies deeper in the desert. This intelligence rendered Captain Truck uneasy, and he thought it time to take some decided measures. Still, as time gained was all in his favour, he first ordered the men to begin to shift the sheers forwards, in hopes of being yet able to carry off the foremast; a spar that would be exceedingly useful, as it would save the necessity of fishing a new head to the one which still stood in the packet. He then went aside with his two ambassadors, with a view to give his instructions.

Mr. Dodge had no sooner found himself safe in the launch than he felt his courage revive, and with his courage, his assurance. Shame came next, and he eagerly sought an excuse for the want of manliness he had betrayed; but we shall give his apology in his own words, as he now somewhat hurriedly delivered it to Captain Truck.

"I must have misunderstood your arrangement, captain," he said; "for somehow—*how* I do not exactly know—but *somehow* the alarm of Arabs was no sooner given than I felt as if I *ought* to be in the launch to be at my post; I suppose it was because I knew that the spars that brought us here are mostly there, and that this was the spot to be most resolutely defended. I *do* think, if they had waded off to us, I should have fought like a tiger!"

"No doubt you would, my dear sir, and like a wild cat too! We all make mistakes in judgment. But Mr. Leach has explained to you the plan of Mr. Monday, and I rely on your spirit and zeal, which there is now an opportunity to prove."

"If it were only an opportunity of meeting the Arabs sword in hand, captain."



"Pooh ! pooh ! my dear friend, take *two* swords if you choose. Fill the Arabs with *schnaps*, and if they make the smallest symptom of moving down towards us, I rely on you to give the alarm."

"In what way can we possibly do this, Mr. Monday ? how *can* we give the alarm in season ?"

"Why," interposed the unmoved captain, "you may just shoot the sheik, and that will be killing two birds with one stone ; you will take your pistols, of course, and blaze away ; rely on it, we shall hear you."

"Of that I make no doubt, but I rather distrust the prudence of the step. I hope you are quite certain, captain, there is nothing in all this against the laws of Africa ? Moral and religious influences are not to be overlooked !"

"You are much too conscientious for a diplomatic man," said Mr. Truck. "You need not shoot any of the women, and what more does a man want ? Come, no more words, but to the duty heartily. Every one expects it of you ; and if you ever get back, there will be matter for a paragraph every day for the next six months. If any thing serious happen to you, trust to me to do your memory justice."

"Captain, men seldom talk of death with impunity, and it really hurts my feelings to touch on such awful subjects so lightly. I will go, for I do not see how the matter is to be helped ; but let us go amicably, and with such presents as will secure a good reception."

"Mr. Monday takes the liquor-case, and you are welcome to any thing that is left but the foremast. *That* I shall fight for, even if lions come out of the desert to help the Arabs."

Mr. Dodge had more objections, some of which he urged. But for the unfortunate dive into the water, he certainly would have pleaded his immunities as a passenger, and refused to be put forward ; but he felt that he was a disgraced man, and that some act was necessary to redeem his character. The neutrality observed by the Arabs, moreover, greatly encouraged him ; for he leaned to an opinion Captain Truck had expressed, that so long as a strong-armed party remained in the wreck, the sheik would not proceed to violence.

“ You may tell him, gentlemen,” continued Mr. Truck, “ that as soon as I have whipped the foremast out of the Dane, I will leave him the wreck, and all it contains. The stick can do him no good, and I want it in my heart’s core. Put this matter before him plainly, and no doubt we shall part friends. Remember one thing, however, we shall go about lifting the spar the moment you quit us, and should there be any signs of an attack, give us notice, that we may take to our arms.”

By this reasoning Mr. Dodge suffered himself to be persuaded to go, though his fears supplied an additional motive that he took care not to betray. Should there be a battle, he knew he would be expected to fight, if with his own party, and if with the other, he might plausibly secrete himself until the affair was over ; for with a man of his temperament, slavery had less horrors than immediate death.

When Mr. Monday and his co-commissioner ascended the bank, bearing the case of liquors and a few light offerings found in the wreck, it was just as the crew, assured that the Arabs still remained tranquil, had seriously set about pursuing their great object. On the margin of the plain, Captain Truck took his leave of the ambassadors, though he remained some time to reconnoitre the appearance of things in the wild-looking camp placed within two hundred yards of the spot on which he stood. The number of the Arabs had not been exaggerated, and what gave him the most uneasiness was the fact that parties appeared to be constantly communicating with more, who probably lay behind a ridge of sand that bounded the view less than a mile distant inland, as they all went and came in that direction. After waiting to see his two *envoyés* in the very camp, he stationed a look-out on the bank, and returned to hurry on the work.

Mr. Monday was the efficient man of the two commissioners, so soon as they were fairly embarked in their enterprise. He was strong of nerves, and had great faith in the pacific virtues of the liquor-case. An Arab advanced to meet them, when near the tents ; and though conversation was out of the question, by force of gesticulations, aided by the word “ sheik,” they succeeded in obtaining an introduction to that personage.

Much of what has been written of the hospitality of the Arabs is hardly true of those tribes which frequent the Atlantic coast, where the practice of wrecking would seem to have produced the same effect on their morals that it is known to produce elsewhere. But a ship protected by a few weather-worn and stranded mariners, and a ship defended by a strong armed party like that headed by Captain Truck, presented very different objects to the barbarians. They knew the advantage they possessed by being on their own ground, and were content to wait events, in preference to risking a doubtful contest. Several of the party had been at Magodore, and had acquired tolerably accurate ideas of the power of vessels; and as they were confident the men now at the wreck had not the means of carrying away the cargo, caution, connected with certain plans already laid among their leaders, kept them quiet for the moment.

These people were not so ignorant as to require to be told that some other vessel was at no great distance, and their scouts had been out in all directions to ascertain the fact.

The reception of the two envoys was masked by that courteous politeness which seems to increase as one goes eastward. The sheik was not properly a sheik, nor the party genuine Arabs, though we have thus styled them from usage. The first, however, was a man in authority, and his followers possessed enough of the origin and characteristics of the tribes east of the Red Sea to be sufficiently described by the appellation.

Mr. Monday and Mr. Dodge were invited by signs to be seated, and refreshments were offered. As the last were not particularly inviting, Mr. Monday was not slow in producing his own offering, and in setting an example of the way in which it ought to be treated. Although Mussulmans, the hosts did not scruple about tasting the cup, and ten minutes of potations and grimaces brought about a species of intimacy between the parties.

The man who had been captured the previous night was now introduced, and much curiosity was manifested to know whether his account of the disposition in the strangers to eat their fellow-creatures was true. The inhabitants of the

desert had gleaned certain accounts of mariners eating their shipmates, from their different captives, and vague traditions to that effect existed among them, which the tale of this man had revived.

Mr. Monday paid great attention to the pantomime of the Arab, in which that worthy endeavoured to explain the disposition of Captain Truck to make a barbecue of him ; and when it was ended, gravely informed his companion that the sheik had invited them to stay dinner — a proposition that he was disposed to accept, but the sensitiveness of Mr. Dodge viewed the matter otherwise ; for, with a conformity of opinion that really said something in favour of the science of signs, he arrived at the same conclusion as the poor Arab himself—with the material difference, that he fancied that the Arabs were disposed to make a meal of himself. Mr. Monday scouted the idea, and thought the matter settled by pointing to two or three young camels, and asking the editor, if he thought any man, Turk or Christian, would think of eating one so lank, meagre, and uninviting as himself, when they had so much capital food at their elbow. “ Take your share of the liquor while it is passing, man, and set your heart at ease as to the dinner. Had I known of the favour intended us, I should have brought the sheik a service of knives and forks from Birmingham, for he really seems a gentleman-like man. A capital fellow, I dare say, we shall find him, after a few camel’s steaks and a proper allowance of *schnaps*. Mr. Sheik, I drink your health with all my heart.”

The accidents of life could scarcely have brought together, in circumstances so peculiar, men whose characters were more completely the converse of each other than Mr. Monday and Mr. Dodge. One consequence of this discrepancy was a perfectly opposite manner of viewing matters in this interview. While Mr. Monday was disposed to take things amicably, Mr. Dodge was all suspicion ; and had they then returned to the wreck, the last would have called to arms, while the first would have advised Captain Truck to go out and visit the sheik in the manner one would visit a neighbour.



## CHAPTER XX.

THINGS were in this state, the sheik and his guests communicating in signs, in such a way as completely to mystify each other, and parties quitting the camp and arriving every ten minutes, when an Arab pointed eagerly with his finger in the direction of the wreck. The head of the foremast was slowly rising, and the look-out in the top clinging to the spar, which began to cant, in order to keep himself from falling. The sheik affected to smile, but was evidently disturbed, and two or three messengers were sent out into the camp. In the meanwhile the spar began to lower, and was soon concealed beneath the bank.

It was now apparent that the Arabs thought the moment had arrived when it was their policy to interfere. The sheik left his guests to be entertained by two or three others who had joined in the potations, and making the best assurances he could by signs, of continued amity, he left the tent. Laying aside his arms, attended by two or three old men like himself, he went boldly to the bank, and descended quietly to the sands, where he found Captain Truck busied in endeavouring to get the spar into the water. The top was already afloat, and the stick itself was cut round into the position for rolling, when the foul but grave-looking barbarians appeared among the workmen. As the latter had been apprised of their approach, and of their being unarmed, no one left his employment, with the exception of Captain Truck himself.

“Bear a hand with the spar, Mr. Leach,” he said, “while I entertain these gentlemen. It is a good sign that they come to us without arms, and it shall never be said that we are behind them in civility. Your servant, gentlemen; I’m glad to see you, and beg the honour to shake hands with all of you.”

Although the Arabs understood nothing that was said, they permitted Captain Truck to give each of them a hearty shake of the hand, smiling and muttering their own compliments with as much apparent good-will.

“God help the Danes, if they have fallen into servitude



among these blackguards!" said the captain, aloud, while he was shaking the sheik a second time most cordially by the hand, "for a fouler set of thieves I never laid eyes on, Leach. Mr. Monday has tried the virtue of the *schnaps* on them notwithstanding, for the odour of gin is mingled with that of grease about the old scoundrel. Roll away at the spar, boys! half-a-dozen more such heaves and you will have him in his native element, as the newspapers call it. I'm glad to see you, gentlemen; we are badly off as to chairs, but to such as we have you are heartily welcome. Mr. Leach, the Arab sheik—Arab sheik, Mr. Leach.—On the bank there?"

"Sir."

"Any movement among the Arabs?"

"About thirty have just ridden back into the desert, sir."

"No signs of our passengers?"

"Ay, ay, sir. Here comes Mr. Dodge under full sail, heading for the bank, as straight as he can lay his course!"

"Ha!—Is he pursued?"

The men ceased their work, and glanced aside at their arms.

"Not at all, sir. Mr. Monday is calling after him, and the Arabs seem to be laughing. Mr. Monday is just splicing the main-brace with one of the rascals."

"Let the Atlantic, then, look out, for Mr. Dodge will be certain to run over it. Heave away, my hearties, and the stick will be afloat yet before that gentleman is fairly decked."

The men worked with good will, but their zeal was far less efficient than that of the editor, who now broke through the bushes, and plunged down the bank with velocity. The Arabs started at this sudden apparition, but perceiving that those around them laughed, were disposed to take the interruption in good part. The look-out now announced the approach of Mr. Monday, followed by fifty Arabs; the latter, however, without arms, and the former without his hat. The moment was critical, but the steadiness of Captain Truck did not desert him. Issuing a rapid order to the second mate, with a small party previously selected for that duty, to stand by their arms, he urged the rest of the

people to renewed exertions. Just as this was done, Mr. Monday appeared on the bank, with a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other, calling aloud to Mr. Dodge to return.

“Do not disgrace Christianity in this unmannerly way,” he said; “but show these gentlemen of the desert that we know what propriety is. Captain Truck, I beg of you to urge Mr. Dodge to return. I was about to sing the Arabs, ‘God save the King,’ when we would have been the best friends in the world.”

But Captain Truck viewed the matter differently. Both his ambassadors were now safely back, for Mr. Monday came down upon the beach, followed, it is true, by the Arabs, and the mast was afloat. He thought it better, therefore, that Mr. Dodge should remain, and that the two parties should be quietly but speedily separated. He ordered the hauling-line to be fastened to the mast, and as the stick was slowly going out through the surf, issued the order for the men to collect their implements, take their arms, and assemble in a body at the rocks, where the jolly-boat still lay.

“Be quick, men, but be steady; for there are a hundred of these rascals on the beach already, and the last-comers are armed. We might pick up a few more useful things from the wreck, but the wind is coming in from the westward, and our concern now will be to save what we have got. Lead Mr. Monday along with you, Leach, for he is so full of diplomacy and *schnaps* that he forgets his safety. As for Mr. Dodge, I see he is in the boat already. Count the men off, sir, and see that no one is missing.”

By this time the state of things on the beach had undergone material changes. The wreck was full of Arabs, some armed and some not; while mauls, crow's, hand-spikes, purchases, coils of rigging, and marling-spikes were scattered about on the sands, just where they had been dropped by the seamen. A party of fifty Arabs had collected around the rocks, where, by this time, all the mariners had assembled, intermingling with the latter, and apparently endeavouring to maintain the friendly relations established by Mr. Monday. As a portion of these men were also armed, Truck disliked their proceedings; but

the inferiority of his numbers compelled him to resort to management rather than force, to extricate himself.

The Arabs now crowded around and intermingled with the seamen, thronged the ship, and lined the bank, to the number of more than two hundred. It became evident that their true force had been underrated, and that additions were constantly making to it from those who lay behind the ridges of sand. All those who appeared last had arms of one kind or another, and several brought fire-arms, which they gave to the sheik, and to those who had first descended to the beach. Still every face seemed amicable, and the men were scarcely permitted to execute their orders, for the interruptions to exchange tokens of friendship.

But Captain Truck fully believed that hostilities were intended, and though he had suffered himself in some measure to be surprised, he set about repairing his error with great judgment. His first step was to extricate his own people from those who pressed upon them, by causing a few to take a position that might be defended higher among the rocks, as it afforded a good deal of cover, and communicated directly with the place where they had landed, and then ordering the remainder of the men to fall back into it singly. To prevent an alarm, each man was called off by name, and in this manner the whole party had got within the prescribed limits, before the Arabs, who were talking together, seemed aware of the movement. When some of the latter attempted to follow, they were gently repulsed by the sentinels. All this time Captain Truck maintained the utmost cordiality towards the sheik, keeping near him. The work of plunder, in the mean time, had begun in earnest in the wreck, and this he thought a favourable symptom, as men thus employed would be less likely to make a hostile attack. Still he knew that prisoners were of great account among these barbarians, and that an attempt to tow the raft off from the land, in open boats, where his people would be exposed to every shot from the wreck, would subject them to great danger of defeat, were the former disposed to prevent it.

Having reflected a few minutes, Truck issued his final

orders. The jolly-boat might carry a dozen men at need, though they would be crowded and exposed to fire; he, therefore, caused eight to get into her, and pull out to the launch. Mr. Leach went with this party, for the double purpose of directing its movements, and of being separated from his commander, in order that one of those who were of so much importance to the packet might at least stand a chance of being saved. This separation also was effected without alarming the Arabs, though Captain Truck observed that the sheik watched the proceeding narrowly.

As soon as Mr. Leach had reached the launch, he caused a light kedge to be put into the jolly-boat, and coils of the lightest rigging were laid on the top of it, or made on the bows of the launch. As soon as this was done, the boat was pulled a long distance off from the land, paying out the ropes first from the launch and then from the boat itself, until no more of the latter remained. The kedge was then dropped, and the men in the launch began to haul in upon the ropes attached to it. As the jolly-boat returned immediately, and her crew joined in the work, the line of boats, the kedge by which they had previously ridden having been first raised, began slowly to recede from the shore.

Captain Truck had rightly conjectured the effect of this movement. It was so unusual and so gradual, that the launch and the raft were warped up to the kedge before the Arabs comprehended its nature. The boats were now more than a quarter of a mile from the wreck, for Mr. Leach had run out quite two hundred fathoms of small rope, and of course so distant as greatly to diminish the danger from the muskets, though still within reach of their range. Near an hour was passed in effecting this point, which, as the sea and wind were both rising, could not probably have been effected in any other manner half as soon.

The state of the weather, and the increasing turbulence of the barbarians, now rendered it desirable to all on the rocks to be in their boats again. A very moderate blow would compel them to abandon their hard-earned advantages, and it began to be evident, from the manners of



those around, that amity could not much longer be maintained. Even the old sheik retired, and instead of going to the wreck, joined the party on the beach, where he was seen in earnest conversation with several other old men, all of whom gesticulated vehemently as they pointed towards the boats and to the party on the rocks.

Mr. Leach now pulled in towards the bar with both the jolly-boats and the cutter, having only two oars each, half his men being left in the launch. This was done that the people might not be crowded at the critical moment, and that, at need, there might be room to fight as well as to row. When the boats reached the rocks, the people did not hurry into them; but a quarter of an hour was passed in preparations, as if they were indifferent about proceeding, and even then the jolly-boat alone took in a portion, and pulled leisurely without the bar. Here she lay on her oars, in order to cover the passage of the other boats, if necessary, with her fire. The cutter imitated this manœuvre, and the boat of the wreck went last. Captain Truck quitted the rock after all the others, though his embarkation was made rapidly by a prompt and sudden movement.

Not a shot was fired, however, and the captain found himself at the launch with all his people unhurt, and with all the spars he had so much desired to obtain. The forbearance of the Arabs was a mystery to him, for he had fully expected hostilities would commence, every moment, for the last two hours. Nor was he yet out of danger, though there was time to pause and to take his measures more deliberately. The first report was a scarcity of both food and water. For these essentials the men had depended on the wreck, and in the eagerness to secure the foremast, and subsequently to take care of themselves, these important requisites had been overlooked. Still both were desirable, if not indispensable, to men who had the prospect of many hours' hard work before them, and Captain Truck's first impulse was to despatch a boat to the ship for supplies. This intention was abandoned, however, on account of the threatening appearance of the weather; a smart sea breeze was beginning to set in, and the surface of the ocean getting to be agitated. Changing his plans,



therefore, the captain turned his immediate attention to the safety of the all-important spars.

"We can eat to-morrow, men," he said; "but if we lose these sticks, our chance for getting any more will indeed be small. Take a gang on the raft, Mr. Leach, and double the lashings, while we get an offing. If the wind rises, we shall need it, and even then be worse off than we could wish."

The mate passed upon the raft, and set about securing the spars by additional fastenings; for the working, occasioned by the sea, already rendered them loose and liable to separate. While this was in train, the two jolly-boats took in lines and kedges, of which, luckily, they had one that was brought from the packet, besides two found in the wreck, and pulled off into the ocean. As soon as one kedge was dropped, that by which the launch rode was tripped, and the boats were hauled up to it, the other jolly-boat proceeding on to renew the process. In this manner, in the course of two more hours, the whole, raft and all, were warped broad off from the land, and to windward, quite two miles, when the water became so deep that Captain Truck reluctantly gave the order to cease.

"I would gladly work our way into offing in this mode, three or four leagues," he said, "by which means we might make a fair wind of it. As it is, we must get all clear, and do as well as we can. Rig the masts in the launch, Mr. Leach, and we will see what can be done with this dull craft we have in tow."

While this order was in course of execution, the glass was used to ascertain the manner in which the Arabs were occupied. To the surprise of all, every soul of them had disappeared. The closest scrutiny could not detect one near the wreck, on the beach, nor even at the spot where the tents had so lately stood.

"They are all off, by George!" cried Captain Truck, when fully satisfied of the fact. "Camels, tents and Arabs! The rascals have loaded their beasts already, and most probably have gone to hide their plunder, that they may be back and make sure of a second haul, before their brother vultures, up in the sands, get a scent of the carrion."

D—n the rogues ; I thought at one time they had me in a category ! Well, joy be with them ! Mr. Monday, I return you my hearty thanks for the manly and diplomatic manner in which you have discharged the duties of your mission. Without you we might not have succeeded in getting the foremast. Mr. Dodge, you have the high consolation of knowing that, throughout this trying occasion, you have conducted yourself in a way no other man of the party could have done.”

Mr. Monday was sleeping off the *schnaps*, but Mr. Dodge bowed to the compliment, and foresaw many capital things for the columns of the Active Inquirer.

Now commenced much the most laborious part of the service, that of towing all the heavy spars of a large ship, in one raft, in the open sea near a coast, and with the wind blowing on shore. After making sail, and pulling steadily for an hour, it was discovered that all their exertions would not enable them to reach the ship, if the wind stood, before the succeeding day. The drift to leeward, or towards the beach, was seriously great, every heave of the sea setting them bodily down before it ; and by the time they were half a mile to the southward, they were obliged to anchor, in order to keep clear of the breakers, which by this time extended fully a mile from shore.

Decision was Truck's leading quality. He foresaw the severity of the struggle that was before them, and the men had not been pulling ten minutes before he ordered Mr. Leach, who was in the cutter, to cast off his line and to come alongside the launch.

“ Pull back to the wreck, sir,” he said, “ and bring off all you can lay hands on in the way of bread, water, and other comforts. We shall make a night of it, I see. We will keep a look-out for you, and if any Arabs heave in sight on the plain, a musket will be fired ; if so many as to render a hint to abscond necessary, two ; and the mainsail of the launch will be furled for two minutes ; more time than that we cannot spare you.”

Mr. Leach obeyed this order, and with great success. Luckily the cook had left the coppers full of food, enough to last twenty-four hours, and this had escaped the Arabs.

In addition, there was plenty of bread and water, and "a bull of Jamaica" had been discovered, by the instinct of one of the hands, which served to keep the people in good humour. This timely supply arrived just as the launch anchored, and Mr. Truck welcomed it with all his heart, for without it he foresaw he should be obliged to abandon his prize.

When the people were refreshed, the long and laborious process of warping off the land was resumed, and, in the course of two hours, the raft was got fully a league into the offing, a shoal permitting the kedges to be used farther out this time than before. Then sail was again made, and the oars were once more plied. But the sea still proved their enemy, though they had struck the current which began to set them south. Had there been no wind and sea the progress of the boats would now have been comparatively easy and quick; but these two adverse powers drove them in towards the beach so fast, that they had scarcely made two miles from the wreck when they were compelled a second time to anchor.

No alternative remained but to keep warping off in this manner, and then to profit by the offing they had made as well as they could, the result bringing them at sunset nearly up with the headland that shut out the view of their own vessel, from which Captain Truck now calculated that he was distant a little less than two leagues. The wind had freshened; though it was not by any means so strong as to render the sea dangerous, it increased the toil of the men to such a degree, that he determined to seek out a proper anchorage, and to give his wearied people rest.

It was not in the power of the seamen to carry their raft into any haven, for to the northward of the headland, or on the side on which they were, there was no reef, nor any bay, to afford them shelter. The coast was one continued waving line of sand-banks; and in most places, when there was a wind, the water broke at the distance of a mile from the beach, the precise spot where the Dane had stranded his vessel having probably been chosen for that purpose, with a view to save the lives of the people. Under these circumstances nothing remained but to warp off again to a

safe distance, and to secure the boats as well as they could for the night. This was effected by eight o'clock, and Captain Truck gave the order to let go two additional kedges, being determined not to strike adrift in the darkness if it was in his power to prevent it. When this was done, the people had their suppers, a watch was set, and the remainder went to sleep.

As the three passengers had been exempted from the toil, they volunteered to look out until midnight, in order that the men might obtain as much rest as possible; and half an hour after the crew were lost in slumber, Captain Truck and these gentlemen were seated in the launch, holding a dialogue on the events of the day.

"You found the Arabs conversible and ready at the cup, Mr. Monday?" observed the captain, lighting a cigar, which with him was a never-failing sign for a gossip. "Men that, if they had been sent to school young, taught to dance, and otherwise civilised, might make reasonably good shipmates?"

"Upon my word, sir, I look upon the sheik as uncommonly gentleman-like, and altogether as a good fellow. He took his glass without any grimaces, smiled whenever he said any thing, and answered all my remarks as civilly as if he spoke English. I must say, I think Mr. Dodge manifested a want of consideration in quitting his company with so little ceremony. The gentleman was hurt, I'll answer for it, and would say as much if he could explain himself. Sir George, I regret we had not the honour of your company, for I have been told these Arabs have a proper respect for the nobility. Mr. Dodge and myself were but poor substitutes for a gentleman like yourself."

The trained humility of Mr. Monday was little to the liking of Mr. Dodge. "Sir George Templemore has too just a sense of the rights of nations to make this distinction, Mr. Monday," he said. "If I left the sheik a little abruptly, it was because I disliked his ways; for I take it Africa is a free country, and that no man is obliged to remain longer in a tent than suits his own convenience. Captain Truck knows that I was merely running down to the beach to inform him that the sheik intended to follow, and he no doubt appreciates my motive."



"If not, Mr. Dodge," put in the captain, "like other patriots, you must trust to posterity to do you justice; but this much I will make affidavit to, that a better messenger could not be found for a man in a hurry. Sir George, we have had but few of your opinions since we came out on this expedition, and I should be gratified to hear your sentiments concerning the Arabs."

"Oh, captain! I think the wretches odiously dirty, and judging from appearances, I should say sadly deficient in comforts."

"In the way of breeches in particular; for I am inclined to think, Sir George, you are master of more than are to be found in their whole nation. Well, Sir George, I'm afraid all these *county tongues*, as Mr. Dodge calls them, in the way of wind and weather, will knock the buffalo hunt on the prairies in the head for this fall. What a thing is sleep! Here are these fine fellows as much lost to their dangers and toils as if at home, and tucked in by their mothers. Little did the good souls who nursed them, and sung songs over their cradles, fancy the hardships they were bringing them up to! But we never know our fates, or miserable dogs most of us would be. Is it not so, Sir George?"

The baronet started at this appeal, and muttered a hasty expression of hope that there was now no reason to expect any further obstacles to their reaching the ship.

"It is not an easy thing to tow a heavy-raft in light boats like these, exactly in the direction you wish it to go," returned the captain gaping. "Fair as things seem, I would give a thousand dollars of a small stock, in which no single dollar has been lightly earned, to see these spars safely on board the *Montauk*, and snugly fitted to their proper places. Sticks, gentlemen, are to a ship what limbs are to a man. Without them she rolls and tumbles about as winds and seas will; while with them she walks, and dances, and jumps Jim Crow. The standing rigging are the bones and gristle, the running gear the veins in which her life circulates, and the blocks the joints."

"And which is the heart?"

"Her heart is the master. With a sufficient commander no stout ship is ever lost, so long as she has a foot of



water beneath her false keel, or a ropeyarn to turn to account."

"Yet the Dane had these."

"All but the water. The best craft that was ever launched is of less use than a single camel, if laid high and dry on the sands of Africa. Poor wretches! Yet their fate might have been ours, though I thought little of the risk while we were in the midst of the Arabs. It is still a mystery to me why they let us escape, especially as they so soon deserted the wreck. They were strong-handed, too; counting all who came and went, I think not less than several hundreds."

The captain now became silent and thoughtful, and as the wind continued to rise began to feel uneasiness about his ship. Once or twice he expressed a half-formed determination to pull to her in one of the light boats, in order to look after her safety in person, and then abandoned it, as he witnessed the rising of the sea, and the manner in which the massive raft caused the cordage by which it was held to strain. At length he too fell asleep, and so we shall leave him, and return to the Montauk.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

As Captain Truck was aware of the importance of rapid movements to the success of his enterprisé, it will be remembered that he left in the ship no seaman, no servant except the steward, and in short no men but the two Messrs. Effingham, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Blunt, and the other person just mentioned. If to these be added Eve Effingham, Mademoiselle Vieffville, Ann Sidley, and a French *femme de chambre*, the whole party will be enumerated. At first it had been the intention of the master to leave one of his mates, but encouraged by the secure berth he had found for his vessel, and feeling confidence in Mr. Blunt, who, during the passage, had betrayed a great familiarity with ships, he came to the decision named, and had formally

placed the last-named gentleman in full charge, *ad interim*, of the Montauk.

There was a solemn interest in the situation of those who remained after the bustling seamen had left them. The night came in bland and tranquil, and though there was no moon, they walked the deck for hours with sensations of enjoyment, mingled with those of loneliness and desertion. Mr. Effingham and his cousin retired long before the others, who continued their exercise with an absence of restraint they had not before felt, since subjected to the confinement of the ship.

"Our situation is at least novel," Eve observed, "for a party of Parisians, Vienners, Romans, or by whatever name we may be properly styled. How beautiful are the stars, mademoiselle! we have never before seen a vault so studded with brilliants."

"That must be owing to the latitude," Mr. Sharp observed.

"Certainly. Can any one say in what latitude we are precisely?" as Eve asked this question, she unconsciously turned towards Mr. Blunt, for the whole party had silently come to the conclusion that he knew more of navigation than all of them united.

"I believe we are not far from twenty-four, which is bringing us near the tropics, and places us quite sixteen degrees to the southward of our port. These two affairs of the chase and of the gale have driven us full twelve hundred miles from the course we ought to have taken."

"Fortunately there are none to feel apprehensions on our account. I hope, gentlemen, you are equally at ease on this score."

This was the first time Eve had ever trusted herself to put an interrogatory that might draw from Paul Blunt any communication that would directly touch upon his connexions. She repented of the speech as soon as made, but causelessly, as it drew from the young man no answer. Mr. Sharp observed that his friends in England could scarcely know of their situation, until his own letters would arrive to relieve their minds. As for Mademoiselle Vieffville, the hard fortune which reduced her to the office of a governess, had almost left her without natural ties.

"I believe we are to have watch and ward to-night," resumed Eve after a general pause. "Is it not possible for the elements to put us in the same predicament as that in which we found the poor Dane?"

"Possible, but scarcely probable," returned Mr. Blunt. "The ship is well moored, and this narrow ledge of rocks, between us and the ocean, serves admirably for a break-water. One would not like to be stranded, helpless as we are, on a coast like this!"

"Why so particularly helpless? You allude to the absence of our crew?"

"To that, and to the fact that, I believe, we could not muster as much as a pocket-pistol to defend ourselves with, every fire-arm having been sent in the boats."

"Might we not lie on the beach, here, for days, even weeks," inquired Mr. Sharp, "without being discovered by the Arabs?"

"I fear not; mariners have told me that the barbarians hover along the shores, especially after gales, in the hope of meeting wrecks, and that it is surprising how soon they gain intelligence of a disaster. It is seldom there is even an opportunity to escape in a boat."

"I hope here, at least, we are safe?" cried Eve, shuddering as much in playfulness as in real alarm.

"I see no grounds of concern where we are, as long as we can keep the ship off the shore. The Arabs have no boats, and if they had, would not dare to attack a vessel that floated, in one, unless aware of her being as helpless as we happen to be."

"This is a chilling consolation, but I shall trust in your good care, gentlemen. Mademoiselle, it is drawing near midnight."

Eve and her companion then courteously wished the young men good night, and retired; Mr. Sharp remained an hour longer with Mr. Blunt, who had undertaken to watch the first few hours, conversing with a light heart and gaily, for though there was a secret consciousness of rivalry between these two young men on the subject of Eve's favour, it was a generous competition in which each did the other justice. They talked of their travels, their

views of customs and nations, their adventures in different countries, and of the pleasures each had felt in visiting spots renowned by association or the arts ; but not a word concerning the young creature who had just left them, and whom each still saw in his mind's eye, long after her light and graceful form had disappeared. At length Mr. Sharp went below, his companion insisting to be left alone, under the penalty of remaining up himself during the second watch. From this time, for several hours, there was no other noise in the ship than the tread of the solitary watchman. At the appointed period a change took place, and he who had watched, slept ; while he who had slept, watched. Just as day dawned, however, Paul Blunt, who was in a deep sleep, felt a shake at his shoulder.

"Pardon me," whispered Mr. Sharp ; "I fear we are about to have a most unpleasant interruption to our solitude."

"Heavenly powers ! — Not the Arabs ?"

"I fear no less ; but it is still too dark to be certain. If you will rise, we can consult on the situation in which we are placed. I beg you to be quick."

Paul Blunt had hastily risen on an arm, and now passed a hand over his brow, as if to make certain that he was awake. He had not undressed himself, and in another moment he stood on his feet.

"This is too serious to allow of mistake. We will not alarm her then, sir, until certain of the calamity."

"In that I agree with you," returned Mr. Sharp, who was calm though distressed. "I may be mistaken, and wish your opinion. All on board but us two are in a profound sleep."

The other drew on his coat, and in a minute both were on deck. The day had not yet dawned, and the light was scarce sufficient to distinguish objects on the reef. The rocks themselves, however, were visible in places, for the tide was out, and most of the upper portion of the ledge was bare. The gentlemen moved cautiously to the bows, and, concealed by the bulwarks, Mr. Sharp pointed out to his companion the objects that had given him alarm.

"Do you see the pointed rock a little to the right of the

spot where the kedge is placed?" he said, pointing in the direction that he meant. "It is now naked, yet I am certain there was an object on it, when I went below, that has since moved away."

"It may have been a sea-bird; for we are so near the day, some of them are probably in motion. Was it large?"

"Of the size of a man's head, apparently; but this is by no means all. Here, farther to the north, I distinguish three objects in motion, wading in the water, near the point where the rocks are never bare."

"They may have been herons; the bird is often found in these low latitudes, I believe. I can discover nothing."

"I would to God I may have been mistaken, though I do not think I could be."

Paul Blunt caught his arm, and held it like one who listened intently.

"Heard you that?" he whispered hurriedly.

"It sounded like the clanking of iron."

Looking around, the other found a handspike, and passing swiftly up the heel of the bowsprit, stood between the night-heads. Here he bent forward, and looked intently towards the lines of chains which lay over the bulwarks as bow-fasts. Of these chains the parts led quite near each other, in parallel lines, and as the ship's moorings were taut, they were hanging in merely a slight curve. From the rocks, or the place where the kedges were laid, to a point within thirty feet of the ship, these chains were dotted with living beings crawling cautiously upward. It was even easy, at a second look, to perceive that they were men, stealthily advancing on their hands and feet.

Raising the handspike, Mr. Blunt struck the chains several violent blows. The effect was to cause the whole of the Arabs—for it could be no others—suddenly to cease advancing, and to seat themselves astride on the chains.

"This is fearful, but we must die rather than permit them to reach the ship."

"We must. Stand you here, and if they advance, strike the chains. There is not an instant to lose."

Paul Blunt spoke hurriedly, and giving the other the handspike, ran down to the bitts, and commenced loosening



the chains from their fastenings. The Arabs heard the clanking of the iron rings as he threw coil after coil on the deck, and did not advance. Presently two parts yielded together beneath them, and then two more. These were the signals of a common retreat, and Mr. Sharp now plainly counted fifteen as they scrambled back towards the reef, some hanging by their arms, some half in the water, and others lying along the chains, as best they might. Mr. Blunt having loosened the chains, so as to let their bights fall into the sea, the ship slowly drifted astern and rode by her cables. When this was done, the young men stood together in silence on the forecastle, as if all which had occurred was illusion.

"This is terrible," exclaimed Paul. "We have not even a pistol! No means of defence—nothing but this narrow belt of water between us and these barbarians! No doubt, too, they have fire-arms; and as soon as it is light, will render it unsafe to remain on deck."

Mr. Sharp took the hand of his companion and pressed it fervently. "God bless you!" he said in a stifled voice. "God bless you, for even this brief delay. But for this happy thought of yours, Miss Effingham—the others—we should *all* have been, by this time, at the mercy of these remorseless wretches. This is not a moment for deception. I think either of us would willingly die to rescue that innocent creature from a fate like this which threatens her?"

"Cheerfully would I lay down my life to be assured that she was, at this instant, safe in a civilised country."

These generous young men squeezed each other's hands, and at that moment no feeling of rivalry entered the heart of either. Both were influenced by a pure and an ardent desire to serve the woman they loved, and it would be true to say, that scarce a thought of any but Eve was in their minds. Indeed, so engrossing was their care in her behalf, that they forgot, for the moment, there were others in the ship, and others, too, who might be serviceable in arresting the calamity they dreaded.

"They may not be a strong party," said Paul Blunt after a little thought; "in which case, failing of a surprise, they may not be able to muster force sufficient to hazard an

open attack until the return of the boats. We have, God be praised ! escaped being seized in our sleep. Fifteen or twenty will scarcely dare attempt a ship of this size, without a perfect knowledge of our feebleness. There is a light gun on board, and it is loaded ; with this, too, we may hold them at bay. Let us awake the others. We are safe, at least, for an hour or two ; since, without boats, they cannot possibly board us in less than that time."

The young men went below, treading lightly, like those who moved in the presence of an impending danger. Paul Blunt was in advance, and to his great surprise met Eve at the door of the ladies' cabin. She was dressed ; for apprehension had caused her to sleep in most of her clothes, and a few moments had sufficed for a hasty toilet. Miss Effingham was pale, but a concentration of her energies seemed to prevent the exhibition of any womanly terror.

"Something is wrong !" she said, trembling, and laying her hand unwittingly on the arm of Blunt ; "I heard the heavy fall of iron on the deck."

"Compose yourself, dearest Miss Effingham, I entreat you. We have come to awaken the gentlemen."

"Tell me the worst, Powis, I implore you. I think I am equal to hearing it. The coast ?"

"Of that there is no cause for apprehension."

"The boats ?"

"Will doubtless be back in good time."

"Surely," said Eve recoiling, "not the Arabs ?"

"They cannot enter the ship, though a few of them are hovering about. But for the vigilance of Mr. Sharp, indeed, we might have been captured in our sleep. As it is, we have warning, and there is now little doubt of our being able to intimidate the few barbarians who have shown themselves, until Captain 'Truck shall return."

"Then from my soul I thank you, Sir George Templemore, and for this good office will you receive the thanks of a father, and the prayers of all whom you have so served."

"Nay, Miss Effingham, though I have hardly the heart to lessen your gratitude, truth compels me to give it a juster direction. But for the promptitude of Mr. Blunt—

or as I find I ought to address him, Mr. Powis—we should truly have all been lost.”

“We will not dispute about your merits, gentlemen. You have both deserved our heart-felt thanks, and if you will awaken my father and Mr. John Effingham, I will arouse Mademoiselle Vieffville and my own woman. Surely this is no time to sleep!”

The summons was given, and the two young men returned to the deck, for they felt it was not safe to leave it long at such a moment. All was tranquil above, however, nor could the utmost scrutiny now detect the presence of any person on the reef.

“The rocks are cut off from the shore, farther to the southward by deeper water,” said Paul Blunt, (for we shall continue to call both gentlemen by their *noms de guerre*,) “and when the tide is up the place cannot be forded. Of this the Arabs are aware; and having failed in their first attempt, will probably retire to the beach as the water is rising, as they might not like to be left on the riband of rock that will remain in face of such a vessel.”

“May they not be acquainted with the absence of our people, and be bent on seizing the vessel before they return?”

“That is the gloomy side of the conjecture, and may be too true; but as day is beginning to break, we shall soon learn the worst.”

For some time the gentlemen paced the quarter-deck in silence. Sharp was the first to speak.

“The emotions natural to such an alarm,” he said, “have caused Miss Effingham to betray an incognito of mine. It was quite accidental, I do assure you; as much so as it was motiveless.”

“Except as you might distrust American democracy,” returned Paul, smiling, “and feel disposed to propitiate it by a temporary sacrifice of rank and title.”

“I declare you do me injustice. My man, whose name is Sharp, had taken the state room, and finding myself addressed by his appellation, I had the weakness to adopt it, under the impression it might be convenient in a packet. Had I anticipated meeting the Effinghams, I should

not have been guilty of the folly, for Mr. and Miss Effingham are old acquaintances."

"While you are thus apologising, you forget it is to a man guilty of the same error. I knew your person, from having seen you on the Continent; and finding you disposed to go by the name of Sharp, in a moment of thoughtlessness took its counterpart, Blunt. A travelling name is sometimes convenient, though sooner or later I fancy all deceptions bring with them their own punishments."

No more was said on the subject, though both understood that the old appellations were to be temporarily continued. Just as this brief dialogue ended, the rest of the party appeared. All preserved a forced calmness, though the paleness of the ladies betrayed the anxiety they felt. Eve struggled with her fears on account of her father, who had trembled so violently when the truth was first told him as to be quite unmanned, but who now comported himself with dignity, though oppressed with apprehension. John Effingham was stern, and in the bitterness of his first sensations muttered a few imprecations on his folly, in suffering himself to be thus caught without arms. Once the terrible idea of the necessity of sacrificing Eve, in the last resort, as an expedient preferable to captivity, had flashed across his mind; but his better nature soon banished the thought. Still, when he joined the party on deck, it was with a vague impression that the moment was at hand when they were all to die together. No one was more collected than Mademoiselle Vieffville. Her life had been one of sacrifices; she had now made up her mind that it was to pass away in a scene of violence; and with a species of heroism that is national, she was prepared to meet her fate with composure.

These were the first impressions of those who had been awakened from the security of night to hear of their danger; but they lessened as the party collected in the open air, and began to examine into their situation. As the day advanced, Paul Blunt carefully examined the rocks near the ship, even ascending to the foretop, from which elevation he overlooked the whole line of the reef, and something like hope revived in every bosom, when he proclaimed the



joyful intelligence that nothing having life was visible in that direction.

"God be praised!" he said with fervour, as his foot touched the deck again on descending; "we have at least a respite. The tide has risen so high they dare not stay on the rocks, lest they might be cut off, for they probably think us stronger than we are. The gun on the forecastle is loaded, though not shotted, for there are no shot in the vessel, Saunders tells me; and I would suggest the propriety of firing it, both to alarm the Arabs, and as a signal to our friends. The distance from the wreck is not so great but it might be heard. The water will not be low enough for our enemies to venture on the reef again, under six or eight hours, and all may yet be well."

This proposal was discussed, and it proving, on inquiry, that all the powder in the ship, after loading the gun for this very purpose of firing a signal, had been taken in the boats, and that no second discharge could be made, it was decided to lose no more time, but to let their danger be known to their friends at once. When this decision was come to, Mr. Blunt, aided by Mr. Sharp, made the necessary preparations. The latter, though doing all he could to assist, envied the practical skill and intelligence with which his companion performed every act necessary to effect their purpose. Instead of hastily discharging the piece, an iron four-pound gun, Mr. Blunt first doubled the wad, which he drove home with all his force, and then greased the muzzle, as he said, to increase the report.

"I shall not attempt to explain the philosophy of this," he added with a mournful smile; "but all lovers of salutes maintain that it is useful; and too much depends on our making ourselves heard, to neglect any thing that has a chance of aiding that object. If you will now assist me, Sir George, we will run the gun over to starboard, in order that it may be fired on the side next the wreck."

"Judging from the readiness you have shown on several occasions, as well as your familiarity with the terms, I should think you had served," returned the real baronet, as he helped his companion to place the gun on the northern side of the vessel.



"You have not mistaken my trade. I was bred, almost born, a seaman; and though I have been many years severed from my early habits, little of what I knew has been lost. Were there five others here who had as much familiarity as myself with vessels, I think we could carry the ship outside the reef, crippled as she is, and set the Arabs at defiance. Would to God our worthy captain had never brought her inside."

"He did all for the best, no doubt!"

"Beyond question; and no more than prudence required. Still he has left us in a most critical position. This priming is a little damp, and I distrust it. The coal, if you please."

"Why do you not fire?"

"At the last moment I almost repent of my own expedient. Is it quite certain no pistols remain?"

"I fear not. Saunders reports that all, even to those of the smallest size, were put in requisition for the boats."

"The charge in this gun might serve for many pistols, or fowling-pieces. I might even sweep the reef, on an emergency, by using old iron for shot! It appears like parting with a last friend, to part with this single precious charge of gunpowder."

"Nay, you know best; though I think the Messrs. Effingham are of your first opinion."

"It is puerile to waver on such a subject, and I will hesitate no longer. There are moments when the air seems to float in the direction of our friends; on the first return of one of those currents, I will fire."

A minute brought the opportunity, and Blunt applied the coal. The report was sharp; but as the smoke floated away, he again expressed his doubts of the wisdom of what had been done. Had he known that the sounds had diffused themselves in their radii, without reaching the wreck, his regrets would have increased fourfold.

As the light increased, a view was obtained of the shore, which seemed as deserted as the reef. For half an hour the whole party experienced the revulsion of feeling that accompanies all great changes of emotion, and the conversation had even got to be again cheerful, when suddenly a

cry from Saunders renewed the alarm. The steward was preparing breakfast in the galley, from which he gave occasional uneasy glances towards the land, and his quick eye had been the first to detect a new and still more serious danger.

A long train of camels was visible travelling across the desert, and holding its way towards the part of the reef which touched the shore. At this point, too, were now to be seen some twenty Arabs, waiting the arrival of their friends, among whom it was fair to conclude were those who had attempted to carry the ship by surprise. As the events which next followed were closely connected with the policy of the barbarians near the wreck, this will be a suitable occasion to explain the motives of the latter in not assailing Captain Truck.

The Dane had been driven ashore, and the crew captured by a small wandering party of Arabs, with whom the coast was then lined. Unable to carry off much of the cargo, this party had secured the prisoners, and hurried inland to an oasis, to give intelligence to their friends, leaving scouts on the shore that they might be apprised of any change in the situation of their prize. These scouts had discovered the Montauk, drifting along the coast, dismasted and crippled, and had watched her to her anchorage within the reef. The departure of her boats had been witnessed, and though unable to foresee the whole object of this expedition, the direction taken pointed out the wreck as the point of destination. All this had been communicated to the chief men of the different parties, of which there were several, who agreed to unite their forces to secure the second ship, and then divide the spoils.

When the Arabs reached the coast near the wreck that morning, the elders among them were not slow in comprehending the motives of the expedition ; and having gained a pretty accurate idea of the number of the men employed about the Dane, had come to the just conclusion that few were left in the vessel at anchor. They had carried off the spyglass of their prize, too, and several among them knew its use, from having seen similar things in other stranded ships. By means of this glass they discovered the number

of those on board the Montauk, as soon as there was sufficient light, and directed their operations accordingly. The parties that had appeared and disappeared behind the sandy ridges, about the time at which we have now arrived in the narrative, and those who have already been mentioned in a previous chapter, were those who came from the interior, and those who went in the direction of the reef, the first of the latter of which Saunders had just discovered. Owing to the rounded formation of the coast, and the intervention of a headland, the distance by water between the ships was double that by land between the two encampments, and those who now arrived abreast of the packet deliberately pitched their tents, as if they depended on a display of their numbers for success, and felt no apprehension of the return of the crew.

When the gentlemen had taken a survey of this party, which numbered more than a hundred, they held a consultation. To Paul Blunt, as an avowed seaman, and one who had already shown the efficiency of his resources, all eyes were turned.

"So long as the tide keeps in," this gentleman observed, "I see no cause for apprehension. We are beyond the reach of any fire, and have the hope of the arrival of the boats. Should this fail us, and the tide fall this afternoon as low as in the morning, our situation will indeed become critical. The water around the ship may serve as a temporary protection, but the distance to the reef is so small that it might be passed by swimming."

"Surely we could make good the vessel against men raising themselves out of the water, and clambering up a vessel's side?" said Mr. Sharp.

"It is probable we might, if unmolested from the shore. But imagine twenty or thirty resolute swimmers to put off together for different parts of the vessel, protected by the long muskets these Arabs carry, and you will conceive the hopelessness of defence. The first among us who should show his person would be shot down."

"It was a cruel oversight to expose us to this horrible fate!" exclaimed the appalled father.

"This is easier seen now than when the mistake was

committed," observed John Effingham. "As a seaman, and with his object in view, Captain Truck acted for the best; we should acquit him of blame, let the result be what it may. Regrets are useless, and it remains to devise means to arrest the danger before it be too late. Mr. Blunt, you must be our counsellor. Is it not possible to carry the ship outside the reef, and to anchor her beyond the danger of our being boarded?"

"I have thought of this, and if we had a boat it might possibly be done in this mild weather; without, it is impossible."

"But we have a boat," glancing his eye towards the launch that stood in the chocks or chucks.

"One too unwieldy for our purpose, could it be got into the water; a thing almost impracticable for us to achieve."

A silence succeeded, during which the gentlemen were occupied in the bootless effort of endeavouring to devise expedients to escape the Arabs; bootless, because, on such occasions, the successful measure is commonly the result of sudden inspiration, rather than of continued and laborious thought.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

So long as there is ground to expect relief from any particular quarter, men will relax their exertions in the face of danger, and cling to their expectations long after reason has begun to place the chances of success on the adverse side of the scale. Thus it was with the party in the Montauk. Two or three hours were lost in the belief that the gun would be heard, and that they might momentarily look for the appearance of at least one of the boats.

Paul Blunt was the first to relinquish this delusion. He knew that if it reached their friends at all, the report must have been heard in a few seconds; he knew, also, that it peculiarly belonged to a seaman to come to quick decisions. An hour of smart rowing would bring the cutter from the wreck to the headland, where it would be visible from the



fore-top. Two hours had now passed, no signs of any boat were to be discovered, and the young man felt compelled reluctantly to yield all hopes from this quarter. John Effingham, who had more energy of character than his kinsman, though not more personal fortitude, was watching the movements of their young leader, and read disappointment in his face as he descended the last time from the top.

"I see it in your countenance," said that gentleman; "we have nothing to look for from the boats. Our signal has not been heard."

"There is no hope; we are now thrown on our own exertions, aided by providence."

"This calamity is so sudden that I can scarcely credit it! Are we then truly in danger of becoming prisoners to barbarians? Is Eve Effingham, the beautiful, innocent daughter of my cousin, to be their victim! — perhaps the inmate of a seraglio!"

"There is the pang! Had I a thousand lives, I could lay down all to avert so shocking a calamity. Do you think the ladies are sensible of their situation?"

"They are uneasy rather than terrified. In common with us all they have strong hopes from the boats, though the continued arrival of the barbarians, who are constantly coming into their camp, has helped to render them a little more conscious of the true nature of the danger."

Here Mr. Sharp, who stood on the hurricane-house, called for the glass in order to ascertain what a party of the Arabs, who were collected near the in-shore end of the reef, were about. Paul Blunt went up to him, and made the examination. His countenance fell as he gazed, and an expression like that of hopelessness was again apparent on his fine features, when he lowered the glass.

"Here is some new cause of uneasiness!"

"The wretches have got a number of spars, and are lashing them together to form a raft. They are bent on our capture, and I see no means of preventing it."

"Were we alone, men only, we might have the bitter consolation of selling our lives dearly; but it is terrible to have those with us whom we can neither save nor yet devote to a common destruction with our enemies!"



“ It is indeed terrible.”

“ Can we not offer terms. Might not a promise of ransom, with hostages, do something? I would cheerfully remain in the hands of the barbarians, in order to effect the release of the rest of the party.”

Mr. Blunt grasped his hand, and for a moment envied the other the generous thought. But smiling bitterly, he shook his head, as if conscious of the futility of even this desperate self-devotion.

“ Gladly would I be your companion; but the project is, in every sense, impracticable. Ransom they might consent to receive with us all in their power, but not on the condition of our being permitted to depart. Indeed, no means of quitting them would be left; for, once in possession of the ship, Captain Truck, though having the boats, will be obliged to surrender for want of food, or run the frightful hazard of attempting to reach the islands, on an allowance scarcely sufficient to sustain life under the most favourable circumstances. These monsters are surrounded by the desolation of their desert, and are aware of all their appalling advantages.”

“ The real state of things ought to be communicated to our friends, in order that they may be prepared for the worst.”

To this Mr. Blunt agreed, and they went together to inform John Effingham of the new discovery. This stern-minded man was prepared for the worst, and now agreed on the melancholy propriety of letting his kinsman know the actual nature of the new danger that threatened them.

“ I will undertake this unpleasant office,” he said, “ though I could pray that the necessity for it might pass away. Should the worst arrive, I have still hopes of effecting something by means of a ransom; but what will have been the fate of the youthful and lovely, ere we can make ourselves even comprehended by the barbarians! A journey in the desert, as these journeys have been described to me, would be certain death to all but the strongest of our party; and even gold may fail of its power, when weighed against the evil nature of savages.”

“ Is there no hope left us?” demanded Mr. Sharp, when the last speaker had left them to descend to the cabins. “ Is

it not possible to get the boat into the water, and to make our escape in that ? ”

“ That is an expedient of which I have thought, but it is next to impracticable. As any thing is better than capture, however, I will make one more close examination of the proceedings of the demons, and look nearer into our own means.”

Paul Blunt now got a lead and dropped it over the side of the ship, in the almost forlorn hope that possibly she might lie over some hole on the bottom. The soundings proved to be, as indeed he expected, but a little more than three fathoms.

“ I had no reason to expect otherwise,” he said, as he drew in the line, though he spoke like a disappointed man. “ Had there been sufficient water the ship might have been scuttled, and the launch would have floated off the deck ; but as it is, we should lose the vessel without a sufficient object. It would appear heroic were you and I to get on the reef, and proceed to the shore with a view to make terms with the Arabs ; but the treachery of their character is too well established to look for benefit from such a step.”

“ Might they not be kept in play, until our friends returned ? Providence may befriend us in some unexpected manner.”

“ We will examine them once more. By a movement among the Arabs, there has probably been a new accession to their numbers.”

The gentlemen now ascended the hurricane-house again, and once more applied the instrument. A minute of close study induced Mr. Blunt to drop the glass, with an expression that denoted increased concern.

“ Can any thing possibly make our prospects worse ? ” eagerly inquired his companion.

“ Do you not remember a flag that was on board the Dane — that by which we identified his nation ? ”

“ Certainly ; it was attached to the halyards, and lay on the quarter-deck.”

“ That flag is now flying in the camp of these barbarians. You may see it, here, among the tents last pitched by the party that arrived while we were conversing forward.”

“And from this, you infer ——”

“That our people are captives! That flag was in the ship when we left it; had the Arabs returned before our party got there, the captain would have been back long ere this; and in order to obtain this ensign they must have obtained possession of the wreck after the arrival of the boats; an event that could scarcely occur without a struggle: I fear the flag is a proof on which side the victory has fallen.”

“This then would seem to consummate our misfortunes!”

“It does indeed, for the faint hope that existed of being relieved by the boats must now be abandoned.”

“In the name of God look again, and see in what condition the wretches have their raft?”

A long examination followed, for on this point did the fate of all now seem to depend.

“They work with spirit,” said Mr. Blunt, when his examination had continued a long time; “but it seems less like a raft than before—they are lashing spars together lengthwise; here is a dawning of hope, or what would be hope, rather, if the boats had escaped!”

“God bless you for the words!—what is there encouraging?”

“It is not much,” returned Paul Blunt with a mournful smile; “but trifles become of account in moments of extreme jeopardy. They are making a floating stage, doubtless with the intention to pass from the reef to the ship, and by veering on the chains we may possibly drop astern sufficiently to disappoint them in the length of their bridge. If I saw a hope of the final return of the boats this expedient would not be without its use, particularly if delayed to the last moment, as it might cause the Arabs to lose another tide, and a reprieve of eight or ten hours is an age to men in our situation.”

Mr. Sharp caught eagerly at this suggestion, and the young men walked the deck together for half an hour, discussing its chances, and suggesting various means of turning it to the best account. Still, both felt convinced that the trifling delay which might thus be obtained would in

the end be useless, should Captain Truck and his party have really fallen into the hands of the enemy. They were thus engaged, sometimes in deep despondency, and sometimes buoyant with revived expectations, when Saunders, on the part of Mr. Effingham, summoned them below.

On reaching the cabin, the two gentlemen found the family party in the distress that the circumstances would naturally create. Mr. Effingham was seated, his daughter's head resting on a knee, for she had thrown herself on the carpet by his side. Mademoiselle Viefville paced the cabin, occasionally stopping to utter a few words of consolation to her young charge, and then again reverting in her mind to the true dangers of their situation, with a force that undid all she had said, by betraying the extent of her own apprehensions. Ann Sidley knelt near her mistress, sometimes praying fervently, though in silence, and at other moments folding her beloved in her arms, as if to protect her from the ruffian grasp of the barbarians. The *femme de chambre* was sobbing in a state-room, while John Effingham leaned, with his arms folded, against a bulk-head, a picture of stern submission rather than of despair. The whole party was now assembled, with the exception of the steward, who was left on deck to watch the Arabs.

The moment was not one of idle forms, and Eve Effingham, who would have recoiled under other circumstances at being seen by her fellow travellers in her present situation, scarce raised her head as they entered. She had been weeping, and her hair had fallen in profusion around her shoulders. The tears fell no longer, but a warm flushed look, which denoted that a struggle of the mind had gotten the better of womanly emotions, had succeeded to deadly paleness, and rendered her loveliness bright and angelic. Both the young men thought she had never seemed so beautiful, and both felt a secret pang, as the conviction forced itself on them, that this surpassing beauty was now likely to prove her most dangerous enemy.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Effingham, with a dignity that no uneasiness could disturb, "my kinsman has acquainted us with the hopeless nature of our condition, and I have



begged the favour of this visit on your own account. *We* cannot separate ; the ties of blood and affection unite us, and our fate must be common ; but on *you* there is no such obligation. Young, bold, and active, some plan may suggest itself by which you may possibly escape, and at least save yourselves. I know that generous temperaments like yours will not be disposed to listen, at first, to such a suggestion ; but reflection will tell you that it is for the interest of us all. You may let our fate be known to those who will take measures to procure our ransoms."

"This is impossible !" Mr. Sharp said firmly. "We can never quit you ; could never enjoy a moment's peace under the consciousness of having been guilty of an act so selfish !"

"Mr. Blunt is silent," continued Mr. Effingham after a short pause, in which he looked from one of the young men to the other. "He thinks better of my proposition, and will listen to his own best interests."

Eve raised her head quickly, but without being conscious of the anxiety she betrayed, and gazed with melancholy intentness at the subject of this remark.

"I do credit to the generous feelings of Mr. Sharp," Paul Blunt now hurriedly answered, "and should be sorry to admit that my own first impulses were less disinterested ; but I confess I have already thought of this, and have reflected on all the chances of success. It might be practicable for one who can swim easily to reach the reef, thence to cross the inlet, and possibly to gain the shore under cover of the opposite range of rocks, which are higher than those near us ; after which, by following the coast, one might communicate with the boats by signal, or even go to the wreck if necessary. All of this I have deliberated on, and once I had determined to propose it ; but ——"

"But what ?" demanded Eve, "Why not execute this plan, and save yourself ? Is it a reason, because our case is hopeless, that you should perish. Go then, at once ; an hour hence it may be too late."

"Were it merely to save myself, Miss Effingham, do you really think me capable of this baseness ?"

"I do not call it baseness. Why should we draw you



down with us in our misery? You have already served us, Powis, in a situation of terrible trial, and it is not just that you should always devote yourself in behalf of those who seem fated never to do you good. My father will tell you he thinks it your duty now to save yourself if possible."

"I think it the duty of every man," mildly resumed Mr. Effingham, "when no imperious obligation requires otherwise, to save the life which God has bestowed. These gentlemen have doubtless ties independent of us, and why should they inflict a pang on those who love them, in order to share in our disaster?"

"This is placing useless speculations before a miserable certainty," observed John Effingham. "As there can be no hope of reaching the boats, it is vain to discuss the propriety of the step."

"Is this true, Powis? Is there truly no chance of your escaping. You will not deceive us!"

"I can say with truth, almost with joy, for thank God I am spared the conflict of judging between duty and feeling, that there can no longer be any chance of finding the wreck in the possession of our friends," returned Paul fervently. "There were moments when I thought the attempt should be made; and it would perhaps have properly fallen to my lot to be the adventurer; but we have proof that the Arabs are masters, and if Captain Truck has escaped, it is under circumstances that scarcely admit the possibility of his being near the land. The whole coast must be in possession of the barbarians, and one passing along it could hardly escape being seen."

"Might you not escape into the interior, notwithstanding?" asked Eve, impetuously.

"With what motive? To separate myself from those who have been my fellows in misfortune, only to die of want, or fall into the hands of another set of masters. It is every way our interest to keep together, and to let those already on the coast become our captors, as the booty of two ships may dispose them to be less exacting with their prisoners."

"Slaves!" muttered John Effingham.

His cousin bowed his head over the delicate form of Eve, which he folded with his arms, as if to shield it from the blasts of the desert.

"I think, sir," interrupted Ann Sidley, looking up with tearful eyes from the spot where she still knelt, "that if these people knew how much Miss Eve is beloved, they might be led to respect her."

"Poor Nanny," murmured Eve, stretching forth a hand towards her old nurse, though her face was still buried in her own hair, "thou wilt soon learn that there is another leveller beside the grave!"

"Ma'am!"

"Thou wilt find that Eve, in the hands of barbarians, is not thy Eve. It will now be my turn to become a handmaiden, and to perform for others offices a thousand times more humiliating than any thou hast ever performed for me."

Such a consummation of their misery had never struck the imagination of the simple-minded Ann, and she gazed at her child as if she distrusted her senses.

"This is too improbable, dear Miss Eve," she said, "and you will distress your father by talking so wildly. The Arabs are human beings though barbarians, and will never dream of any thing so wicked as this."

Mademoiselle Vieffville made a fervent ejaculation in her own language, keenly expressive of her own sense of misery, and Ann Sidley, who always felt uneasiness when any thing was said affecting Eve that she could not understand, looked from one to the other, as if she demanded an explanation.

"I'm sure mamerzelle cannot think any such thing likely to take place," she continued positively; "and, sir, you at least will not permit Miss Eve to torment herself with any notions as monstrous as this!"

"We are in the hands of God, my worthy Ann, and you may live to see all your ideas of propriety violated," returned Mr. Effingham. "Let us pray that we may not be separated, for there will at least be a consolation in being

permitted to share our misery in company. Should we be torn asunder, then indeed will the infliction be one of insupportable agony !”

“ And who will think of such a cruelty, sir ?” *Me* they cannot separate from Miss Eve, for I am her servant, her own long-tried, faithful attendant, who first held her in arms, and nursed her when a helpless infant ; and you too, sir, you are her father ; and Mr. John, is he not her kinsman, of her blood and name ? And even mamerzelle also has claims to remain with Miss Eve, for she has taught her many things, I dare to say, that it is good to know. Oh ! no, no, no ! no one has a right to tear us asunder, and no one will have the heart to do it.”

“ Nanny, Nanny,” murmured Eve, “ you do not know the cruel Arabs !”

“ They cannot be crueller than our own savages, ma’am, and they keep the mother with the child ; and when they spare life, take the prisoners into their huts, and treat them as they treat their own. God has caused so many of the wicked to perish for their sins, in these eastern lands, that I do not think a man can be left that is wretch enough to harm one like Miss Eve. Take courage then, sir, and put your trust in Providence. I know the trial is hard to a father’s heart, but should their customs require them to keep the men and women asunder, and to separate you from your daughter, remember I shall be with her, as I was in her childhood, when, by the mercy of God, we carried her through so many diseases in safety, and have got her, in the pride of her youth, the perfect creature she is.”

“ Father,” said Eve, hurriedly drying her eyes, and rising to her feet — “ father, do not let a thought of me distress you at this awful moment. You have known me only in happiness and prosperity — an indulged and indolent girl ; but I feel a force capable of sustaining me, even in this desert. The Arabs can have no other motive than to preserve us all, as captives likely to repay their care with a rich ransom. I know that a journey, according to their habits, will be painful, but it may be borne. Trust, then, more to my

spirit than to my feeble body, and you will find that I am not as worthless as I fear you fancy."

Mr. Effingham passed his arm round the waist of his child, and folded her almost frantically to his bosom. But Eve was aroused, and gently extricating herself, with bright but tearless eyes, looked round at her companions, as if she would direct them to their own wants and hazards.

"I know you think me the most exposed by this dreadful disaster," she said; "that I may not be able to bear up against the probable suffering, and that I shall sink first, because I am the feeblest, but God permits the reed to bend, when the oak is destroyed. I am stronger than you imagine, and we shall all live to meet again in happier scenes, should it be our present fortune to be separated."

As Eve spoke, she cast affectionate looks on those dear to her by habit and blood; nor did she permit an unnecessary reserve at such a moment to prevent glances of friendly interest towards the two young men, whose very souls seemed wrapped in her movements. Words of encouragement from such a source, however, only served to set the frightful truth more vividly before the minds of her auditors, and not one of them heard what she said who did not feel an awful presentiment that a few weeks of the suffering of which she made so light, did she even escape a crueller fate, would consign that form, now so lovely, to the sands. Mr. Effingham now rose, and for the first time the sensations that had been so long gathering in his bosom seemed ready to burst the restraints of manhood. Struggling to command himself, he turned to his two young male companions, and spoke with an impressiveness and dignity that carried with them a double force, from the fact of his ordinary manners being so tempered and calm.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we may serve each other, by coming to an understanding in time; or at least you may confer on me a favour that a life of gratitude would not repay. You are young and vigorous, bold and intelligent, qualities that will command the respect of even savages. The chances that one of you will survive to reach a Chris-



tian land are much greater than those of a man of my years, borne down with the anxieties of a parent."

"Father! father!"

"Hush! darling: let me entreat these gentlemen to bear us in mind, should they reach a place of safety; for, after all, youth may do that in your behalf, which time will deny to John and myself. Money will be of no account, you know, to rescue my child from a fate worse than death, and it may be some consolation to you, young men, to recollect at the close of your own careers, which I trust will yet be long and happy, that a parent, in his last moments, found a consolation in the hopes he had placed on your exertions."

"Father, I cannot bear this! For you to be the victim of these barbarians is too much; I would prefer trusting all to a raft on the ocean, to incurring the chance of such a calamity. Mademoiselle, you will join me in the entreaty to the gentlemen to prepare a few planks to receive us, where we can perish together, and at least have the consolation of knowing that our eyes will be closed by friends."

"I have thought this from the first," returned Mademoiselle Viefville in French, with an energy of manner that betokened a high and resolved character: "I would not expose gentlewomen to the outrages of barbarians; but did not wish to make a proposition that others might reject."

"It is a thousand times preferable to capture, if it be practicable," said John Effingham, looking inquiringly towards Paul. The latter, however, shook his head, for, the wind blowing on shore, he knew it would be merely meeting captivity without the appearance of a self-reliance and dignity that might impress their captors favourably.

"It is impossible," said Eve, reading the meaning of the glance, and dropping on her knees before Mr. Effingham: "well, then, our trust be in God! We have yet a few minutes of liberty, and let them not be wasted in vain regrets. Father, kiss me, and give me once more that cherished blessing, with which you used to consign me



to sleep, in those days when we scarce dreamed of misfortune."

"Bless you, bless you, my babe; my beloved, my cherished Eve!" said the father solemnly, but with a quivering lip. "May that dread Being whose ways, though mysterious, are perfect wisdom and mercy, sustain you in this trial, and bring you at last, spotless in spirit and person, to his own mansions of peace. God took from me early thy sainted mother, and I had trusted that thou wert left to be my solace in age. Bless you, my Eve; I shall pray without ceasing that thou mayest pass away as pure and as worthy of His love as her to whom thou owest thy being."

John Effingham groaned; the effort he made to repress his feelings caused the outbreaking of his soul to be deep though smothered.

"Father, let us pray together. Ann, my good Ann, thou who first taught me to lisp a thanksgiving, kneel here by my side—and you, too, mademoiselle. Cousin John, you pray often, I know, though so little apt to show your emotions; there is a place for you, too, with those of your blood."

Both the young men knelt with the others, and there was a long pause in which the whole party put up their supplications.

"Father!" resumed Eve, looking up as she still knelt between the knees of Mr. Effingham, and smiling fondly in the face of him she so piously loved; "there is one precious hope of which even the barbarians cannot rob us: we may be separated here, but our final meeting rests only with God!"

Mademoiselle Viefville passed an arm round her pupil, and pressed her against her heart.

"There is but one abode for the blessed, my dear mademoiselle, and one expiation for us all." Then rising from her knees, Eve said with the grace and dignity of a gentlewoman, "Cousin Jack, kiss me; we know not when another occasion may offer to manifest to each other our mutual regard. You have been a dear and an indulgent

kinsman to me, and should I live these twenty years a slave, I shall not cease to think of you."

John Effingham folded the beautiful girl in his arms, with the fondness of a parent.

"Gentlemen," continued Eve, with a deepening colour, but eyes that were kind and grateful, "I thank, you, too, for lending your supplications to ours. I believe you have thought better of me than I merit, and I should never cease to reproach myself with want of consideration, did I believe that any thing more than accident has brought you into this ill-fated vessel. Will you permit me to add one more obligation to the many I feel to you both?" advancing nearer to them, and speaking lower: "you are young, and likely to endure bodily exposure better than my father — that we shall be separated, I feel persuaded — and it might be in your power to solace a heart-broken parent. — I know I may depend on your good offices."

"Eve — my blessed daughter — my only, my beloved child!" exclaimed Mr. Effingham, who overheard her lowest syllable, so death-like was the stillness of the cabin — "come to me, dearest; no power on earth shall ever tear us asunder!"

Eve turned quickly, and beheld the arms of her parent extended. She threw herself into them, when the irresistible emotions broke loose in both, for they wept together, as she lay on his bosom, with a violence that, in a man, it was awfully painful to witness.

Mr. Sharp had advanced to take the offered hand of Eve, when she suddenly left him for the purpose just mentioned, and he now felt the grasp of Paul's fingers on his arm, as if they were about to penetrate the bone. Fearful of betraying the extent of their feelings, the two young men rushed upon deck together, where they paced backward and forward for many minutes, unable to exchange a word.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

THE consolations of religion were little felt by the ardent young men now pacing the deck of the *Montauk*. The gentle and plastic admit the most readily the divine influence ; and of all on board the devoted vessel they who were the most resigned to their fate were those who by their physical force were the least able to endure it.

" This heavenly resignation," said Mr. Sharp, " is even more heart-rending than despair."

" It is frightful !" returned his companion. " Any thing is better than passive submission in such circumstances. I see little hope of escape ; but idleness is torture. If I endeavour to raise this boat will you aid me ? "

" Command me like your slave. Would there were the faintest prospect of success ! "

" There is but little ; and should we even succeed, there are no means of getting far from the ship in the launch, as all the oars have been carried off by the captain, and I can hear of neither masts nor sails. Had we the latter, with this wind we might indeed prolong the uncertainty, by getting on some of those more distant spits of sand."

" Then, in the name of the blessed Maria !" exclaimed one behind them in French, " delay not ; all on board will join in the labour ! "

The gentlemen turned, and beheld Mademoiselle Viefville. Accustomed to depend on herself, and resolute of spirit, this generous female had come on deck to see if indeed there remained no means by which they might yet escape. Had her knowledge of a vessel equalled her resolution, it is probable that many fruitless expedients would already have been adopted ; but finding herself in a situation so completely novel as that of a ship, until now she had found no occasion to suggest any thing that her companions would be likely to lend themselves to. But, seizing the hint of Paul, she pressed it on him, and, after a few minutes of urging, prevailed on the gentlemen to

commence the necessary preparations. John Effingham and Saunders were summoned by Mademoiselle Viefville herself, who, once engaged in the undertaking, pursued it fervently, while she went in person into the cabins to make the necessary preparations connected with their subsistence should they succeed in quitting the vessel.

No experienced mariner could set about the work with a better knowledge of what was necessary than Blunt now showed. Saunders was directed to clear the launch, which had a roof on it, and still contained a respectable provision of poultry, sheep, and pigs. The roof he was told not to disturb, since it might answer as a substitute for a deck; but every thing was passed rapidly from the inside of the boat, which the steward commenced scrubbing with an assiduity that he seldom manifested. Fortunately, the tackles with which Mr. Leach had raised the sheers and stepped the jury-mast the previous morning were still lying on the deck, and Paul was spared the labour of reeving new ones. He went to work, therefore, to get up two on the substitute for a main-stay; a job that he had completed by the time Saunders pronounced the boat to be in a condition to receive its cargo. The gripes were now loosened, and the fall of one of the tackles was led to the capstan.

By this time Mademoiselle Viefville had so far aroused Eve, that Mr. Effingham had left his daughter, and appeared on deck among those who were assisting Paul. So intense was the interest, however, which all took in the result, that the ladies, and even Ann Sidley suspended their own efforts, and stood clustering around the capstan as the gentlemen began to heave, almost breathless between their doubts and hopes; for it was a matter of serious question whether there was sufficient force to lift so heavy a body at all. Turn after turn was made, the fall gradually tightening, until those at the bars felt the full strain of their utmost force.

“Heave together, gentlemen,” said Paul Blunt, who directed every thing, besides doing so much with his own hands. “We have its weight now, and all we gain is so much towards lifting the boat.”

A steady effort was continued for two or three minutes, with but little sensible advantage, when all stopped for breath.

"I fear it will surpass our strength," observed Mr. Sharp. "The boat seems not to have moved, and the ropes are stretched in a way to menace parting."

"We want but the force of a boy added to our own," said Paul, looking doubtingly towards the females; "in such cases a pound counts for a ton."

"*Allons !*" cried Mademoiselle Vieffville, motioning to the *femme de chambre* to follow; "we will not be defeated for a trifle."

These two resolute women applied their strength to the bars, and the power, which had been so equally balanced, preponderated in favour of the machine. The capstan, which a moment before was scarcely seen to turn, and that only by short and violent efforts, now moved steadily but slowly round, and the end of the launch rose. Eve was only prevented from joining the labourers by Nanny, who held her folded in her arms, fearful that some accident might occur to injure her.

Paul Blunt now cheerfully announced the certainty that they had a force sufficient to raise the boat, though the operation would be laborious.

"We are masters of the boat," he said, "provided the Arabs do not molest us; and we may drift away, by means of some contrivance of a sail, to such a distance as will keep us out of their power, until all chance of seeing our friends again is finally lost."

"This, then, is a blessed relief!" exclaimed Mr. Effingham; "and God may yet avert from us the bitterest portion of this calamity!"

The pent emotions again flowed, and Eve once more wept in her father's arms. In the mean time, Paul, having secured the fall by which they had just been heaving, brought the other to the capstan, when the operation was renewed with the same success. In this manner in the course of half an hour the launch was caused to hang suspended from the stay, at a sufficient height to apply the yard-tackles. As the latter, however, were not aloft, Paul



having deemed it wise to ascertain their ability to lift the boat at all, before he threw away so much toil, the females renewed their preparations in the cabins, while the gentlemen assisted the young sailor in getting up the purchases. During this pause in the heaving, Saunders was sent below to search for sails and masts, both of which Paul thought must be somewhere in the ship, as he found the launch was fitted to them.

It was apparent, in the mean time, that the Arabs watched their proceedings narrowly; for the moment Paul appeared on the yard a great movement took place among them, and several muskets were discharged. The gentlemen observed with concern that the balls passed the vessel—a fearful proof of the extraordinary power of the arms used by these barbarians. Luckily the reef, which by this time was nearly bare ahead of the ship, was still covered in a few places nearer to the shore to a depth that forbade a passage, except by swimming. John Effingham, however, who was examining the proceedings of the Arabs with a glass, announced that a party appeared disposed to get on the naked rocks nearest the ship, as they had left the shore, dragging some light spars after them, with which they seemed to be about to bridge the different places of deep water, most of which were sufficiently narrow to admit of being passed in this manner.

Although the operation commenced by the Arabs would necessarily consume a good deal of time, this intelligence quickened the movements of all in the ship. Saunders, in particular, who had returned to report his want of success, worked with redoubled zeal; for he felt the greatest horror of falling into the hands of barbarians. It was a slow and laborious thing, notwithstanding, to get upon the yards the heavy blocks and falls; and had not Blunt been as conspicuous for personal strength as he was expert in his profession, he would not have succeeded in the unaided effort;—unaided aloft, though the others, of course, relieved him much by working at the whips on deck. At length this important arrangement was effected, the young man descended, and had the capstan manned again.

This time the females were not required, it being in the

power of the gentlemen to heave the launch out to the side of the ship, Paul managing the different falls so adroitly, that the heavy boat was brought so near, and yet so much above the rail, as to promise to clear it. John Effingham now stood at one of the stay-tackle falls, and Paul at the other, when the latter made a signal to ease away. The launch settled slowly towards the side of the vessel until it reached the rail, against which it lodged. Catching a turn with his fall, Mr. Blunt sprang forward, and bending beneath the boat, saw that its keel had hit a belaying-pin. One blow from a capstan-bar cleared away this obstruction, and then the boat swung off. The stay-tackle falls were let go entirely, and all on board saw, with an exultation that words can scarcely describe, the important craft suspended directly over the sea. No music ever sounded more sweetly to the listeners than the first plash of the massive boat as it fell heavily upon the surface of the water. Its size, its roof, and its great strength gave it an appearance of security, that for the moment deceived them all; for, in contemplating the advantage they had so unexpectedly gained, they forgot the obstacles that existed to their availing themselves of it.

It was not many minutes before Paul was on the roof of the launch, had loosened the tackles, and breasted the boat to at the side of the ship, in readiness to receive the stores.

The boat itself was large, strong, and capable of resisting a heavy sea when well managed, of course, unwieldy in proportion. To pull it at a moderate rate, eight or ten large oars were necessary; whereas, all the search of the gentlemen could not find one. They succeeded, however, in discovering a rudder and tiller, appliances not always used in launches, and Paul Blunt shipped them instantly. Around the gunwales of the boat, stanchions, which sustained a slightly rounded-roof, were fitted, a provision that it is usual to make in the packets, in order to protect the stock they carry against the weather. This stock having been turned loose on the deck, and the interior cleaned, the latter now presented a respectable cabin; coarse and cramped compared with those of the ship certainly, but one that

might well be deemed a palace by shipwrecked mariners. As it would be possible to keep this roof until compelled by bad weather to throw it away, Paul, who had never before seen a boat afloat with such a canopy, regarded it with delight; for it promised protection to that delicate form he cherished in his inmost heart. Between the roof and gunwale, shutters buttoned in, so as to fill the entire space; and when these were in their places, the interior formed an enclosed apartment, of a height sufficient to allow a man to stand erect. It is true, this arrangement rendered the boat clumsy, but it also rendered it infinitely more comfortable than it could be without it. The roof, moreover, might be cut away in five minutes.

Paul had just completed a hasty survey of the launch, when, casting his eyes upward, with the intention to mount the ship's side, he saw Eve looking down, as if to read their fate in the expression of his countenance.

"The Arabs," she remarked "are moving along the reef as my father says, and all our hopes are centred in you and the boat. The first, I know, will not fail us, but can we do any thing with the launch?"

"For the first time, dearest Miss Effingham, I see a chance of rescuing ourselves from these barbarians. There is no time to lose, every thing must be passed into the boat with as little delay as possible."

"Bless you, Blunt, for this gleam of hope! our lives can scarcely serve to prove the gratitude we owe you."

This was said naturally, and without much weighing of words; but even at that fearful moment it thrilled on every pulse of the young man. The ardent look that he gave the beautiful girl caused her to redden to the temples, and she hastily withdrew.

The gentlemen now began to pass into the boat the things that had been provided, principally by the foresight of Mademoiselle Vieffville, where they were received by Paul, who thrust them beneath the roof without stopping to lose the precious moments in stowage. They included mattresses, the trunks that contained their ordinary sea-attire, blankets, counterpanes, potted meats, bread, wine,

various condiments and prepared food, from the stores of Saunders, and generally such things as presented themselves in the hurry of the moment. Nearly half of the articles were rejected by Paul, as unnecessary, though he received many in consideration of the delicacy of his feebler companions, which would otherwise have been cast aside. When he found, however, that food enough had been passed into the boat to supply the wants of the whole party for several weeks, he solicited a truce. The great requisite, water, was still wanting, and he now desired that the domestics might get into the boat to arrange the different articles, while he endeavoured to find something that might serve as a substitute for sails, and obtain the all-important supply.

His attention was first given to the water, without which all the other preparations would be useless. Before setting about this, however, he stole a moment to look into the state of things among the Arabs. It was indeed time, for the tide had now fallen so as to leave the rocks nearly bare, and the barbarians were advancing along the reef, towing their bridge, the slow progress of which alone prevented them from coming up, at once, to the point opposite the ship. Paul saw there was not a moment to lose, and hurried below.

Three or four small casks were soon found, when the steward brought them to the tank to be filled. Luckily the water had not to be pumped off, but ran, in a stream, into the vessel placed to receive it. As soon as one cask was ready, it was carried on deck by the gentlemen, and was struck into the boat. The shouts of the Arabs now became audible, even to those below, and it required great steadiness to continue the all-important preparation. At length the last cask was filled, when Paul rushed on deck, for, by this time, the cries of the barbarians proclaimed their presence near the ship. When he reached the rail, he found the reef covered with them, some hailing the vessel, others menacing, hundreds still busied with their floating bridge, while a few endeavoured to frighten those on board by discharging their muskets. Happily, aim was impos-



sible, so long as care was taken not to expose the body above the bulwarks.

"We have not a moment to lose!" cried Mr. Effingham, on whose bosom Eve lay, nearly incapable of motion. "The food and water are in the boat, and in the name of a merciful God, let us escape from this scene of barbarity!"

"The danger is not yet so inevitable," returned Paul steadily; we are sixty fathoms from the rocks, and they must cross this ditch yet, to reach us. None of them seem disposed to attempt it by swimming, and their bridge may not prove long enough."

"Would it be safe for the ladies to get into the boat where she lies, exposed as they would be to the muskets?" inquired Mr. Sharp.

"All that shall be remedied," returned Paul. "I cannot quit the deck; would you," slightly bowing to Mr. Sharp, "go below again, with Saunders, and look for some light sail? without one, we cannot move away from the ship, even when in the boat. I see a suitable spar and the necessary rigging on deck; but the canvass must be looked for in the sail-room. It is a nervous thing, I confess, to be below at such a moment; but you have too much faith in us to dread being deserted."

Mr. Sharp grasped his hand as a pledge of perfect reliance on the other's faith. Calling Saunders, the two went hastily below.

"I could wish the ladies were in the boat with their women," said Paul, for Ann Sidley and the *femme de chambre* were still in the launch, busied in disposing of its stores, though concealed from the Arabs by the roof and shutters; "but it would be hazardous to attempt it while exposed to the fire from the reef. We shall have to change the position of the ship in the end, and it may as well be done at once."

Beckoning to John Effingham to follow, he went forward to examine into the movements of the Arabs, once more, before he took any decided step. The two gentlemen placed themselves behind the high defences of the



forecastle, where they had a fair opportunity of reconnoitering their assailants, the greater height of the ship's deck completely concealing all that passed on it from the sight of those on the rocks.

The barbarians, fully apprised of the defenceless condition of the party on board, were at work without the smallest apprehension of injury. Their object was to get possession of the ship, before the returning water should again drive them from the rocks. In order to effect this, they had placed all who were willing and sufficiently subordinate on the bridge, though a hundred were idle, shouting, clapping their hands, menacing, and occasionally discharging a musket, of which there were probably fifty in their possession.

"They work with judgment at their pontoon," said Paul, after he had examined the proceedings of those on the reef for a few minutes. "You may perceive that they have dragged the outer end of the bridge up to windward, and have just shoved it from the rocks, with the intention to permit it to drift round, until it shall bring up against the bows of the ship, when they will pour on board like so many tigers. It is a disjointed and loose contrivance, that the least sea would derange; but in this smooth water it will answer their purpose. It moves slowly, but will surely drift round upon us in the course of fifteen minutes; and of this they appear to be certain themselves."

"It is, then, important to us to be prompt."

"We will be prompt, but in another mode. If you will assist me, I think this effort may be easily defeated, after which it will be time enough to think of escape."

Paul, aided by John Effingham, now loosened the chains altogether from the bitts, and suffered the ship to drop astern. As this was done stealthily, it occupied several minutes; but the wind being by this time fresh, the huge mass yielded to its power with certainty; and when the bridge had floated round in a direct line from the reef, or dead to leeward, there was a space of water between its end and the ship of more than a hundred feet. The Arabs had rushed on it in readiness to board; but they set up a

yell of disappointment as soon as the truth was discovered. A tumult followed ; several fell from the wet and slippery spars ; but, after a short time wasted in confusion and clamour, the directions of their chiefs were obeyed, and they set to work to break up their bridge, in order to convert its materials into a raft.

By this time Mr. Sharp and Saunders had returned, bringing several light sails, such as spare royals and top-gallant studding-sails. Paul next ordered a spare mizen-top gallant mast, with a top-gallant studding-sail boom, and a quantity of light rope to be laid in the gangway, after which he set about the final step. As time now pressed, the Arabs working rapidly and with increasing shouts, he called upon the gentlemen, giving such directions as should enable them to work.

"Bear a hand, Saunders," he said, having taken the steward forward, "bear a hand, my fine fellow, and light up this chain. Ten minutes now are of more value than a year at another time."

"'Tis awful, Mr. Blunt, sir—werry awful, I do confirm," returned the steward, blubbering. "Such a fate to befall such cabins, sir!—And the crockery of the werry best quality! Had I diwined such an issue for the Montauk, sir, I never would have counselled Captain Truck to lay in half the stores we did!"

"Forget it all, my fine fellow, and light up the chain. Ha!—she touches abaft! Ten or fifteen fathoms more will answer."

"I've paid great dewotion to the silver, Mr. Blunt, sir, for it's all in the launch, even to the broken mustard-spoon; and I do hope, if Captain Truck's soul is permitted to superintend the pantry any longer, it will be quite beatified with my prudence and oversight. I left all the rest of the table-furniture, sir; though I suppose these *musclemen* will not have much use for any but the oyster-knives, as I am informed they eat with their fingers. I declare it is quite oppressive to have such wagabonds rummaging one's lockers!"

"Rouse away, my man, and light up! the ship has caught the breeze on her larboard-bow, and begins to

take the chain more freely. Remember that precious beings depend on us for safety !”

“ Ay, ay, sir ; light up, it is. I feel quite a concern for the ladies, sir, and more especially for the stores we abandon to the underwriters. A better-found ship never came out of St. Catherine’s Docks or the East River, particularly in the pantry department ; and I wonder what these wretches will do with her. They will be quite abashed with her conveniences, sir, and unable to enjoy them.”

“ That will do,” interrupted Paul, ceasing his labour ; the ship is aground from forward aft. We will now hurry the spars and sails into the boat, and let the ladies get into her.”

In order that the reader may better understand the present situation of the ship, it may be necessary to explain what Mr. Powis and the steward had been doing all this time. By paying out the chains, the ship had fallen farther astern, until she took the ground abaft on the edge of the sand-bank so often mentioned ; and, once fast at that end, her bows had fallen off, pressed by the wind, as long as the depth of the water would allow. She now lay aground forward and aft, with her larboard side to the reef, and the launch between the vessel and the naked sands completely covered from the observation of the barbarians by the former.

Eve, Mademoiselle Vieffville, and Mr. Effingham now got into the launch, while the others still remained in the ship to complete the preparations.

“ They get on fast with their raft,” said Paul, while he both worked himself and directed the labour of the others, “ though we shall be safe here until they actually quit the rocks. Their spars will be certain to float down upon the ship ; but the movement will necessarily be slow, as the water is too deep to admit of setting, even if they had poles, of which I see none. Throw these spare sails on the roof of the launch, Saunders. They may be wanted before we reach a port. Pass two compasses also into the boat, with all the carpenter’s tools that have been collected.”

While giving these orders, Paul was busied in sawing off the larger end of the pole-mizen-top-gallant-mast, to

convert it into a spar for the launch. This was done by the time he ceased speaking; a step was made, and, jumping down on the roof of the boat, he cut out a hole to receive it, at a spot he had previously marked for that purpose. By the time he had done, the spar was ready to be entered, and in another minute they had the satisfaction of seeing a very sufficient mast in its place. A royal was also stretched to its yard, and halyards, tack and sheet, being bent, every thing was ready to run up a sail at a moment's warning. As this supplied the means of motion the gentlemen began to breathe more freely, and to bethink them of those minor comforts that in the hurry of such a scene would be likely to be overlooked. After a few more busy minutes all was pronounced to be ready, and John Effingham began seriously to urge the party to quit the ship; but Paul still hesitated. He strained his eyes in the direction of the wreck, in the vain hope of yet receiving succour from that quarter; but, of course, uselessly, as it was about the time when Captain Truck was warping off with his raft, in order to obtain an offing. Just at this moment a party of twenty Arabs got upon the spars, which they had brought together into a single body, and began to drift down slowly upon the ship.

Paul cast a look about him to see if any thing else that was useful could be found, and his eyes fell upon the gun. It struck him that it might be made serviceable as a scarecrow in forcing their way through the inlet, and he determined to lodge it on the roof of the launch, for the present at least, and to throw it overboard as soon as they got out into rough water, if indeed they should be so fortunate as to get outside the reef at all. The stay and yard tackles offered the necessary facilities, and he instantly slung the piece. A few rounds of the capstan lifted it from the deck, a few more bore it clear of the side, and then it was easily lowered on the roof, Saunders being sent into the boat to set up a stanchion beneath, in order that its weight might do no injury.

The gentlemen at last got into the launch, with the exception of Paul, who still lingered in the ship watching the progress of the Arabs.

It required great steadiness of nerve, perfect self-reliance,



and an entire confidence in his resources, for one to remain a passive spectator of the slow drift of the raft, while it gradually settled down on the ship. As it approached, Paul was seen by those on it, and, with the usual duplicity of barbarians, they made signs of amity and encouragement. These signs did not deceive the young man, however, who only remained to be a closer observer of their conduct, thinking some useful hint might be obtained, though his calmness so far imposed on the Arabs that they even made signs to him to throw them a rope. Believing it now time to depart, he answered the signal favourably, and disappeared from their sight.

Even in descending to the boat this trained and cool young seaman betrayed no haste. His movements were quick, and every thing was done with readiness and knowledge certainly, but no confusion or trepidation occasioned the loss of a moment. He hoisted the sail, brought down the tack, and then descended beneath the roof, having first hauled in the painter, and given the boat a long and vigorous shove, to force it from the side of the vessel. By this last expedient he at once placed thirty feet of water between the boat and the Montauk, a space that the Arabs had no means of overcoming. As soon as he was beneath the roof the sheet was hauled in, and Paul seized the tiller, which had been made, by means of a narrow cut in the boards, to play in one of the shutters. Mr. Sharp took a position in the bows, where he could see the sands and channels through the crevices, directing the other how to steer ; and, just as a shout announced the arrival of the raft at the other side of the ship, the flap of their sail gave to those in the boat the welcome intelligence that they had got so far from her cover as to feel the force of the wind.

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## CHAPTER XXIV.

THE departure of the boat was excellently timed. Had it left the side of the ship while the Arabs on the raft were



unoccupied, and at a little distance, it would have been exposed to their fire; for at least a dozen of those who boarded had muskets; whereas the boat now glided away to leeward, while they were busy in getting up her side, or were so near the ship as not to be able to see the launch at all. When Paul, who was looking astern through a crevice, saw the first Arab on the deck of the Montauk, the launch was already near a cable's length from her, running with a fresh and free wind into one of the numerous little channels that intersected the banks of sand. The unusual construction of the boat, with its enclosed roof, and the circumstance that no one was visible on board her, had the effect to keep the barbarians passive, until distance put her beyond the reach of danger. A few muskets were discharged, but they were fired at random.

Paul kept the launch running off free, until he was near a mile from the ship, when, finding he was approaching the reef to the northward and eastward, and that a favourable sand-bank lay a short distance ahead, he put down the helm, let the sheet fly, and the boat's forefoot shot up on the sands. By a little management, the launch was got broadside to the bank, the water being sufficiently deep, and, when it was secured, the females were enabled to land through the opening of a shutter.

The change from the apparent hopelessness of their situation, an hour or two before, was so great, as to render the party comparatively happy. Paul and John Effingham united in affirming it would be possible to reach one of the islands to leeward in so good a boat, and that they ought to deem themselves fortunate, in being the masters of a bark so well found in every essential. Eve and Mademoiselle Vieffville walked about the hard sand with even a sense of enjoyment, and smiles began again to brighten the beautiful features of the first. Mr. Effingham declared, with a grateful heart, that in no park, or garden, had he ever before met with a promenade so delightful as this spot of naked sand, on the sterile coast of the Great Desert. Its charm was its security, for its distance from every point that could be approached by the Arabs rendered it, in their eyes, a paradise.

Paul Powis, however, though he maintained a cheerful air, was not without uneasiness. He remembered the boats of the Dane, and, as he thought Captain Truck had fallen into the hands of the barbarians, cast frequent glances to the northward, with a feverish apprehension that one of the so-long-wished-for boats might at length appear. Their friends he no longer expected, but his fears were directed towards the premature arrival of enemies from that quarter. None appeared, however, and Saunders lighted a fire on the bank, and prepared the grateful refreshment of tea for the whole party, none of which had tasted food since morning.

"Our caterers," said Paul, smiling, as he cast his eyes over the repast which Ann Sidley had spread on the roof of the boat, where they were all seated on stools, boxes, and trunks — "Our caterers have been of the gentler sex, as any one may see, for we have delicacies that are fitter for a banquet than a desert."

"I thought Miss Eve would relish them, sir," Nanny meekly excused herself by saying; "she is not much accustomed to a coarse diet; and mamerzelle, too, likes niceties."

Eve's eyes glistened, though she felt it necessary to say something by way of apology.

"Poor Ann has been so long accustomed to humour the caprices of a petted girl," she said, "that I fear those who will have occasion for all their strength may be the sufferers. I should regret it for ever, Mr. Powis, if *you*, who are every way of so much importance to us, should not find the food you like."

"I have very inadvertently drawn down upon myself the suspicion of being one of Mr. Monday's *gourmets*, a plain roast and boiled person," the young man answered laughingly, "when it was merely my desire to express the pleasure I had in perceiving that those whose comfort is of more account than any thing else have been so well cared for. I could almost starve with satisfaction, Miss Effingham, if I saw you free from suffering under the circumstances in which we are placed."

Eve looked grateful, and the emotion excited by this speech restored that beauty so lately chilled by fear.

"Did I not hear a dialogue between you and Mr. Saunders touching the merits of sundry stores that had been left in the ship?" asked John Effingham.

"Indeed you might; for he relieved the time we were rousing at the chains with a beautiful Jeremiad on the calamities of the lockers. I fancy, steward, that you consider the misfortunes of the pantry as the heaviest disaster that has befallen the Montauk!"

Saunders seldom smiled. In this particular he resembled Captain Truck; the one subduing all light emotions from a habit of serious comicality, and the responsibility of command; and the other having lost most of his merriment from being overworked. The steward, moreover, had taken up the conceit that it was indicative of a "nigger" to be merry; and, between dignity, a proper regard to his colour, and dogged submission to unmitigated calls on his time, the prevailing character of the poor fellow's physiognomy was that of dolorous sentimentality. While strongly addicted to melancholy, therefore, he was fond of hearing himself talk; and, encouraged as he had now been by John Effingham and Paul, and a little emboldened by the familiarity of what amounted to a shipwreck, he did not hesitate about mingling in the discourse, though holding the Effinghams habitually in awe.

"I esteem it a great privilege, ladies and gentlemen," he observed, "to have the honour of being *wracked* (for so the steward, in conformity with the Doric of the forecastle, pronounced the word) in such company. As to what involves the stores, it surgested itself to me that the ladies would like delicate diet, and I intermated as much to Mrs. Sidley and t'other French waiting-woman. Do you imagine, gentlemen, that the dead are permitted to look back at such events of this life as touches their own private concerns?"

"That would depend, I should think, steward, on the nature of the employment of the souls themselves," returned John Effingham. "There must be certain souls to which

any occupation would be more agreeable than that of looking behind them."

"Because, Mr. John Effingham, sir, I do not believe Captain Truck can ever be happy as long as the ship is in the hands of the Arabs! If she had been honourably and fairly wracked, and the captain suffercated by drowning, he could go to sleep like a Christian; but I do think, sir, if there be any special perdition for seamen, it must be to see their vessel rummaged by Arabs. I'll warrant, now, those blackguards have had their fingers in every thing already; sugar, chocolate, raisins, coffee, cakes, and all! I wonder who they think would like to use articles they have handled! And there is poor Toast, gentlemen, an improving young man; one who had the materials of a good steward in him, though I can hardly say they were deweloped. I did look forward to the day when I could consign him to Mr. Leach as my own predecessor, when Captain Truck and I should retire. I dewoutly pray that Toast is deceased, for I would rather any misfortune should befall him in the other world, than that he should be compelled to associate with Arab niggers in this."

So elastic had the spirits of the whole become by their unlooked-for escape, that Saunders was indulged to the top of his humour, and while he served the meal, passing between his fire on the sands and the roof of the launch, he enjoyed a heartier gossip than any since they left the dock.

Paul Powis entered but a moment into the trifling, for on him rested the safety of all. He alone could navigate the boat; and, while the others confided so implicitly in his skill, he felt the burden of responsibility. When supper was ended, and the party were walking up and down the little islet, he took his station on the roof therefore, and examined the proceedings of the Arabs with the glass. Mr. Sharp, with a chivalrous self-denial not lost on his companion, foregoing the happiness of walking at the side of Eve, to remain near him.

"The wretches have laid waste the cabins already!" observed Mr. Sharp, when Paul had been looking at the



ship some little time. "That which it took months to produce they will destroy in an hour."

"I do not see that," returned Paul; "there are but about fifty in the ship, and their efforts seem to be directed to hauling her over against the rocks. They have no means of landing their plunder where she lies; and I suspect there is a sort of convention that all are to start fair. One or two, who appear to be chiefs, go in and out of the cabins; but the rest are endeavouring to move the ship!"

"And with what success?"

"None, apparently. It exceeds their knowledge of mechanics to force so heavy a mass from its position. The wind has driven the ship firmly on the bank, and nothing short of the windlass, or capstan, can remove her. These ignorant creatures have got two or three small ropes between the vessel and the reef, and are pulling fruitlessly at both ends! But *our* chief concern will be to find an outlet into the ocean, when we will make the best of our way towards the Cape de Verds."

Paul now commenced a long and a close examination of the reef, to ascertain by what openings he might get the launch on the outside. To the northward of the great inlet there was a continued line of rocks, on which he was sorry to perceive armed Arabs. Southward there were many places in which a boat might pass at half-tide, and he trusted to getting through one of them as soon as it became dark. As the escape in the boat could not have been foreseen, the Arabs had not yet brought down upon them the boats of the wreck; but should morning dawn and find them still within the reef, he saw no hope of final escape against boats that would possess the advantage of oars, ignorant as the barbarians might be of their proper use.

Every thing was now ready. The interior of the launch was divided into two apartments by counterpanes, trunks, and boxes; the females spreading their mattresses in the forward room, and the males in the other. Some of those profound interpreters of the law, who illustrate legislation by the devices of trade, had shipped in the Montauk several



hundred rude leaden busts of Napoleon, with a view to save the distinction in duties between the metal manufactured and the metal unmanufactured. Four or five of these busts had been struck into the launch as ballast. They were now snugly stowed, together with the water, and all the heavier articles, in the bottom of the boat. The jigger had been made and bent, and a suitable mast was stepped by means of the roof. In short, every provision for comfort or safety that Paul could think of had been attended to ; and every thing was in readiness to re-embark.

The gentler portion of the party were seated on the roof watching the setting sun, and engaged in discourse. The evening had a little of that wild and watery aspect that, about the same hour, had given Captain Truck so much concern ; but the sun dipped gorgeously into the liquid world of the West, and the whole scene, including the endless desert, the black reef, the stranded ship, and the movements of the bustling Arabs, was one of gloomy grandeur.

“ Could we foretell the events of a month,” said John Effingham, “ with what different feelings would life be chequered ! When we left London, not twenty days since, our minds were filled with the movements, cares, and interest of a great and polished capital ; and here we sit, houseless wanderers, gazing at an eventide on the coast of Africa ! In this way will you find, as life glides away, the future disappoint the expectations of the present ! ”

“ All futures are not gloomy, cousin Jack,” said Eve ; “ nor is all hope doomed to meet with disappointment.”

“ I do not deny it. We have been rescued in a manner so simple as to seem unavoidable, yet so unexpected as to be almost miraculous. Had not Mr. Blunt, or Mr. Powis as you call him—I am not in the secret of the masquerade—had not this gentleman been a seaman, it would have surpassed all our means to get this boat into the water, or even to use her properly were she launched. I look upon his profession as being the first great providential interference in our behalf ; and his superior skill in that profession as a circumstance of no less importance.

Eve was silent ; but the glow in the western sky was

scarcely more radiant than the look she cast on the subject of the remark.

"It is no great merit to be a seaman, for the trade is like another, a mere matter of education," observed Paul. "If I have been instrumental in serving you, I shall never regret the cruel accidents of my early life that cast my fortunes on the ocean."

A falling pin would have been heard, and all hoped the young man would proceed; but he chose to be silent.

As Paul did not choose to explain farther, the conversation was resumed as if he had said nothing. They talked of their escape, their hopes, and of the supposed fate of the rest of the party; the discourse leaving a feeling of sadness on all, that harmonised with the melancholy, but not unpicturesque, scene in which they were placed. At length the night set in; and, as it threatened to be dark and damp, the ladies early made their arrangements to retire. The gentlemen remained on the sands much later; and it was ten o'clock before Paul Powis and Mr. Sharp, who had assumed the watch, were left alone.

This was about an hour later than the period when Captain Truck disposed himself to sleep in the launch of the *Dane*. The weather had sensibly altered in the interval, and there were signs that, to the understanding of our young seaman, denoted a change. The darkness was intense. So pitchy black, indeed, had the night become, that the land was no longer to be distinguished, and the only clews the two gentlemen had to its position were the mouldering watch-fires of the Arab camp.

"We will now make an attempt," said Paul, stopping in his short walk on the sand, and examining the murky vault over head. "Midnight is near; and by two o'clock the tide will be entirely up. It is a dark night to thread these narrow channels in so frail a bark! But the alternative is worse. If you will get upon the roof, I will bring in the grapnels and force the boat off."

Mr. Sharp complied, and in a few minutes the launch was floating slowly away from the hospitable bank of sand. Paul hauled out the jigger, a small sprit-sail, that kept itself close-hauled, from being fastened to a stationary boom,

and a little mast stepped quite aft, the effect of which was to press the boat against the wind. 'This brought the launch's head up, and it was just possible to see by close attention that they had a slight motion through the water.

"I quit that bank of sand as one quits a tried friend," said Paul, all the conversation now being in little more than whispers: "when near it, I know where we are; but presently we shall be absolutely lost in this intense darkness."

Paul set the lug-sail, into which he had converted the royal, and seated himself directly in the eyes of the boat, with a leg hanging down on each side of the cutwater. He had rigged lines to the tiller, and with one in each hand he steered, as if managing a boat with yoke-lines. Mr. Sharp was seated at hand, holding the sheet of the main-sail; a boat-hook and a light spar lying on the roof near by, in readiness to be used should they ground.

The gentlemen watched the water a-head intently, with a view to avoid the banks, but with little success; for, as they advanced, it was merely one pile of gloom succeeding another. Fortunately the previous observation of Paul availed them, and for more than half an hour their progress was uninterrupted.

"They sleep in security beneath us," said Paul, "while we are steering almost at random. This is a strange and hazardous situation in which we are placed. The obscurity renders all the risks double."

"By the watch-fires, we must have nearly crossed the bay, and I should think we are now near the southern reef."

"I think the same; but I like not this baffling of the wind. It comes fresher at moments, but it is in puffs, and I fear there will be a shift. It is now my best pilot."

The wind ceased blowing altogether, and the duck of the sail fell in heavily. Almost at the same moment the launch lost its way, and Paul had time to thrust the boat-hook forward just in season to prevent its striking a rock.

"This is a part of the reef, then, that is never covered," he said. "If you will get on the rocks and hold the boat, I will endeavour to examine the place for a passage."

Were we one hundred feet to the southward and westward, we should be in the open ocean, and comparatively safe."

Mr. Sharp complied, and Paul descended carefully on the reef, feeling his way by means of the boat-hook. He was absent ten minutes, moving with great caution, as there was danger of his falling into the sea at every step. His friend began to be uneasy, and the whole of the jeopardy of their situation presented itself vividly to his mind in that brief space of time, should accident befall their only guide. He was looking anxiously in the direction in which Paul had disappeared, when he felt a gripe of his arm.

"Breathe even with care!" whispered Paul hurriedly. "These rocks are covered with Arabs, who have chosen to remain on the dry parts of the reef, in readiness for their plunder in the morning. Thank Heaven! I have found you again; for I was beginning to despair. To have called to you would have been certain capture, as eight or ten of the barbarians are sleeping within fifty feet of us. Get on the roof with the least possible noise, and leave the rest to me."

As soon as Mr. Sharp was in the boat, Paul gave it a violent shove from the rocks, and sprang on the roof at the same moment. This forced the launch astern, and procured a momentary safety. But the wind had shifted. It now came baffling, and in puffs, from the desert, a circumstance that brought them again to leeward.

"This is the commencement of the trades," said Paul; "they have been interrupted by the late gale, but are now returning. Were we outside the reef, our prayers could not be more kindly answered than by giving us this very wind; but here, where we are, it comes unseasonably. Ha!—this, at least, helps her!"

A puff from the land filled the sails, and the ripple of the water at the stern was just audible. The helm was attended to, and the boat drew slowly from the reef and a-head.

"We have all reason for gratitude! That danger, at least, is avoided."

Another silence succeeded, during which the launch



moved slowly onward, though whither, neither of the gentlemen could tell; but a single fire remained in sight, and that glimmered like a dying blaze. At times the wind came hot and arid, savouring of the desert, and then intervals of deathlike calm would follow. Paul watched the boat narrowly for half an hour, turning every breath of air to the best account, though he was absolutely ignorant of his position. The reef had not been seen again, and three several times they grounded, the tide as often floating them off; the course, too, had been repeatedly varied. The result was, that painful and profound sensation of helplessness that overcomes us all when the chain of association is broken, and reason becomes an agent less useful than instinct.

"The last fire is extinct," whispered Paul. "I fear that the day will dawn and find us still within the reef."

"I see an object near us.—Can it be a high bank?"

The wind had entirely ceased, and the boat was almost without motion. Paul saw a darkness more intense even than common a-head of him, and he leaned forward, naturally raising a hand before him in precaution. Something he touched, he knew not what; but feeling a hard smooth surface, that he at first mistook for a rock, he raised his eyes slowly, and discerned, by the little light that lingered in the vault of heaven, a dim tracery that he recognised. His hand was on the quarter of the ship!

"'Tis the Montauk!" he whispered breathlessly, "and her decks must be covered with Arabs. Hist!—do you hear nothing?"

They listened, and smothered voices, those of the watch, mingled with low laughter, were quite audible. This was a crisis to disturb the coolness of one less trained and steady than Paul; but he preserved his self-possession.

"There is good as well as evil in this," he whispered. "I now know our precise position; and, God be praised! the inlet is near, could we but reach it. By a strong shove we can always force the launch from the vessel's side, and prevent their boarding us; and I think, with extreme caution, we may even haul the boat past the ship undetected."



This delicate task was undertaken. It was necessary to avoid even a tread heavier than common, a fall of the boat-hook, or a collision with the vessel, as the slightest noise became distinctly audible in the profound stillness of deep night. Once enlightened as to his real position, however, Paul saw obstructions that another might not have avoided. He knew exactly where to lay his hand, when to bear off, and when to approach nearer to the side of the ship, as he warily drew the boat along the massive hull. The yard of the launch luckily leaned towards the reef, and offered no impediment. In this manner, then, the two gentlemen hauled their boat as far as the bows of the ship, and Paul was on the point of giving a last push, with a view to shove it to as great a distance as possible a-head of the packet, when its movement was suddenly arrested.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

IT was a chilling thing to meet with this unexpected check. The first impression was, that one of the Arabs had laid a hand on the launch; but this fear vanished on examination. No one was visible, and the side of the boat was untouched. The boat-hook could find no impediment in the water, and it was not possible that they could be aground. Raising the boat-hook over his head Paul detected the obstacle. The line used by the barbarians in their efforts to move the ship was stretched from the forecastle to the reef, and it lay against the boat's mast. It was severed with caution; but the short end slipped from the hand of Mr. Sharp, who cut the rope, and fell into the water. The noise was heard, and the watch on the deck of the ship made a rush towards her side.

No time was to be lost; but Paul, who still held the outer end of the line, pulled on it vigorously, hauling the boat swiftly from the ship, and, at the same time, a little in advance. As soon as this was done, he dropped the

line and seized the tiller-ropes, in order to keep the launch's head in a direction between the two dangers—the ship and the reef. This was not done without noise. The Arabs of the ship called to those on the reef, and the latter answered. They took the alarm, and awoke their comrades, for, knowing as they did, that the party of Captain Truck was still at liberty, they apprehended an attack.

The clamour and uproar that succeeded were terrific. Muskets were discharged at random, and the noises from the camp echoed the cries and tumult from the vessel and the rocks. Those who had been sleeping in the boat were rudely awaked, and Saunders actually joined in the cries through fright. But the two gentlemen on deck soon caused their companions to understand their situation, and to observe a profound silence.

“They do not appear to see us,” whispered Paul to Eve, as he bent over, so as to put his head at an open window; “and a return of the breeze may still save us. There is a great alarm among them, and no doubt they know we are not distant; but so long as they cannot tell precisely where, we are comparatively safe. Their cries do us good service as landmarks, and you may be certain I shall not approach the spots where they are heard. Pray Heaven for a wind, dearest Miss Effingham!”

Eve silently but fervently did pray, while the young man gave all his attention again to the boat. As soon as they were clear of the lee of the ship, the baffling puffs returned, and there were several minutes of a steady little breeze, during which the boat sensibly moved away from the noises of the ship. On the reef, however, the clamour still continued, and the gentlemen were soon satisfied that the Arabs had stationed themselves along the whole line of rocks, wherever the latter were bare at high water, as was now nearly the case to the northward as well as to the southward of the opening.

“The tide is still entering by the inlet,” said Paul, “and we have its current to contend with. It is not strong, but a trifle is important at a moment like this!”

“Would it not be possible to reach the bank inside of

us, and to shove the boat a-head by means of these light spars?" asked Mr. Sharp.

The suggestion was a good one; but Paul was afraid the noise in the water might reach the Arabs, and expose the party to their fire, as the utmost distance between the reef and the inner bank at that particular spot did not exceed a hundred fathoms. At length another puff of air from the land pressed upon their sails, and the water once more rippled beneath the bows of the boat. Paul's heart beat hard, and as he managed the tiller-lines, he strained his eyes uselessly in order to penetrate the massive-looking darkness.

"Surely," he said to Mr. Sharp, who stood constantly at his elbow, "these cries are directly a-head of us! We are steering for the Arabs!"

"We have got wrong in the dark, then. Lose not a moment to keep the boat away, for here to leeward there are no noises."

"As all this was self-evident, though confused in his reckoning, Paul put up the helm, and the boat fell off nearly dead before the wind. Her motion being now comparatively rapid, a few minutes produced an obvious change in the direction of the different groups of clamorous Arabs, though they also brought a material lessening in the force of the air.

"I have it!" said Paul, grasping his companion almost convulsively by the arm. "We are at the inlet, and heading, I trust, directly through it! You hear the cries on our right; they come from the end of the northern reef, while these on our left are from the end of the southern. The sounds from the ship, the direction of the land-breeze, our distance—all confirm it, and Providence again befriends us!"

Fifteen feverish minutes succeeded. At moments the puffs of night-air would force the boat a-head, and then again it was evident by the cries that she fell astern under the influence of an adverse current. Neither was it easy to keep her on the true course, for the slightest variation from the direct line in a tide's way causes a vessel to sheer. To remedy the latter danger, Paul was obliged to watch

his helm closely, having no other guide than the noisy and continued vociferations of the Arabs.

"These liftings of the boat are full of hope," resumed Paul; "I think, too, that they increase."

"I perceive but little difference, though I would gladly see all you wish."

"I am certain the swell increases, and that the boat rises and falls more frequently. You will allow there is a swell?"

"Quite obviously; I perceived it before we kept the boat away. This variable air is cruelly tantalising!"

"Sir George Templemore—Mr. Powis," said a soft voice at a window beneath them.

"Miss Effingham!" said Paul, so eager that he suffered the tiller-line to escape him.

"These are frightful cries! Shall we never be rid of them?"

"If it depended on me—on either of us—they should distress you no more. The boat is slowly entering the inlet, but has to struggle with a head-tide. The wind baffles, and is light, or in ten minutes we should be out of danger."

"Out of this danger, but only to encounter another!"

"Nay, I do not think much of the risk of the ocean in so stout a boat. At the most, we may be compelled to cut away the roof, which makes our little bark somewhat clumsy in appearance, though it adds infinitely to its comfort. I think we shall soon get the trades, before which our launch, with its house even, will be able to make good weather."

"We are certainly nearer those cries than before!"

Paul felt his cheek glow, and his hand hurriedly sought the tiller-line, for the boat had sensibly sheered towards the northern reef. A puff of air helped to repair his oversight, and all in the launch soon perceived that the cries were gradually but distinctly drawing more aft.

"The current lessens," said Paul, "and it is full time; for it must be near high water. We shall soon feel it in our favour, when all will be safe!"

The puffs of air now required all the attention of Paul,

for they again became variable, and at last the wind drew directly a-head in a continued current for half an hour. As soon as this change was felt, the sails were trimmed to it, and the boat began again to stir the water under her bows.

"The shift was so sudden, that we cannot be mistaken in its direction," Paul remarked; "besides, those cries still serve as pilots. Never was uproar more agreeable."

"I feel the bottom with this spar!" said Mr. Sharp, suddenly.

"Merciful Providence, protect and shield the weak and lovely——"

"Nay, I feel it no longer: we are already in deeper water."

"It was the rock on which the seaman stood when we entered!" Paul exclaimed, breathing more freely. "I like those voices settling more under our lee, too. We will keep this tack" (the boat's head was to the northward) "until we hit the reef, unless warned off again by the cries."

The boat now moved at the rate of five miles in the hour. Its rising and falling denoted the long heavy swell of the ocean, and the wash of water began to be more and more audible, as she settled into the sluggish swells.

The boat stood steadily on, making narrow escapes from jutting rocks, as was evinced by the sounds, and once or twice by the sight even; but the cries shifted gradually, and were soon quite astern. Paul knew that the reef trended east soon after passing the inlet, and he felt the hope that they were fast leaving its western extremity, or the part that ran the farthest into the ocean; after effecting which, there would be more water to leeward, his own course being nearly north, as he supposed.

The cries drew still farther aft, and more distant, and the sullen wash of the surf was no longer so near.

"Hand me the lead and line, that lie at the foot of the mast, if you please," said Paul. "Our water seems sensibly to deepen, and the seas have become more regular."



He hove a cast, and found six fathoms of water ; a proof, he thought, that they were quite clear of the reef.

" Now, dear Mr. Effingham, Miss Effingham, mademoiselle," he cried cheerfully, " now I believe we may indeed deem ourselves beyond the reach of the Arabs, unless a gale force us again on their inhospitable shore."

The worst was over for the moment, and Paul spoke encouragingly of their prospects. It was his intention to stand to the northward until he reached the wreck, when, failing to get any tidings of their friends, he would make the best of their way to the nearest island to leeward.

With this cheering news the party below again disposed themselves to sleep, while the two young men maintained their posts on the roof.

The half hour of breeze already mentioned sufficed to carry the boat some distance to the northward, when it failed, and the puffs from the land returned. Paul supposed they were quite two miles from the inlet, and, trying the lead, found ten fathoms of water, a proof that they had also gradually receded from the shore. Still a dense darkness surrounded them, though there could no longer be the smallest doubt of their being in the open ocean.

For near an hour the light baffling air came in puffs, as before, during which time the launch's head was kept, as near as the gentlemen could judge, to the northward, making but little progress ; and then the breeze drew gradually round into one quarter, and commenced blowing with a steadiness that they had not experienced before that night. Paul suspected this change, though he had no certain means of knowing it ; for as soon as the wind baffled, his course had got to be conjectural again. As the breeze freshened, the speed of the boat necessarily augmented, though she was kept always on a wind ; and after half an hour's progress, the gentlemen became once more uneasy as to the direction.

" It would be a cruel fate to hit the reef again," said Paul ; " and yet I cannot be sure that we are not running for it."

" We have compasses : let us strike a light and look into the matter."

"It were better had we done this more early, for a light might now prove dangerous should we really have altered the course. There is no remedy, however, and the risk must be taken. I will first try the lead again."

A cast was made, and the result was two and a half fathoms of water.

"Put the helm down!" cried Paul, springing to the sheet: "lose not a moment; down with the helm!"

The boat did not work freely under her imperfect sail and with the roof she carried, and a moment of painful anxiety succeeded. Paul managed, however, to get a part of the sail aback, and he felt more secure.

"The boat has stern way: shift the helm, Mr. Sharp."

This was done, the yard was dipped, and the young men felt a relief almost equal to that they had experienced on clearing the inlet, when they found the launch again drawing a-head, obedient to her rudder.

"We are near something, reef or shore," said Paul, standing with the lead-line in his hand, in readiness to heave. "I think it can hardly be the first, as we hear no Arabs."

Waiting a few minutes, he hove the lead, and, to his infinite joy, got three fathoms.

"That is good news. We are hauling off the danger, whatever it may be," he said, as he felt the mark: "and now for the compass."

Saunders was called, a light was struck, and the compasses were both examined. These faithful guides were, as usual, true to their principle. The boat was heading north-north-west; the wind was at north-east, and before they tacked they had doubtless been standing directly for the beach, from which they could not have been distant a half quarter of a mile, if so much. A few more minutes would have carried them into the breakers, capsized the boat, and most probably drowned all below the roof, if not those on it.

Paul shuddered, and determined to stand on his present course for two hours, when daylight would render his return towards the land without danger.

The two gentlemen now took the helm in turns, he who

slept fastening himself to the mast, as a precaution against being rolled into the sea by the motion of the boat. In fifteen fathoms water they tacked again, and stood to the east-south-east, having made certain, by a fresh examination of the compass, that the wind stood in the same quarter as before. The moon rose soon after, and though the morning was clouded and lowering, there was then sufficient light to remove all danger from the darkness. At length this long and anxious night terminated in the streak of day.

Paul was at the helm occasionally nodding at his post, for two successive nights of watching and a day of severe toil had overcome his sense of danger, when either his senses or his wandering faculties made him hear the usual brief spirited hail of,

“Boat ahoy!”

Paul opened his eyes, felt that the tiller was in his hand, and was about to close the first again, when the words were repeated.

“Boat ahoy! — what craft’s that? Answer, or expect a shot!”

This was plain English, and Paul was wide awake in an instant. Rubbing his eyes, he saw a line of boats anchored directly on his weather bow, with a raft of spars riding astern.

“Hurrah!” shouted he. “This is Heaven’s own tidings! Are these the Montauk’s?”

“Ay, ay. Who the devil are you?”

The truth is, Captain Truck did not recognise his own launch in the royal roof and jigger. He had never before seen a boat afloat in such a guise; and in the obscurity of the hour, and fresh awakened from a profound sleep, like Paul, his faculties were a little confused. But the latter soon comprehended the whole matter. He clapped his helm down, let fly the sheet, and in a minute the launch of the packet was riding alongside of the launch of the Dane. Heads were out of the shutters, and every boat gave up its sleepers, for the cry was general throughout the little flotilla.

The party just arrived alone felt joy. They found those

whom they had believed dead or captives alive and free, whereas the others now learned the misfortune that had befallen them; and the gentlemen who had been to the wreck met the cheerful greetings of those who had just escaped the Arabs, like men who fancied the others mad.

We pass over the explanations that followed: Captain Truck listened to Paul like one in a trance, and it was some time before he spoke. With a wish to cheer him, he was told of the ample provision of stores that had been brought off in the launch, of the trade-winds that had now apparently set in, and of the great probability of their all reaching the islands in safety. Still the old man made no reply; he got on the roof of his own launch, and paced backwards and forwards rapidly. Even Eve spoke to him unnoticed, and the consolation of her father was not attended to. At length he stopped, and called for his mate.

"Mr. Leach."

"Sir."

"Here is a category for you!"

"Ay, ay, sir; its bad enough in its way; still we are better off than the Danes."

"You tell me, sir," turning to Paul, "that these blackguards were actually on the deck of the ship?"

"Certainly, Captain Truck. They took complete possession; for we had no means of keeping them off."

"And the ship is ashore?"

"Beyond a question."

"Bilged?"

"I think not. There is no swell within the reef, and she lies on sand."

"A damnable category, Mr. Effingham! I'm glad you are safe, sir; and you, too, my dear young lady—God bless you! It were better the whole line should be in their power than one like you!"

The old seaman's eyes filled as he shook Eve by the hand, and for a moment he forgot the ship.

"Mr. Leach, let the people have their breakfasts. We are likely to have a busy morning, sir. Lift the kedgie too, and let us drift down towards these gentry, and take a



look at them. We have both wind and current with us now, and shall make quick work of it."

The kedge was raised, the sails were all set, and with the two launches lashed together, the whole line of boats and spars began to set to the southward at a rate that would bring them up with the inlet in about two hours.

"This is the course for the Cape de Verdes, gentlemen," said the captain, bitterly. "We shall have to pass before our own door to go and ask hospitality of strangers. But let the people get their breakfasts, Mr. Leach, before they take to their oars."

Eat himself, however, Mr. Truck would not. He chewed the end of a cigar, and continued walking up and down the roof.

In half an hour the people had ended their meal, the day had fairly opened, and the boats had made good progress.

Captain Truck assembled his male passengers in the stern of the Dane's launch, where he commenced the following address:—

"Gentlemen," he said, "every thing in this world has its nature and its principles. The nature of a seaman is to stick by his ship. You are but passengers, and doubtless have your wishes as I have mine. Your wishes are, beyond question, to be safe in New York, and mine are to get the Montauk there too, in as little time and with as little injury as possible. You have a good navigator among you, and I now propose that you take the Montauk's launch, with such stores as are necessary, and fill away at once for the islands, where, I pray God, you may arrive in safety. Your effects shall be safely delivered to your respective orders, should it please God to put it in the power of the line to honour your drafts."

"You intend to attempt recapturing the ship!" exclaimed Paul.

"I do, sir," returned Truck. "If we do it, you will hear farther from me; if we fail, why, tell them at home that we carried sail as long as a stitch would draw."

The gentlemen looked at each other, the young waiting for the counsel of the old, the old hesitating in deference to the feelings of the young.



"We must join you in this enterprise, captain," said Mr. Sharp, quietly.

"Certainly," cried Mr. Monday; "we ought to make a common affair of it; as I dare say Sir George Templemore will agree with me in maintaining."

The spurious baronet acquiesced in the proposal readily; for though a weak young man, he was far from a dastard.

"This is a serious business," observed Paul, "and it ought to be ordered with intelligence. If we have a ship to care for, we have those also who are infinitely more precious."

"Very true, Mr. Blunt," interrupted Mr. Dodge eagerly. "It is my maxim to let well alone; and I am certain shipwrecked people can hardly be better off than we are at this moment. I dare say these gallant sailors, if the question were put, would give it by a handsome majority in favour of things as they are. And I think an appeal ought to be made to the ballot before we decide."

The occasion was too grave for pleasantry, and this proposition was heard in silence.

"I think it the duty of Captain Truck to endeavour to retake his vessel," continued Paul; "but the affair will be serious, and success is far from certain. The Montauk's launch ought to be left at a safe distance with the females, and in prudent keeping; for any disaster to the boarding party would probably throw the rest of the boats into the hands of the barbarians. Mr. Effingham and Mr. John Effingham will of course remain with the ladies."

The father assented with the simplicity of one who did not distrust his own motives; but the eagle-shaped features of his kinsman curled with a sarcastic smile.

"Will *you* remain on the launch?" the latter asked, pointedly, turning towards Paul.

"It would be out of character were I to think of it. My trade is war; and I trust that Captain Truck means to honour me with the command of one of the boats."

"I thought as much," exclaimed the captain, seizing a hand, which he shook with the utmost cordiality. "I should as soon expect to see the sheet-anchor wink, as to

see you duck ! Still, gentlemen, I ask no man to forget his duties on my account ; and I fancy my regular people, aided by Mr. Blunt, who can really serve me by his knowledge, will be likely to do all that can be done."

" But the question has not yet been put to the people," said Mr. Dodge.

" It shall, sir," returned Captain Truck ; " and I beg you to note the majority. My lads," he continued, rising on a thwart, and speaking aloud, " you know the history of the ship. As to the Arabs, now they have got her, they do not know how to sail her, and it is a kindness to take her out of their hands. For this business I want volunteers ; those who are for the reef and an attack will rise up and cheer, while they who like an offing have only to sit still and stay where they are."

The words were no sooner spoken than Mr. Leach jumped up on the gunwale and waved his hat. The people rose as one man, and taking the signal from the mate, gave three hearty cheers.

" Dead against you, sir !" observed the captain, nodding to the editor.

" The ballot might have given it the other way," muttered Mr. Dodge ; " there can be no freedom of election without the ballot."

No one, however, thought any longer of Mr. Dodge, but the disposition for the attack was made with promptitude. It was decided that Mr. Effingham and his servant should remain in the launch, while the captain compelled his two mates to draw lots which of them should stay behind also, a navigator being indispensable ; the chance fell on the second mate, who submitted to his luck with an ill grace.

A bust of Napoleon was cut up, and the pieces of lead were beaten as round as possible, so as to form a dozen balls, and a quantity of slugs or langrage. The latter were put in canvass bags ; while the keg of powder was opened, a flannel-shirt or two were torn, and cartridges filled. Ammunition was distributed, and Mr. Sharp examined the arms. The gun was got off the roof of the Montauk's launch, and placed on a grating forward in that of the Dane. The sails and rigging were cleared out of

the boat and secured on the raft when she was properly manned, and the command of her given to Paul.

The three other boats received their crews, with John Effingham at the head of one, the captain and his mate commanding the others. Mr. Dodge felt compelled to volunteer in the launch of the Dane, where Paul had now taken his station, though with a reluctance that escaped the observation of no one. Mr. Sharp and Mr. Monday were with the captain; and the false Sir George Templemore went with Mr. Leach. These arrangements completed, the whole party waited impatiently for the wind and current to set them down towards the reef, the rocks of which by this time were plainly visible.

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

THE launches were sailing side by side, and Eve now appeared at the window next the seat of Paul. Her face was pale, and her lip trembled.

"I do not understand these warlike proceedings," she said; "but I trust, Mr. Blunt, *we* have no concern with the present movements."

"Put your mind at ease, dearest Miss Effingham, what we now do we do in compliance with a general law of manhood. But I think you are in safe hands should our adventure prove unfortunate."

"Unfortunate! It is fearful to be so near a scene like this! I cannot ask you to do any thing unworthy of yourself; but, all that we owe you impels me to say, I trust you have too much true courage to incur unnecessary risks."

The young man looked volumes of gratitude.

"We old sea dogs," he answered smiling, "are noted for taking care of ourselves. They who are trained to a business like this usually set about it too much in a business-like manner to hazard any thing for mere show."

"And very wisely. Mr. Sharp, too" — Eve's colour deepened with a consciousness that Paul would have given

worlds to understand—"he has a claim on us we shall never forget. My father can say all this better than I."

Mr. Effingham now expressed his thanks for all that had passed, and earnestly enjoined prudence on the young men. After which Eve withdrew her head, and was seen no more.

By this time the boats and raft were within half a mile of the inlet, and Truck ordered the kedge, which had been transferred to the launch of the Montauk, to be let go. As soon as this was done the old seaman threw down his hat, and stood on athwart in his grey hair.

"Gentlemen, you have your orders," he said with dignity; for from that moment his manner rose with the occasion, and had something of the grandeur of the warrior. "You see the enemy. The reef must first be cleared, and then the ship shall be carried. God knows who will live to see the end; but that end must be success, or the bones of John Truck shall bleach on these sands. Give way, men! a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together."

He waved his hand, and the oars fell into the water.

The heavy launch was the last, for she had double-fasts to the other boats. While loosening that forward the second mate deserted his post, stepping nimbly on board the departing boat, and concealing himself behind the foremost of the two lug-sails she carried. At the same instant Mr. Dodge reversed this manœuvre by pretending to be left clinging to the boat of the Montauk in his zeal to shove off: as the sails were drawing hard, and the oars dashed the spray aside, it was too late to rectify either of these mistakes.

A few minutes of a stern calm succeeded, each boat keeping its place with beautiful precision. The Arabs had left the northern reef with the light, but the tide being out, hundreds were strung along the southern range of rocks, especially near the ship. The wind carried the launch ahead as had been intended, and she soon drew near the inlet.

"Take in the sails," said Mr. Blunt. "See your gun clear forward."

A fine, tall, athletic young seaman stood near the



grating, with a heated iron lying in a vessel of live coals before him, in lieu of a loggerhead, the fire being covered with a tarpaulin. As Paul spoke, this young mariner turned towards him with the peculiar grace of a man-of-war's-man, and touched his hat.

"Ay, ay, sir. All ready, Mr. Powis."

Paul started, while the other smiled proudly, like one who knew more than his companions.

"We have met before," said the first.

"That have we, sir, and in boat-duty too. You were the first on board the pirate on the coast of Cuba, and I was second."

A look of recognition and a wave of the hand passed between them, the men cheering involuntarily. It was too late for more, the launch being fairly in the inlet, where she received a general but harmless fire from the Arabs. An order had been given to fire the first shot over the heads of the barbarians; but this assault changed the plan!

"Depress the piece, Brooks," said Paul, "and throw in a bag of slugs."

"All ready, sir."

"Hold water, men—the boat is steady: now let them have it."

Men fell at that discharge; but how many was never known, as the bodies were hurried off the reef by those who fled. A few concealed themselves among the rocks, but most scampered towards the shore.

"Bravely done!" cried Captain Truck, as his boat swept past. "Now for the ship!"

The people cheered again, and dashed their oars into the water. To clear the reef was nothing; but to carry the ship was a serious affair. She was defended by four times the number of those in the boats, and there was no retreat. The Arabs had suspended their labour during the night, having fruitlessly endeavoured to haul the vessel over to the reef before the tide rose. More by accident than calculation, they had made such arrangements by getting a line to the rocks as would probably have set the ship off the sands, when she floated at high water; but this line had been cut by Paul in passing, and the wind coming on



shore again, during the confusion and clamour of the barbarians, or at a moment when they thought they were to be attacked, no attention was paid to the circumstance, and the Montauk was suffered to drive up still higher on the sands, where she effectually grounded at the very top of the tide. As it was now dead low water, the ship had served materially, and was now lying on her bilge, partly sustained by the water, and partly by the bottom.

During the short pause that succeeded, Saunders, who was seated in the captain's boat as a small-arms-man, addressed his subordinate.

"Now, Toast," he said, "you are about to contend in battle for the first time; and I divine, from experience, that the ewent gives you some sentiments that are quite original. My advice to you is, to shut both your eyes until the word is given to fire, and then to open them suddenly, as if just awaking from sleep; after which you may present and pull the trigger. Above all, Toast, take care not to kill any of our own friends, especially Captain Truck, at this werry moment."

Toast growled an assent, and then there was no other noise in the boat than that produced by the steady falling of the oars. An attempt had been made to lighten the vessel by unloading her, and the bank of sand was already covered with bales and boxes, which had been brought up from the hold.

Such was the state of things when the boats came into the channel that ran directly up to the bank. The launch led again, her sails having been set as soon as the reef was swept, and she now made another discharge on the deck of the ship, which, inclining towards the gun, offered no shelter. The effect was to bring every Arab in the twinkling of an eye down upon the bank.

"Hurrah;" shouted Captain Truck; "that grist has purified the old bark! And now see who is to own her!"

The boats were in a line abreast, the launch under one sail only. A good deal of confusion existed on the bank; but the Arabs sought the cover of the bales and boxes, and opened a sharp though irregular fire. Three times, as they advanced, the second mate and that gallant-looking young

seaman called Brooks discharged the gun, and at each discharge Arabs were dislodged and driven to the raft. The cheers of the seamen became animated, though they still plied the oars."

"Steadily, men," said Captain Truck, "and prepare to board."

At this moment the launch grounded, though still twenty yards from the bank, the other boats passing her with loud cheers.

"We are all ready, sir," cried Brooks.

"Let 'em have it. Take in the sails, boys."

The gun was fired, and the tall young seaman sprang upon the grating and cheered. As he looked backward, with a smile of triumph, Paul saw his eyes roll. He leaped into the air, and fell at his length dead upon the water! Such is the passage of a man in battle, from one state of existence to another!"

"Where do we hang?" asked Paul steadily: "forward or aft?"

It was forward, and deeper water lay ahead of them. The sail was set again, and the people were called aft. The boat tipped, and shot ahead towards the sands, like a courser released from a sudden pull.

All this time the others were not idle. Not a musket was fired from either boat until the whole three struck the bank, almost at the same instant, though at as many different points. Then all leaped ashore, and threw in a fire so close, that the boxes served as much for a cover to the assailants as to the assailed. It was at this critical moment, when the seamen paused to load, that Paul, just clear of the bottom, with his own hand applying the loggerhead, swept the rear of the bank with a most opportune discharge.

"Yard-arm and yard-arm!" shouted Captain Truck. "Lay 'em aboard, boys, and give 'em Jack's play!"

The whole party sprang forward, and from that moment all order ceased. Fists, handspikes, of which many were on the bank, and the butts of muskets, were freely used, and in a way that set the spears and weapons of the Arabs at defiance. The captain, Mr. Sharp, John Effingham,

Mr. Monday, the *soi-disant* Sir George Templemore, and the chief mate, formed a sort of phalanx, which penetrated the centre of the barbarians, following up its advantages with a spirit that admitted of no rallying. On their right and left pressed the men, an athletic hearty gang. The superiority of the Arabs was in their powers of endurance ; for, trained to the whipcord rigidity of racers, force was less their peculiar merit than bottom. Had they acted in concert, or been on their own desert, mounted, and with room for their evolutions, the result might have been different ; but unused to contend with an enemy who brought them within reach of the arm, their tactics were deranged. Still their numbers were formidable, and it is probable that the accident to the launch, after all, decided the matter. From the moment the *mêlée* began, not a shot was fired, but the assailants pressed upon the assailed, until a large body of the latter had collected near the raft. This was just as the launch reached the shore, and Paul perceived there was great danger that the tide might roll backward from sheer necessity. The gun was loaded, and filled nearly to the muzzle with slugs. He caused the men to raise it on their oars, and to carry it to a large box, a little apart from the confusion of the fight. All this was done in a moment, for three minutes had not yet passed since the captain landed.

Instead of firing, Paul called aloud to his friends to cease fighting. Though chafing like a vexed lion, Captain Truck complied, surprise effecting quite as much as obedience. The Arabs, hardest pressed upon, profited by the pause to fall back on the main body of their friends near the raft. This was all Paul could ask, and he ordered the gun to be pointed at the centre of the group, while he advanced towards the enemy, making a sign of peace.

“ Damn ’em, lay ’em aboard ! ” cried the captain : “ no quarter to the blackguards ! ”

“ I think we had better charge again,” added Mr. Sharp, thoroughly warmed.

“ Hold, gentlemen ; you risk all needlessly : show these poor wretches what they have to expect, and they will probably retire. We want the ship, not their blood.”

"Well, well," returned the impatient captain, "give 'em plenty of Vattel, for we have 'em now in a category."

The men of the wilderness seem to act by instinct. An old sheik advanced smiling towards Paul, when the latter was a few yards in advance of his friends, offering his hand with as much cordiality as if they met to exchange courtesies. Paul led him quietly to the gun, put his hand in, and drew out a bag of slugs, replaced it, and pointed significantly at the dense crowd of exposed Arabs, and at the heated iron that was ready to discharge the piece. At all this the old Arab smiled, and seemed to express his admiration. He was then showed the strong and well-armed party, all of whom by this time had a musket or a pistol ready to use. Paul then signed to the raft and to the reef, as much as to tell the other to withdraw his party.

The sheik exhibited great coolness and sagacity, and signified his disposition to comply. Truces, Paul knew, were common in the African combats which are seldom bloody, and he hoped the best from the manner of the other, who was now permitted to return to his friends. A short conference succeeded among the Arabs, when several of them smilingly waved their hands, and most of the party crowded on the raft. Others advanced, and asked permission to bear away their wounded, in which they were assisted by the seamen as far as was prudent, for it was all-important to be on guard against treachery.

In this extraordinary manner the combatants separated, the Arabs hauling themselves over to the reef by a line, their old men smiling and making signs of amity, until they were fairly on the rocks. Here they remained but a few minutes, for the camels were seen trotting off towards the Dane on the shore; a sign that the compact between the different parties of the barbarians was dissolved, and that each was about to plunder on his own account. This movement produced great agitation among the old sheiks and their followers on the reef, and set them in motion with great activity towards the land. So great was their hurry, indeed, that the bodies of all the dead, and of several of the wounded, were fairly abandoned.

The first step of the victors was to inquire into their



own loss. This was much less than would have otherwise been on account of their good conduct. Every man had behaved well ; one of the most infallible means of lessening danger. Several of the party had received slight hurts, and divers bullets had passed through hats and jackets. Mr. Sharp had two through the former, besides one through his coat. Paul had blood drawn on an arm, and Captain Truck, to use his own language, resembled "a horse in fly-time," his skin having been rased in no less than five places. But all these trifling hurts counted for nothing, as no one was seriously injured.

The felicitations were warm and general, even the seamen asking leave to shake their sturdy old commander by the hand. Paul and Mr. Sharp fairly embraced, each expressing his sincere pleasure that the other had escaped unharmed ; the latter even shook hands cordially with his counterfeit, who had acted with spirit from first to last. John Effingham alone maintained the same indifference after the affair that he had shown in it, dropping two Arabs with his fowling-piece on landing with the sort of sportsman-like coolness with which he was in the practice of dropping woodcocks at home.

"I fear Mr. Monday is seriously hurt," this gentleman said to the captain in the midst of his congratulations : "he sits aloof on the box yonder, and looks exhausted."

"Mr. Monday ! I hope not, with all my heart. He is a capital *diplomat*e, and a stout boarder. And Mr. Dodge, too ! I miss Mr. Dodge."

"Mr. Dodge must have remained behind to console the ladies," returned Paul, "finding that your second mate had abandoned them, like a recreant as he is."

The captain shook his disobedient mate by the hand a second time, swore he was a mutineer for violating his orders, and ended by declaring that the day was not distant when he and Mr. Leach should command two as good liners as ever sailed out of America.

"I'll have nothing to do with either of you as soon as we reach home," he concluded. "There was Leach a foot or two ahead of me the whole time ; and as for the second officer, I should be justified in logging him as having run.



Well, well ; young men will be young men ; and so would old men, too, Mr. John Effingham, if they knew how. But Mr. Monday does look doleful ; and I am afraid we shall be obliged to overhaul the medicine-chest."

Mr. Monday, however, was beyond the aid of medicine. A ball had passed through his shoulder in landing, notwithstanding which he had pressed into the *mêlée*, where a spear had been thrust into his chest. The last wound appeared grave, and Captain Truck immediately ordered the sufferer to be carried into the ship, John Effingham, with a tenderness singularly in contrast to his ordinary sarcastic manner, volunteering to take charge of him.

"We have need of all our forces," said Captain Truck as Mr. Monday was borne away, "yet it is due to our friends in the launch to let them know the result. Set the ensign, Leach ; that will tell them our success, though a verbal communication can alone acquaint them with the particulars."

"If," interrupted Paul eagerly, "you will lend me the launch of the Dane, Mr. Sharp and myself will beat her up to the raft ; let our friends know the result, and bring the spars down to the inlet. This will save the necessity of any of the men's being absent. We claim the privilege, too, as belonging to the party absent."

"Gentlemen, take any privilege you please. You have stood by me like heroes, and I owe you all more than the heel of a worthless old life will ever permit me to pay."

The two young men did not wait, but in five minutes the boat was stretching through one of the channels that led landward, and in five more it was laying out of the inlet with a steady breeze.

The instant Captain Truck retrod the deck of his ship was one of uncontrollable feeling with the old seaman. The ship had served too much to admit of walking with ease, and he sat down on the combings of the main hatch, and fairly wept like an infant. So high had his feelings been wrought that this outbreking was violent, and the men wondered to see their grey-headed stern old commander so unmanned. He seemed at length ashamed himself, for,

rising like a worried tiger, he began to issue his orders as sternly as was his wont.

"What the devil are you gaping at, men? did you never see a ship on her bilge before, that you stand like so many marines, with their 'eyes right!' and 'pipe-clay?'"

"Take it more kindly, Captain Truck," returned an old sea-dog, thrusting out a hand that was all knobs, a fellow whose tobacco had not been displaced even by the fray; "take it kindly, and look upon all these boxes as so much cargo that is to be struck in, in dock. We'll soon stow it; and barring a few slugs and one four pounder, that has cut up a crate of crockery as if it had been a cat in a cupboard, no great harm is done. I look upon this matter as no more than a squall that has compelled us to bear up for a little while, but which will answer for a winch to spin yarns on all the rest of our days."

"D—n me, but you are right, old Tom! and I'll make no more account of the matter. Mr. Leach, give the people a little encouragement. There is enough left in the jug that you'll find in the stern-sheets of the pinnace, and then turn-to and strike in all this dunnage that the Arabs have been scattering on the sands. We'll stow it when we get the ship into an easier bed."

This was the signal for work; and these straight-forward tars, who had just been in the confusion and hazards of a fight, first took their grog, and then commenced their labour in earnest. As they had only, with their knowledge and readiness, to repair the damage done by the ignorant and hurried Arabs, in a short time every thing was on board the ship again, when their attention was directed to the situation of the vessel itself. Not to anticipate events, however, we will now return to the party in the launch.

The reader will readily imagine the feelings with which Mr. Effingham and his party listened to the report of the first gun. As they all remained below, they were ignorant who the individual was that kept pacing over their heads, though it was believed to be the second mate.

"My eyes grow dim," said Mr. Effingham, who was looking through the glass; "try to see what is passing, Eve?"

"Father, I cannot look," returned the pallid girl. "It is misery enough to hear these frightful guns."

"It is awful!" said Nanny, folding her arms about her child; "and I wonder that such gentlemen as Mr. John and Mr. Powis should go on an enterprise so wicked!"

"*Voulez-vous avoir la complaisance, monsieur?*" said Mademoiselle Vieffville, taking the glass from Mr. Effingham. "*Ha! le combat commence en effet!*"

"Is it the Arabs who fire?" demanded Eve, unable to repress her interest.

"*Non, c'est cet admirable jeune homme, Monsieur Blunt, qui devance tous les autres!*"

"And now, mademoiselle, that must surely be the barbarians?"

"*Du tout. Les sauvages fuient. C'est encore du bateau de Monsieur Blunt qu'on tire. Le vieux capitaine est en avant, et Monsieur Blunt s'arrête!*"

"May Heaven avert the danger! Do you see the gentlemen at all, mademoiselle?"

"*La fumée est trop épaisse. Ah! les voilà! On tire encore de son bateau.*"

"*Eh bien mademoiselle?*" said Eve tremulously, after a long pause.

"*C'est déjà fini. Les Arabes se retirent, et nos amis se sont emparés du bâtiment. Cela a été l'affaire d'un moment. Ces jeunes gens sont vraiment dignes d'être Français, et le vieux capitaine aussi.*"

"Are there no tidings for us, mademoiselle?" asked Eve, after another pause, during which she had poured out her gratitude in secret thanksgivings.

"There is a boat making sail in this direction," said Mr. Effingham, who had left the glass with the governess.

"*Oui, c'est le bateau de Monsieur Blunt.*"

"And who is in it?" demanded the father, for the meed of a world could not have enabled Eve to speak.

"*Je vois Monsieur Sharp, oui—c'est bien lui.*"

"Is he alone?"

"*Non il y en a deux—mais—oui—c'est Monsieur Blunt!*"

Eve bowed her face, and while her soul melted in gra-

titude to God, the feelings of her sex caused the blood to suffuse her features to the brightness of crimson.

It was a feverish half-hour to those in the launch, that intervened between this dialogue and the moment when the boat of the Dane came alongside. Every face was at the windows, and the young men were received like deliverers.

"But Cousin Jack," said Eve, across whose speaking countenance apprehensions and joy cast their shadows and gleams like April clouds athwart a brilliant sky; "my father has not been able to discover his form on the bank?"

The gentlemen explained the misfortune of Mr. Monday, and related the manner in which John Effingham had assumed the office of nurse. A few delicious minutes passed, for nothing is more grateful than the happiness that first succeeds a victory, and the young men proceeded to lift the keedge, assisted by the servant of Mr. Effingham. The sails were set, and in fifteen minutes the long-desired and much-coveted raft approached the inlet.

Paul steered the larger boat, and gave to Mr. Sharp directions how to steer the other. The tide was flowing into the passage, and by keeping his weatherly position the young man carried his long train of spars with so much precision into its opening, that, favoured by the current, it was drawn through without touching a rock, and brought in triumph to the very margin of the bank. Here it was secured, the sails and cordage were brought ashore, and the whole party landed.

The last twenty hours seemed like a dream as they again walked the sand in security and hope. They had now assembled every material of safety, and all that remained was to get the ship off the shore and rig her, Mr. Leach having reported that she was as tight as the day she left London.



## CHAPTER XXVII.

MADemoiselle VIEFVILLE hastened to the wounded man, while Eve, attended by Ann, ascended the ship and made her way into the cabins in the best manner the leaning position of the vessel allowed. Here they found less confusion than might have been expected, the scene being ludicrous rather than painful.

The *soi-disant* Sir George Templemore was counting over his effects, among which he had discovered a sad deficiency. The Arabs had respected the plunder by compact, with the intention of making a fair distribution on the reef; but with a view to throw a sop to the more rapacious, one room had been sacked by the permission of the sheiks. This room happened to be that of Sir George Templemore, and the patent razors, the dressing-case, the toys, to say nothing of innumerable vestments, had disappeared.

"Do me the favour, Miss Effingham," he said, appealing to Eve, — "do me the favour to look and see the manner in which I have been treated. Not a comb nor a razor left; not a garment to make myself decent in! I'm sure such conduct is a disgrace to barbarians even: I'm sure we ought to be grateful they did not strip the ship."

"We ought, indeed, sir," returned Eve, who, while she had known from the beginning of his being an impostor, was willing to ascribe his fraud to vanity, and now felt charitable towards him on account of the spirit he had shown in the combat; "though I trust we shall have escaped better. Our effects were principally in the baggage room, and that, I understand, has not been touched."

"Monstrous wastefulness!" cried Saunders, as Eve passed on towards her own cabin. "Just be so kind, Miss Effingham, ma'am, to look into this here pantry once! Them niggers, I do believe, have had their fingers in every thing. Some of the shrieks" (for so the stewards styled the chiefs) "have been yelling well in this place, as you may see, by the manner in which they have spilled the mustard and mangled that cold duck. And would you



think it, Miss Effingham, ma'am, that the last gun Mr. Blunt fired, diwested about half a dozen of the fowls that happened to be in the way. I should think as experienced a gentleman as Mr. Blunt might have shot the Arabs instead of my poultry !”

“ So it is,” thought Eve, as she glanced into the pantry and proceeded ; “ what is considered happiness to-day gets to be misery to-morrow, and the rebukes of adversity are forgotten the instant prosperity resumes its influence.” We shall leave her with this wholesome reflection to examine into the condition of her own room, and return to the deck.

As the hour was still early, Captain Truck went to work. The cargo that had been discharged was soon stowed, the next object was to get the ship afloat. As the kedges still lay on the reef, and all the anchors remained in their places where they had originally been placed, there was little to do but to get ready to heave upon the chains as soon as the tide rose. Previously to commencing however, the time was employed in sending down the imperfect hamper that was aloft, and in getting up sheers to hoist out the remains of the foremast, as well as the jury mainmast, the latter of which, it will be remembered, was only fitted two days before. All the appliances used on that occasion being still on deck, and everybody lending a willing hand, this task was completed by noon. The jury-mast gave little trouble, but was soon lying on the bank ; and then Captain Truck, the sheers having been previously shifted, commenced lifting the broken foremast, and just as the cooks announced that the dinner was ready for the people, the latter safely deposited the spar on the sands.

“ ‘ Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowline,’ ” said Captain Truck to Mr. Blunt, as the crew came up the staging in their way to the galley in quest of their meal. “ I have not beheld the Montauk without a mast since the day she lay a new-born child at the shipyards. I see some half a dozen of these mummified scoundrels dodging about on the shore yet, though the great majority, as Mr. Dodge would say, have manifested a disposition to amuse themselves with the Dane. In my humble opinion, sir, that

poor deserted ship will have no more inside of her by night than one of Saunders' ducks that has been dead an hour. That hearty fellow, Mr. Monday, is hit, I fear, between wind and water, Leach?"

"He is in a bad way indeed, as I understand from Mr. John Effingham, who very properly allows no one to disturb him."

"Ay, ay, that is merciful; a man likes a little quiet when he is killed. As soon as the ship is more fit to be seen, however, it will become my duty to wait on him to see that nothing is wanting. We must offer the poor man the consolations of religion, Mr. Blunt."

"They would certainly be desirable had we one qualified for the task."

"I can't say much in that way for myself. But then we masters of packets have occasions to turn our hands to a good many odd jobs. As soon as the ship is snug I shall certainly take a look at the honest fellow. Pray, sir, what became of Mr. Dodge in the skirmish?"

Paul smiled, but prudently answered, "I believe he occupied himself in taking notes of the combat, and I make no doubt will do you justice in the Active Inquirer."

"I have a grateful heart to-day, Mr. Blunt, and will not be critical. I did not perceive Mr. Dodge in the conflict, as Saunders calls it; but there were so many Arabs, that one had not an opportunity of seeing much else. We must get the ship outside of this reef with as little delay as possible, for, to tell you a secret"—here the captain dropped his voice to a whisper—"there are but two rounds a-piece left for the small arms, and only one cartridge for the four-pounder. I own to you a strong desire to be in the offing."

"They will hardly attempt to board us after the specimen they have had."

"No one knows, sir; they keep pouring down upon the coast, and once done with the Dane, we shall see them prowling around us like wolves. How much do we want of high water?"

"An hour possibly. I do not think there is much time to lose before the people get at work at the windlass."

Captain Truck nodded, and proceeded to look into the condition of his ground-tackle. It was a joyous but an anxious moment when the handspikes were first handled and the slack of one of the chains began to come in. The ship had been upright several hours, and no one could tell how hard she would hang on the bottom. As the chain tightened, the gentlemen got upon the bows and looked anxiously at the effect of each heave, for it was a nervous thing to be stranded on such a coast, even after all that had occurred.

"She winks!" cried the captain; "heave together, men, and you will stir the sand!"

The men did heave, gaining inch by inch, until no effort could cause the machine to turn. The mates, and then the captain, applied their strength in succession, and half a turn more was gained. Everybody was now summoned, even to the passengers, and the enormous strain seemed to threaten to tear the fabric asunder; still the ship was immovable.

"She hangs hardest forward, sir," said Mr. Leach; "suppose we run up the stern-boat?"

This expedient was adopted, and so nearly were the counteracting powers balanced, that it prevailed. A strong heave caused the ship to start, an inch more of tide aided the effort, and then the vast hull slowly yielded to the purchase, gradually turning towards the anchor, until the quick blows of the pall announced that the vessel was afloat again!

"Thank God for that!" said Captain Truck. "Heave the hussey up to her anchor, Mr. Leach, when we will cast an eye to her moorings."

All this was done, the ship being effectually secured, with due attention to a change in the wind, that now promised to be permanent. Not a moment was lost; but, the sheers being still standing, the foremast of the Dane was floated alongside, fastened to, and hove into its new berth, with as much rapidity as comported with care. When the mast was fairly stepped, Captain Truck rubbed his hands with delight, and immediately commanded his

subordinates to rig it, although by this time the turn of the day had considerably passed.

"This is the way with us seamen, Mr. Effingham," he observed; "from the fall to the fight, and then again from the fight to the fall. Our work, like women's, is never done; whereas you landmen knock off with the sun, and sleep while the corn grows. I have always owed my parents a grudge for bringing me up to a dog's life."

"I had understood it was a choice of your own, captain."

"Ay, so far as running away and shipping without their knowledge was concerned; but then it was their business to train me up in such a manner that I would not run away. The Lord forgive me, too, for thinking amiss of the two dear old people; for, to be candid with you, they were too good to have such a son, and I believe they loved me more than I loved myself. Well, I've the consolation of knowing I comforted the old lady with many a pound of capital tea after I got into the China trade, ma'amselle. I ran away from my mother and thought little of it! but when she took her turn and ran away from me, I began to feel that I had made a wrong use of my legs. What are the tidings from poor Mr. Monday?"

"I understand he does not suffer greatly, but that he grows weaker fast," returned Paul. "I fear there is little hope of his surviving."

The captain had got out a cigar, and had beckoned to Toast for a coal; but changing his mind suddenly, he broke the tobacco into snuff, and scattered it about the deck.

"Why the devil is not that rigging going up, Mr. Leach?" he cried fiercely. "It is not my intention to pass the winter at these moorings, and I solicit a little more expedition."

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the mate; "bear a hand, my lads, and get the strings into their places."

"Leach," continued the captain more kindly, and still working his fingers unconsciously, "come this way, my good friend. I have not expressed to you, Mr. Leach, all I wish to say of your conduct in this late affair. You



have stood by me like a gallant fellow throughout the whole business, and I shall not hesitate about saying as much when we get in. It is my intention to write a letter to the owners, which no doubt they'll publish; for, whatever they say against America, no one will deny it is easy to get any thing published. You may depend on having justice done you."

"I never doubted it, Captain Truck."

"No, sir; and you never winked. The mainmast does not stand up in a gale firmer than you stood up to the niggers."

"Mr. Effingham, sir — and Mr. Sharp — and particularly Mr. Blunt —"

"Let me alone to deal with them. Even Toast acted like a man. Well, Leach, they tell me poor Monday must slip, after all."

"I am very sorry to hear it, sir; Mr. Monday laid about him like a soldier!"

"He did, indeed; but Buonaparte himself has been obliged to give up the ghost, and Wellington must follow him some day; even old Putnam is dead. Either you or I, Leach, will have to throw in some of the consolations of religion on this mournful occasion."

"There is Mr. Effingham, sir, or Mr. John, elderly gentlemen with more scholarship."

"That will never do. All they can offer, no doubt, will be acceptable, but we owe a duty to the ship. The officers of a packet are not graceless horse-jockeys, but sober discreet men, and it becomes them to show that they have the right sort of stuff in them on an emergency. I expect you will stand by me, Leach, on this melancholy occasion, as stoutly as you stood by me this morning."

"I hope, sir, not to disgrace the vessel, but it is likely poor Mr. Monday is a Church-of-England man, and we both belong to the Saybrook Platform!"

"Ah! I forgot that! But religion is religion; old line or new line; and I question if a man so near unmooring will be so very particular; and now, Mr. Leach, let the people push matters, and we shall have every thing up forward, and that mainmast stepped yet by '*sun down*;'"



Captain Truck, like a true New-England-man, invariably using a provincialism so general in America.

The work proceeded with spirit, for every one was anxious to get the ship out of a berth so critical, as well from the vicinity of the Arabs as from the weather. The wind baffled too, as it is usual on the margin of the trades, and at times blew from the sea, though it continued light, and the changes were of short continuance. As Captain Truck hoped, when the people ceased work at night, the fore and foretop-sail-yards were in their places, the top-gallant-mast was fiddled, and with the exception of the sails, the ship was what is called a-tanto forward. Aft, less had been done, though by the assistance of the supernumeraries, who continued to lend their aid, the two lower masts were stepped, though no rigging could be got over them. The men volunteered to work by watches through the night, but to this Captain Truck would not listen, affirming that they had earned their suppers and a good rest.

The gentlemen, who volunteered an occasional drag, cheerfully took the look-outs, and as there were plenty of fire-arms, though not much powder, little apprehension was entertained of the Arabs. As expected, the night passed tranquilly, and every one arose with the dawn, refreshed and strengthened.

The return of day, however, brought the Arabs down upon the shore in crowds; for the tidings of the wrecks which had been spread by means of the dromedaries, far and wide, had collected a force on the coast formidable through sheer numbers. The Dane had been effectually emptied, and plunder had the same effect on these rapacious barbarians that blood is known to produce on the tiger. The taste had begotten an appetite, and from the first appearance of the light, those in the ship saw signs of a disposition to renew the attempt.

Happily, the heaviest portion of the work was done, and Captain Truck determined, rather than risk another conflict, to get the spars on board, and take the ship outside the reef, without waiting to complete her equipment. His first orders, therefore, when all hands were mustered,

were for the boats to get in the kedges and the stream anchor, and otherwise to prepare to move the vessel. In the meantime other gangs were busy in getting the rigging over the mast-heads, and in setting it up. As the lifting of the anchors with boats was heavy work, by the time they were got on board and stowed it was noon, and all the yards were aloft, though not a sail was bent in the vessel.

Captain Truck, while the people were eating, passed through the ship examining every stay and shroud: there were some make-shifts it is true, but on the whole he was satisfied, though he plainly saw that the presence of the Arabs had hurried matters a little, and that a good many drags would have to be given as soon as they got beyond danger, and that some attention must be paid to seizings; still, what had been done would answer for moderate weather, and it was too late to change.

The trade wind had returned, and blew steadily as if finally likely to stand, and the water outside of the reef was smooth enough to permit the required alterations, now that the heavier spars were in their places.

The appearance of the Montauk certainly was not as stately as before the wreck, but there was an air of completeness about it that augured well. It was that of a ship of seven hundred tons fitted with spars intended for a ship of five hundred. The packet a little resembled a man of six feet in the coat of a man of five feet nine, yet the discrepancy would not be noticed by any but the initiated. Every thing essential was in its place, and as the Dane had been rigged for a stormy sea, Captain Truck felt satisfied he might venture on the American coast.

As soon as the hour of work arrived, therefore, a boat was sent to drop a kedge as near the inlet as it would be safe to venture, and a little to windward of it. By making a calculation, and respecting his buoys, which still remained where he had placed them, Captain Truck found that he could get a narrow channel of sufficient directness to permit the ship to be warped as far as this point in a straight line. Every thing but the boats was now on board,

the anchor by which they rode was hove up, and the warp was brought to the capstan, when the vessel slowly began to advance towards the inlet.

This movement was a signal to the Arabs, who poured down on both reefs in hundreds, screaming, and gesticulating like maniacs. It required good nerves to advance in the face of such a danger, and this so much the more, as the barbarians showed themselves in the greatest force on the northern range of rocks, which offered a good shelter, completely raked the channel, and moreover lay so near the spot where the kedge had been dropped, that one might have jerked a stone from the one to the other. To add to the awkwardness of the affair, the Arabs began to fire with those muskets that are of so little service in close encounters, but are notorious for sending their shot with great precision from a distance. The bullets came thick upon the ship, though the stoutness of the bulwarks forward and their height as yet protected the men.

In this dilemma, Captain Truck hesitated about continuing to haul ahead, and sent for Mr. Blunt and Mr. Leach for a consultation. Both these gentlemen advised perseverance, and as the counsel of the former will succinctly show the state of things, it shall be given in his own words.

"Indecision is always discouraging to one's friends, and encouraging to one's enemies," he said, "and I recommend perseverance. The nearer we haul to the rocks, the greater will be our command of them, while the more the chances of the Arabs throwing their bullets on our decks will be diminished. It is true it will be impossible for us to bend our sails or send out a boat in the face of so heavy a fire, while our assailants are so effectually covered; but we may possibly dislodge them with the gun, or small arms, from the decks. If not, I will head a party into the tops, from which I will undertake to drive them out of reach in five minutes."

"Such a step would be very hazardous to those who ventured aloft."

"It would not be without danger, but they who fight must expect risks."

"In which case it will be the business of Mr. Leach and

myself to head the parties aloft. If we are obliged to console the dying, we are entitled to the privilege of fighting the living."

"Ay, ay, sir," put in the mate.

"There are three tops, gentlemen," returned Paul mildly, "and I respect your rights too much to wish to interfere with them. We can each take one, and the effect will be in proportion, one vigorous assault being worth a dozen feints."

Captain Truck shook Paul heartily by the hand, and adopted his advice. When the young man had retired, he said,—

"After all, these man-of war's men are a little beyond us in the science of attack and defence, though I think I could give him a hint in the science of signs. Did you see how Mr. Blunt handled his boat yesterday? As much like two double blocks and a steady drag as one belaying-pin is like another. For my part, Leach, I was as hot as mustard, whereas he was smiling as I rowed past him, though I could hardly see his face for the smoke of his own gun."

"Yes, sir, that's the way with your regular-builts. I'll warrant you he began young, and had kicked all the passion out of himself on old salts, by the time he was eighteen. He doesn't seem like one of the d—n-my-eye breed.

"Not he. I say, Leach; perhaps he might lend us a hand when it comes to the pinch with poor Monday. I have a great desire that the worthy fellow should take his departure decently."

"Well, sir, I think you had better propose it. For my part, I'm quite willing to go into all three of the tops alone, rather than disappoint a dying man."

The captain promised to look to the matter, and then they turned their attention to the ship, which in a few more minutes was up as near the kedge as it was prudent to haul her.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE Montauk now lay close to the inlet, and even a little to windward of its entrance ; but the channel was crooked, not a sail was bent, nor was it possible to bend one properly without exposing the men to the Arabs, who, from firing loosely, had got to be more deliberate, aiming at the places where a head or an arm was occasionally seen. To prolong this state of things was merely to increase the evil, and Truck determined to make an effort to dislodge his enemies.

With this view the gun was loaded on board, filled nearly to the muzzle with slugs, then raised with care on the top-gallant-forecastle, and cautiously pushed forward near the gunwale. Had the barbarians understood the construction of a vessel they might have destroyed half of the packet's crew while thus engaged by firing through the planks ; but, ignorant of the weakness of the defences, they aimed at the openings, or over the rails.

By lowering the gaff the spanker was imperfectly bent ; that is, it was bent on the upper leech. The boom was got in under cover of the hurricane-house, and of the bundle of sail ; the out-hauler was bent, the boom replaced, the sail being hoisted with little and a hurried lacing to the luff. This was not effected without hazard, though the nearness of the bows to the rocks prevented most of the Arabs from perceiving what passed so far aft. Still, others nearer to the shore caught glimpses of the actors, and several narrow escapes were the consequence. By a little management, notwithstanding, the luff of the spanker was made to stand tolerably well ; and the ship had at last the benefit of this sail.

The Dane had been a seaman of the old school ; and, instead of the more modern spenser, his ship had been fitted with old-fashioned stay-sails. Of these it was possible to bend the main and mizen stay-sails in tolerable security, provided the ends of the halyards could be got down. As this, however, would be nearly all aftersail, the captain determined to make an effort to overhaul the bunt-lines and leechlines of the foresail, at the same time that



men were sent aloft after the ends of the halyards. He also thought it possible to set a fore-topmast-staysail flying.

No one was deceived in this matter. The danger and the mode of operating were explained clearly, and then Captain Truck asked for volunteers. These were instantly found ; Mr. Leach and the second mate setting the example by stepping forward as the first two.

Two men were prepared to run up on the foreyard at the word. Both of these, one of whom was Mr. Leach, carried three small balls of marline, to the end of each of which was attached a cod-hook, the barb being filed off in order to prevent its being caught. By these hooks the balls were fastened to the jackets of the adventurers. Two others stood ready at the foot of the main and mizen-riggings. By the gun lay Paul and three men ; while several of the passengers, and a few of the best shots among the crew, were stationed on the forecastle, armed with muskets.

"Is every body ready?" called out the captain from the quarter-deck.

"All ready!" and "Ay, ay, sir!" were answered from the different points of the ship.

"Haul out the spanker!"

As soon as this sail was set, the stern of the ship swung round towards the inlet, so as to turn the bow on which the gun was placed towards the part of the reef where the Arabs were in greatest numbers.

"Be steady, men! and do not hurry yourselves, though active as wild-cats! Up, and away!"

The two fore-yard men, and the two by the after-masts, sprang into the rigging like squirrels, and were running aloft before the captain had done speaking. At the same instant one of the three by the gun leaped on the bowsprit, and ran out towards the stay. Paul, and the other two rose and shoved the gun to its berth ; and the small-arms men showed themselves at the rails.

So many, all in swift motion, appearing at the same moment in the rigging, distracted the attention of the Arabs, for an instant, though scattering shots were fired. Paul knew that the danger would be greatest when the men aloft were stationary, and he was in no haste. For half a minute

he was busy in choosing his object, and in levelling the gun ; then it was fired. He had chosen the moment well ; for Mr. Leach and his fellow adventurers were already on the fore-yard, and the Arabs had arisen from their covers in the eagerness of taking aim. The small-arms men poured in their volley, and then little more could be done in the way of the offensive, nearly all the powder in the ship having been expended.

Among the Arabs a few fell, and those most exposed to the fire from the ship were staggered, losing near a minute in their confusion ; but those more remote maintained hot discharges after the first surprise. The whole time occupied in what we are going to relate was about three minutes ; the action of the several parts going on simultaneously.

The adventurer forward, though nearest to the enemy, was least exposed. Partly covered by the bowsprit, he ran nimbly out on that spar till he reached the stay. Here he cut the stop of the fore-topmast halyards, overhauled the running part, and let the block swing in. He then hooked a block that he had carried out with him, and in which the bight of a rope had been rove through the thimble, and ran in as fast as possible. This duty, which had appeared the most hazardous of all the different adventures on account of the proximity of the bowsprit to the reef, was the first done, and with the least real risk ; the man being partly concealed by the smoke of the gun, as well as by the bowsprit. He escaped uninjured.

. As the two men aft pursued exactly the same course, the movements of one will explain those of the other. On reaching the yard, the adventurer sprang on it, caught the hook of the halyard-block, and threw himself off without an instant's hesitation, overhauling the halyards by his weight. Men stood in readiness below to check the fall by easing off the other end of the rope, and the hardy fellow reached the deck in safety. This seemed a nervous undertaking to the landsmen ; but the seamen, who so well understood the machinery of their vessel, made light of it.

On the fore-yard, Mr. Leach passed out on one yard-arm and his co-adventurer on the other. Each left a hook in the knot of the inner buntline, as he went out, and dropped

the ball of marline on deck. The same was done at the outer buntlines, and at the leechlines. Here the mate returned, according to his orders, leaped upon the rigging and thence upon a backstay, when he slid down on deck with a velocity that set aim at defiance. Notwithstanding the quickness of his motions, Mr. Leach received a trifling hit in the shoulder, and several bullets whizzed near him.

The seaman on the other yard-arm succeeded equally well, escaping the smallest injury, until he had secured the leechline, when, knowing the usefulness of obtaining it, for he was on the weather-side of the ship, he determined to bring in the end of the reef-tackle with him. Calling out to let go the rope on deck, he ran out to the lift, bent over and secured the desired end, and raised himself erect, with the intention to make a run in on the top of the yard. Captain Truck and the second mate had both commanded him to desist in vain, for impunity had rendered him foolhardy. In this perilous position he even paused to give a cheer. The cry was scarcely ended when he sprang off the yard several feet upwards, and fell perpendicularly towards the sea, carrying the rope in his hand. At first, most on board believed he had jumped into the water as the least hazardous means of getting down, depending on the rope, and on swimming, for his security; but Paul pointed out the spot of blood that stained the surface of the sea where he had fallen. The reef-tackle was rounded cautiously in, and its end rose to the surface without the hand that had so lately grasped it. The man himself never re-appeared.

Captain Truck had now the means of setting three staysails, the spanker, and the forecourse; sails sufficient, he thought, to answer his purpose. The end of the reef-tackle, so dearly bought, was got in, by means of a light line, thrown around it.

The order was now given to brail the spanker, and to clap on and weigh the kedge, which was done by the run. As soon as the ship was free of the bottom, the fore-topmast-staysail was set flying, like a jib-topsail, by hauling out the tack, and swaying upon the halyards. The sheet was hauled to windward, and the helm put down; of

course the bows of the ship began to fall off, and, as soon as her head was sufficiently near her course, the sheet was drawn, and the wheel shifted.

Captain Truck now ordered the foresail, which, by this time was ready, to be set. This important sail was got on the vessel, by bending the buntlines and leechlines to its head, and by hauling out the weather-head-crinkle by means of the reef-tackle. As soon as this broad spread of canvass was on the ship, her motion was accelerated, and she began to move away from the spot, followed by the furious cries and menaces of the Arabs. To the latter no one paid any heed, but they were audible until drowned in distance. Although aided by all her spars, and the force of the wind on her hull, a body as large as the Montauk required some time to overcome the *vis inertiae*, and several anxious minutes passed before she was so far from the cover of the Arabs as to prevent their clamour from seeming to be in the very ears of those on board. When this did occur, it brought inexpressible relief, though it perhaps increased the danger, by increasing the chances of the bullets hitting objects on deck.

The course at first was nearly before the wind, when the flat rock, so often named, being reached, the ship was compelled to haul upon an easy bowline, in order to pass to windward of it. Here the staysails aft and the spanker were set, which aided in bringing the vessel to the wind, and the foretack was brought down. By laying straight out of the pass, a distance of only a hundred yards, the vessel would be clear of every thing, and beyond all the dangers of the coast, so long as the present breeze stood. But the tide set the vessel bodily towards the rock, and her condition did not admit of pressing hard upon a bowline. Captain Truck was getting uneasy, for he perceived that they were nearing the danger, and began to tremble for his copper. Still the vessel drew steadily a-head. This outer edge was a broken, ragged, and pointed fragment, that would break in the planks, should the vessel rest upon it an instant, while falling in that constant heaving and setting of the ocean, which now began to be very sensibly felt. After all his jeopardy, the old mariner



saw that his safety was at a serious hazard, by one of those unforeseen but common risks that environ the seaman's life.

"Luff! luff! you can," cried Captain Truck, glancing his eye from the rock to the sails, and from the sails to the rock. "Luff, sir—you are at the pinch!"

"Luff it is, sir!" answered the man at the wheel, who stood abaft the hurricane-house, covered by its roof, over which he was compelled to look, to get a view of the sails. "Luff I may, and luff it is, sir."

Paul stood at the captain's side, the crew being ordered to keep themselves as much covered as possible, on account of the bullets, which were at this time pattering against the vessel.

"We shall not weather that point of ragged rock," exclaimed the young man quickly: "and if we touch it the ship will be lost."

"Let her claw off," returned the old man sternly. "Her cutwater is up with it already. Let her claw off."

The bows of the ship were certainly up with the danger, and the vessel was slowly drawing a-head; but every moment its broadside was set nearer to the rock, which was now within fifty feet of them. The fore-chains were past the point, though little hope remained of clearing it abaft. A ship turns on her centre of gravity as on a pivot, the two ends inclining in opposite directions; and Captain Truck hoped that as the bows were past the dangers, it might be possible to throw the after-part of the vessel up to the wind, by keeping away, and thus clear the spot entirely.

"Hard up with your helm!" he shouted; "hard up!—Haul down the mizen-staysail, and give her sheet!"

The sails were attended to, but no answer came from the wheel, nor did the vessel change her course.

"Hard up, I tell you, sir—hard up, hard up, and be d—d to you!"

The usual reply was not made. Paul sprang through the gangway that led to the wheel. All that passed took but a minute, yet it was the most critical that had befallen the Montauk; for had she touched that rock for an instant,



human art could hardly have kept her above water an hour.

"Hard up, and be d—d to you!" repeated Captain Truck in a voice of thunder, as Paul darted round the corner of the hurricane-house.

The seaman stood at the wheel, grasping its spokes firmly, his eyes aloft as usual, but the turns of the tiller-rope showed the order was not obeyed.

"Hard up, man, hard up! are you mad?" Paul uttered these words as he sprang to the wheel, which he made whirl with his own hands in the required direction. As for the seaman, he yielded his hold without resistance, and fell like a log, as the wheel flew round. A ball had entered his back, and passed through his heart, yet he had stood steadily to the spokes, as the true seaman always clings to the helm while life lasts.

The bows of the ship fell heavily off, and her stern pressed up towards the wind; but the trifling delay so much augmented the risk, that nothing saved the vessel but the formation of the run and counter, which, by receding as usual, allowed room to escape the dangerous point, as the Montauk hove by on a swell.

Paul could not see the nearness of the escape, but the purity of the water permitted Truck and his mates to observe it with a distinctness that rendered them breathless. Indeed there was an instant when the rock was hid beneath the counter, and each momentarily expected to hear the grating of the fragment, as it penetrated the vessel's bottom.

"Relieve that man at the wheel, and send him hither this moment," said Captain Truck in a calm stern voice, that was more ominous than an oath.

The mate called a seaman, and passed aft himself to execute the order. In a minute he and Paul returned, bearing the body of the dead mariner, when all was explained.

The rock once cleared, an open ocean lay to leeward of the packet, and, bringing the wind a little abaft the beam, she moved steadily away from those rocks that had been the witnesses of all her recent dangers. It was not long

before she was so distant that all danger from the Arabs ceased. The barbarians, notwithstanding, continued a dropping fire long after their bullets became matters of indifference to those on board.

The body of the dead man was laid between the masts, and the order was passed to bend the sails. As all was ready, in half an hour the Montauk was standing off the land under her three top-sails, the reef now distant nearly a league. The courses came next, when the top-gallant yards were crossed and the sails set; the lighter canvass followed, and some time before the sun disappeared, the ship was under studding-sails, standing to the westward, before the trades.

For the first time since he received the intelligence that the Arabs were the masters of the ship, Captain Truck felt real relief. He was momentarily happy after the combat, but new cares had pressed upon him so soon, that he could scarcely be said to be tranquil. Matters were now changed. His vessel was in good order, and, as he was in a low latitude, had the trade winds to befriend him, and no longer entertained any apprehension of his old enemy the Foam, he felt as if a mountain had been removed from his breast.

"Thank God," he observed to Paul, "I shall sleep to-night without dreaming of Arabs, rocks, or scowling faces at New York. They may say that another man might have shown more skill in keeping clear of such a scrape, but they will hardly say that another man could have got out of it better."

"It might be better to bury the dead," said Paul; for he knew Eve would scarcely appear on deck as long as the body remained in sight. "Seamen, you know, are superstitious on the subject of corpses."

"I have thought of this, but hoped to cheat those two rascals of sharks that are following in our wake, as if they scented their food. It is an extraordinary thing, Mr. Blunt, that these fish should know when there is a body in a ship and that they will follow it a hundred leagues to make sure of their prey."

"It would be extraordinary, if true; but in what manner has the fact been ascertained?"

"You see the two rascally pirates astern?" observed Mr. Leach.

"Very true; but sharks abound in this latitude."

"They'll be disappointed as to poor Tom Smith," said the mate, "unless they dive deep for him. I have lashed one of Napoleon's busts to the fine fellow's feet, and he'll not fetch up till he is anchored on the bottom."

"This is a fitting hour for solemn feelings," said the captain, gazing about him at the gathering gloom of twilight. "Call all hands to bury the dead, Mr. Leach. I confess I would feel easier myself as to the weather, were the body fairly out of the ship."

While the mate went forward to muster the people, the captain took Paul aside with a request that he would perform the last offices for the deceased.

"I will read a chapter in the Bible myself," he said; "for I should not like the people to see one of the crew go overboard, and the officers have no word to say in the ceremonies; but you man-of-war's men are generally more regularly brought up to prayers than us liners, and if you have a proper book by you, I should feel obliged if you would give us a lift on this melancholy occasion."

Paul proposed that Mr. Effingham should be asked to officiate, as he knew that gentleman read prayers in his own cabin to his own party night and morning.

"Does he?" said the captain; "then he is my man. Ay, ay; he will fetch through on one tack. Toast, go below, and present my compliments to Mr. Effingham, and say I should like to speak to him; and harkee, Toast, desire him to put a prayer book in his pocket, and then step into my state-room, and bring up the Bible you will find under the pillow. The Arabs had a full chance at the plunder: but there is something about the book that always takes care of it. This of mine was my mother's, Mr. Blunt, and I should have been a better man had I overhauled it oftener."

We pass over most of the arrangements, and come at once to the state of the ship as her inmates were assembled

on an occasion which no want of formality can render any thing but solemn. The courses were hauled up, and the main-top-sail had been laid to the mast, a position in which a ship has always an air of stately repose. The body was laid on a plank that lay across a rail, the leaden bust being enclosed in the hammock that enveloped it ; a spot of blood on the cloth alone betrayed the nature of the death. Around were grouped the crew, while Captain Truck and his mates stood at the gangway. The passengers were collected on the quarter-deck, with Mr. Effingham, holding a prayer-book, a little in advance.

The sun had just dipped into the ocean, and the whole western horizon was glorious with those soft, pearly, rainbow hues that adorn the evening and the morning of a low latitude during the soft weather of the autumnal months. To the eastward, the low line of coast was just discernible by the hillocks of sand. The sea in all other directions was dark and gloomy, and the entire character of the sunset was that of a grand picture of oceanic magnificence.

Eve pressed the arm of John Effingham, and gazed with awe at the scene.

“ This is the seaman’s grave ! ”

“ And worthy it is to be the tomb of so gallant a fellow. The man died clinging to his post ; and Powis tells me that his hand was loosened from the wheel with difficulty.”

They were silent, for Captain Truck uncovered himself, as did all around him, placed his spectacles, and opened the sacred volume. The old mariner was far from critical in his selections of readings, and usually chose some subject that he thought would most interest his hearers, which were ordinarily those that most interested himself. He now turned to the passage in the Acts of the Apostles in which the voyage of St. Paul is related. This he read with steadiness, some quaintness of pronunciation, and with a sort of breathing elasticity, whenever he came to those verses that touched on the navigation.

As soon as this chapter was ended, Mr. Effingham commenced the solemn rites for the dead. At the first sound of his voice a thrill passed through the frames of the listeners. Those solemn words commencing with “ I am



the resurrection and the life" could not have been better delivered. The intonation and manner of Mr. Effingham were without pretension, quiet, simple, and mellow, while, on the other hand, they were feeling, dignified, distinct, and measured.

When he pronounced the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth," &c. the men stared as if a voice from heaven had made the declaration, and Captain Truck looked aloft like one expecting a trumpet-blast. The tears of Eve began to flow as she listened to the much-loved tones; and the stoutest heart in that much-tried ship quailed. John Effingham made the responses of the psalm steadily, and Mr. Sharp and Paul soon joined him. But the profoundest effect was produced when the office reached those consoling but startling words from the Revelations commencing with "I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," &c. Captain Truck afterwards confessed that he thought he heard the very voice, and the men actually pressed together in their alarm. The plunge of the body was also a solemn instant. It went off the end of the plank feet foremost, and carried rapidly down by the weight of the lead, the water closed above it, obliterating every trace of the seaman's grave. Eve thought that its exit resembled the few brief hours that draw the veil of oblivion around the mass of mortals when they disappear from earth.

Instead of asking for the benediction at the close of the ceremony, Mr. Effingham devoutly and calmly commenced the psalm of thanksgiving for victory, "If the Lord had not been on our side, now may we say, if the Lord himself had not been on our side, when men rose up against us, they would have swallowed us up quick, when they were so wrathfully displeased with us." Most of the gentlemen joined in the responses, and the silvery voice of Eve sounded sweet and holy amid the breathings of the ocean. *Te Deum Laudamus*, "We praise thee, O God! we acknowledge thee to be the Lord!" closed the offices, when Mr. Effingham dismissed his congregation with the usual layman's request for the benediction.



Captain Truck had never before been so deeply impressed with any religious ceremony, and when it ceased he looked wistfully over the side at the spot where the body had fallen, as one takes a last look at the grave of a friend.

"Shall we fill the main-topsail, sir?" demanded Mr. Leach, after waiting a minute in deference to his commander's feelings; "or shall we hook on the yard-tackles, and stow the launch?"

"Not yet, Leach; not yet. It will be unkind to poor Tom to hurry away from his grave. The fine fellow stood to those spokes as a close-reefed topsail in a gale stands the surges of the wind, and we owe him this little respect."

"The boats, sir?"

"Let them tow awhile longer. It will seem like deserting him to be rattling the yard-tackles, and stowing boats directly over his head. Your gran'ther was a priest, Leach, and I wonder you don't see the impropriety of hurrying away from a grave. A little reflection will hurt none of us."

The mate admired a mood so novel for his commander, but was fain to submit. The day was fast closing notwithstanding, and the skies were losing their brilliancy in hues still softer and more melancholy, as if nature delighted in sympathising with the feelings of these lone mariners.

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

OF course, one of the first things after each individual had ascertained his own losses, was to inquire into those of his neighbours, and the party in the ladies' cabin was seated round the sofa of Eve, in the evening, conversing on this topic.

"You tell me, John, that Mr. Monday has a desire to sleep?" observed Mr. Effingham.

"He dozes. I have left my man with him, with orders to summon me the instant he awakes."

A pause succeeded, and then the discourse took the channel from which it had been diverted.

"Is the extent of our losses known?" asked Mr. Sharp. "My man reports some trifling *deficit*, but nothing of value."

"Your counterfeit," returned Eve, smiling, "has been the principal sufferer. One would think by his complaints, that not a toy is left in Christendom."

"So long as they have not stolen from him his good name, I shall not complain; for which I may have some use when we reach America, of which now there are some prospects."

"I understand from my connections that the person known in the main cabin as Sir George Templemore is not the person who is known as such in this," observed John Effingham, bowing to Mr. Sharp; "you will think I am doing honour to my own sagacity when I say, that I suspected from the first that he was not the true Amphytrion. I had heard of Sir George Templemore, and been taught to expect more in him than a man of fashion—a man of the world—while this substitute can scarcely lay claim to be either."

John Effingham so seldom complimented that his kind words usually told, and Mr. Sharp acknowledged the politeness, more gratified than he was probably willing to acknowledge to himself. The other could have heard of him only from Eve and her father, and it was doubly grateful to be spoken of favourably in such a quarter.

"This person, who does me the honour to relieve me from the trouble of bearing my own name," he resumed, "cannot be of very lofty pretensions, or he would have aspired higher. I suspect him of being merely one of those silly young countrymen of mine of whom so many crowd stage-coaches and packets, to swagger over their less ambitious fellow-mortals with the strut and exactions of the hour."

"Yet, apart from his folly in 'sailing under false colours,' as our worthy captain would call it, the man seems well enough."

"A folly, cousin Jack," said Eve with laughing eyes,

though she maintained a perfect demureness with her beautiful features—"that he shares with many others!"

"True, though I suspect he has climbed to commit it, while others have been content to descend. The man behaved well yesterday, showing steadiness as well as spirit."

"I forgive him his usurpation for his conduct," returned Mr. Sharp, "and wish with all my heart the Arabs had discovered less affection for his curiosities. I should think that they must find themselves embarrassed to ascertain the uses of some of their prizes."

"You have not spoken of your luck, Mr. Powis," added Mr. Effingham; "I trust you have fared as well as most of us."

"My loss," replied Paul mournfully, "is not much in pecuniary value, though irreparable to me. I miss a miniature, to me of inestimable value."

Eve's heart throbbed, while her eyes sunk to the carpet, and after a pause, Mr. Sharp observed,—

"A painting on its own account would hardly possess much value with such barbarians. Was the setting valuable?"

"It was of gold, and had some merit in the way of workmanship. It has probably been taken as curious rather than for its specific value; though to me, as I have said, the ship itself could scarcely be of more account—certainly not as much prized."

"Many light articles have been merely mislaid," said John Effingham: "several things of mine have been scattered through the cabin in this manner, and I understand that divers vestments of the ladies have found their way into the state-rooms of the other cabin; particularly a nightcap of Mademoiselle Viefville's, that has been discovered in Captain Truck's room, and which that gallant seaman has condemned as a lawful waif."

"*Ciel!* if the excellent captain will carry us safe to New York," coolly returned the governess, "he shall have the prize, *de tout mon cœur*."

"Here are *two* hearts concerned in the affair, and no one can foresee the consequences; but," turning to Paul,

"describe this miniature, if you please, for there are many in the vessel, and yours is not the only one mislaid."

"It was a miniature of a female, and one that would be remarked for her beauty."

Eve felt a chill at her heart.

"If, sir, it is the miniature of an elderly lady," said Ann Sidley, "perhaps it is this which I found in Miss Eve's room, and which I intended to give to Captain Truck, in order that it might reach its owner."

Paul took the miniature, which he regarded coldly, then returned to the nurse.

"Mine is the miniature of a female under twenty," he said, colouring as he spoke.

This was the humiliating moment when Eve Effingham was made to feel the extent of the interest she took in Paul Powis. On all the previous occasions in which her feelings had been strongly awakened on his account, she had succeeded in deceiving herself as to the motive, but now the truth was felt.

No one had seen the miniature, though all observed the emotion with which Paul spoke of it.

"Are *your* miniatures all safe, Eve?" Mr. Effingham inquired with interest; for among them was one of her mother that he had yielded to her only through strong parental affection, but which it would have given him deep pain to discover was lost, though John Effingham, unknown to him, possessed a copy.

"It is with the jewellery in the baggage-room, dearest father. We are fortunate that our passing wants did not extend beyond our comforts, and luckily they are not of a nature to be much prized by barbarians. Coquetry and a ship have little in common, and Mademoiselle Vieffville and myself had not much out to tempt the marauders."

As Eve uttered this, both the young men turned their eyes towards her, each thinking that a being so fair stood less in need than common of the aid of ornament.

"Sir—gentlemen—Mr. John Effingham, sir," interrupted Saunders, "Mr. Monday is awake, and so werry convalescent—I fear he will not live long. The ship

herself is not so much converted by these new spars as poor Mr. Monday is converted since he went to sleep."

"I feared this," observed John Effingham. "Acquaint Captain Truck, steward; he desired to be sent for at any crisis."

He then quitted the cabin, leaving the rest of the party wondering that they could have been already so lost to the situation of one of their late companions. But in this they merely showed their common connexion with the rest of the great family of man, who uniformly forget sorrows that do not press too hard on self, in the reaction of their feelings.

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## CHAPTER XXX.

THE principal hurt of Mr. Monday was one of those wounds that usually produce death within eight-and-forty hours. He had borne the pain with resolution; and as yet had discovered no consciousness of the danger so apparent to all around him. But a film had suddenly passed from before his senses; and a man of mere animal enjoyments, he had awakened at the very termination of his existence to something like a consciousness of his position in the moral world, as well as of his physical condition. Under the first impulse of such an alarm, John Effingham had been sent for; and he, as has been seen, ordered Captain Truck to be summoned. In consequence these two gentlemen and Mr. Leach appeared at the state-room door at the same instant.

The state-room was a neat apartment, about seven feet square. It had originally been fitted with two berths; but, previously to taking possession of the place, John Effingham had caused the carpenter to remove the upper, and Mr. Monday now lay in what had been the lower bed. This situation placed him below his attendant, and in a position where he might be the more easily assisted. A shaded lamp lighted the room, by means of which the cap-



tain caught the anxious expression of the dying man's eye as he took a seat.

"I am grieved to see you in this state, Mr. Monday," said the master, "and the more, since it has happened in consequence of your bravery in fighting to regain my ship. By rights this accident ought to have befallen one of the Montauk's people — Mr. Leach here, or myself, before it befel you."

Mr. Monday looked at the speaker as if the intended consolation had failed.

"It might have been worse, Mr. Monday," observed Leach, shifting his attitude like a man whose moral and physical action moved *pari passu*: "it might have been worse. I once saw a man shot in the under jaw, and he lived a fortnight without nourishment."

Still Mr. Monday gazed at the mate, as if he thought matters could not be much worse.

"That *was* a hard case," put in the captain; "why, the poor fellow had no opportunity to recover without victuals."

"No, sir, nor any drink. He never swallowed a mouthful of liquor of any sort from the time he was hit."

Perhaps there is truth in the saying that "misery loves company," for the eye of Mr. Monday turned towards the table on which the bottle of cordial still stood, and from which John Effingham had just before helped him, under the impression that it was of no moment what he took. The captain understood the appeal; and influenced by the same opinion, besides being anxious to console him, he poured out a small glass, all of which he permitted the other to drink. The effect was instantaneous, for it would seem this treacherous friend is ever to produce a momentary pleasure as a poor compensation for its lasting pains.

"I don't feel so bad, gentlemen," returned the wounded man with a force of voice that startled his visitors. "I feel much better, and am very glad to see you. Captain Truck, I have the honour to drink your health."

The captain looked at the mate as if he thought their visit was twenty-four hours too soon. But Leach, better placed to observe the countenance of the patient, whispered

his commander that it was merely "a catspaw, and will not stand."

"Am very glad to see you both, gentlemen," continued Mr. Monday, "and beg you to help yourselves."

The captain changed his tactics. Finding his patient so strong and cheerful, he thought consolation would be more easily received at that moment than half an hour later.

"We are all mortal, Mr. Monday."

"Yes, sir; all very mortal."

"And even the strongest and boldest ought occasionally to think of their end."

"Quite true, sir; quite true. The strongest and boldest. When do you think we shall get in, gentlemen?"

Captain Truck afterwards affirmed that he was "never before taken so flat aback by a question as by this."

"There is a port to which we are all steering, my dear sir," he said; "and of which we ought always to bear in mind the landmarks and beacons, and that port is Heaven."

"Yes," added Mr. Leach, "a port that, sooner or later, will fetch us all up."

Mr. Monday gazed from one to the other, and something like the state of feeling from which he had been aroused by the cordial began to return.

"Do you think me so bad, gentlemen?" he inquired, with the eagerness of a startled man.

"As bad as one bound direct to so good a place, as I hope and trust is the case with you, can be," returned the captain, determined to follow up the advantage he had gained. "Your wound, we fear, is mortal, and people seldom remain long in this world with such sort of hurts."

"If he stands that," thought the captain, "I shall turn him over to Mr. Effingham."

Mr. Monday did not stand it. The illusion produced by the liquor, though the latter still sustained his pulses, had begun to evaporate, and truth resumed its power.

"I believe, indeed, that I am near my end, gentlemen," he said faintly; "and am thankful — for — for this consolation."

"Now will be a good time to throw in the chapter,"

whispered Leach ; " he seems quite conscious and very contrite."

Captain Truck in pure despair, and conscious of his own want of judgment, had determined to leave the question of the selection of this chapter to be decided by chance. Perhaps a little of that mysterious dependence on Providence, which renders all men more or less superstitious, influenced him, and that he hoped a wisdom surpassing his own might direct him to a choice. Fortunately the book of Psalms is near the middle of the sacred volume, and a better disposition of this sublime repository of pious praise and spiritual wisdom could not have been made, for the chance-directed peruser of the Bible will perhaps oftener open among its pages than at any other place.

If we should say that Mr. Monday felt any very profound spiritual relief from the reading of Captain Truck, we should both overrate the manner of the honest sailor and the intelligence of the dying man. Still the solemn language of praise and admonition had an effect, and for the first time since childhood the soul of the latter was moved. God and judgment passed before his imagination, and he gasped for breath in a way that induced the two seamen to suppose the fatal moment had come. The cold sweat stood upon the forehead of the patient, and his eyes glared wildly from one to the other. The paroxysm, however, was transient, and he soon settled down into a state of comparative calmness.

Captain Truck and his mate, notwithstanding the quaintness of their language, were themselves solemnly impressed with the scene, and actuated by the kindest motives. Nothing of levity mingled with their notions, but they felt the responsibility of officers of a packet, besides entertaining a generous interest in the fate of a stranger who had fallen, fighting manfully at their side. The old man looked awkwardly about him, turned the key of the door, wiped his eyes, gazed wistfully at the patient, gave his mate a nudge with his elbow to follow his example, and knelt down with a heart as devout as is often the case with those who minister at the altar. He retained the words of the Lord's Prayer, and these he repeated aloud, distinctly, and with

fervour, though not with a literal conformity to the text. Once Mr. Leach had to help him to the word. When he rose the perspiration stood on his forehead, as if he had been engaged in severe toil.

Perhaps nothing could have occurred more likely to strike the imagination of Mr. Monday than to see one, of the character and habits of Truck, thus wrestling with the Lord in his own behalf. Always dull of thought, the first impression was that of wonder; awe and contrition followed. Even the mate was touched, and afterwards told his companion on deck, "the hardest day's work he had ever done was lending a hand to rouse the captain through that prayer."

"I thank you, sir," gasped Mr. Monday; "I thank you; Mr. John Effingham—now, let me see Mr. John Effingham. I have no time to lose, and wish to see *him*."

The captain rose to comply, with the feelings of a man who had done his duty, and from that moment had a secret satisfaction at having so manfully acquitted himself. Indeed, it has been remarked by those who have listened to his whole narrative of the passage, that he invariably lays more stress on the scene in the state-room than on the readiness and skill with which he repaired the damages sustained by his ship, or the spirit with which he retook her from the Arabs.

John Effingham appeared in the state-room, where the captain and Mr. Leach left him alone with the patient. Like all strong-minded men, this gentleman felt most disposed to concede to those who were the least able to contend with him. Habitually sarcastic and stern, he was now mild and discreet. He saw, at a glance, that Mr. Monday's mind was alive to novel feelings, and aware that the approach of death frequently removes moral clouds that have concealed the powers of the spirit while the animal part of the being was in full vigour, he was not surprised at observing the change so apparent in the countenance of the dying man.

"I believe, sir, I have been a great sinner," commenced Mr. Monday, who spoke more feebly, and in short and broken sentences.



"In that you share the lot of all," returned John Effingham. "We are taught that no man of himself, no unaided soul, is competent to its own salvation. Christians look to the Redeemer for succour."

"I believe I understand you, but I am a business man, sir, and have been taught that reparation is the best atonement for a wrong."

"It certainly should be the *first*."

"Indeed it should, sir. I am the son of poor parents, and may have been tempted to things that are improper.—My mother, too, I was her only support.—Well, the Lord will pardon it, if it were wrong, as I dare say it might have been.—I think I should have drunk less and thought more; but for this affair—perhaps it is not yet too late."

John Effingham listened with surprise, but with the coolness and sagacity that marked his character. He saw the prudence of there being another witness present. Taking advantage of the exhaustion of the speaker, he stepped to the door and signed to Paul. They entered the state-room together, when John Effingham took Mr. Monday soothingly by the hand, offering him a nourishment less exciting than the cordial, but which had the effect to revive him.

"I understand you, sir," continued Mr. Monday, looking at Paul; "it is all very proper; but I have little to say—the papers will explain it all. Those keys, sir—the upper drawer of the bureau and the red morocco case—take it all—this is the key. I have kept every thing together, from a misgiving that an hour would come. In New York you will have time—it is not yet too late."

As the wounded man spoke at intervals and with difficulty, John Effingham had complied with his directions before he ceased. He found the red morocco case, took the key from the ring, and showed both to Mr. Monday, who smiled and nodded approbation. The bureau contained paper, wax, and all the other appliances of writing. John Effingham inclosed the case in a strong envelope, and affixed to it three seals, which he impressed with his own arms; he then asked Paul for his watch, that the same might be done with the seal of his companion. After this



precaution he wrote a brief declaration that the contents had been delivered to the two for the purpose of examination, and for the benefit of the parties concerned, whoever they might be, and signed it. Paul did the same, and the paper was handed to Mr. Monday, who had still strength to add his own signature.

"Men do not usually trifle at such moments," said John Effingham, "and this case may contain matter of moment to wronged persons. Take the case, Mr. Powis, and lock it up with your effects, until the moment for the examination shall come."

Mr. Monday was certainly much relieved after this consignment of the case into safe hands. For more than an hour he slumbered. During this interval Truck appeared at the door to inquire into the condition of the patient, and hearing a report so favourable, in common with all whose duty did not require them to watch, retired to rest. Paul had also returned and offered his services, as indeed did most of the gentlemen; but John Effingham dismissed his own servant even, and declared it was his intention not to quit the place that night. Mr. Monday had reposed confidence in him, appeared to be gratified by his presence, and he felt it to be a duty not to desert a fellow-creature in his extremity.

During the troubled slumbers of the dying man his attendant sat watching the struggles of his countenance, which seemed to betray the workings of the soul that was about to quit its tenement, and he mused on the character and fate of the being whose departure for the world of spirits he was called on to witness!

"Of his origin I know nothing," thought John Effingham, "except by his own declarations, and the evident fact that, as regards station, it can scarcely have reached mediocrity. He is one of those who appear to live for the most vulgar motives that are admissible among men of any culture, and whose refinement, such as it is, is purely of the conventional class of habits. Ignorant, prejudiced, wily, with an air of blustering honesty; credulous and intolerant; bold in remarks, without a spark of discrimination; good-humoured by nature, yet querulous from imita-

tion ;—for what purposes was such a creature brought into existence, to be hurried out of it in this eventful manner ? ”

A groan from Mr. Monday interrupted these musings. The patient signed for nourishment, and revived a little.

“ What is the day of the week ? ” he asked, with an anxiety that surprised his kind attendant.

“ It is, or rather it *was*, Monday ; for we are now past midnight.”

“ I am glad of it, sir ; very glad of it.”

“ Why should the day of the week be of consequence to you now ? ”

“ There is a saying, sir—I have faith in sayings—they told me I was born of a Monday, and should die of a Monday.”

The other was shocked at this evidence of a lingering superstition in one who could not survive many hours, and he spoke to him of the Saviour, and of his mediation for man. All this could John Effingham do at need, for few had clearer perceptions of this state of probation than himself. The dying man heard him attentively, and the words made a momentary impression.

“ I do not wish to die, sir,” Mr. Monday said suddenly after a long pause.

“ It is the general fate ; when the moment arrives, we ought to prepare ourselves to meet it.”

“ I am no coward, Mr. Effingham.”

“ In one sense I know you are not, for I have seen you proved. I hope you will not be one in any sense. You are now in a situation in which manhood will avail you nothing : your dependence should be placed altogether on God.”

“ I know it, sir—I try to feel thus ; but I do not wish to die.”

“ The love of Christ is illimitable,” said John Effingham, powerfully affected by the other’s hopeless misery.

“ I know it—I hope it—I wish to believe it. Have *you* a mother, Mr. Effingham ? ”

“ She has been dead many years.”

“ A wife ? ”

John Effingham gasped for breath, and one might have mistaken him at the moment for the sufferer.

"None: I am without parent, brother, sister, wife, or child. My nearest relatives are in this ship."

"I am of little value; but, such as I am, my mother will miss me."

"If you have any message for your mother, Mr. Monday, I shall have great satisfaction in attending to your wishes."

"I thank you, sir; I know of none. She has her notions on religion, and I think it would lessen her sorrow to hear that I had Christian burial."

"Set your heart at rest on that subject; all that our situation will allow shall be done."

"Of what account will it all be? I wish I had drunk less and thought more."

John Effingham could say nothing to a compunction so necessary, though so tardy. But Mr. Monday was startled by the near approach of death, rather than repentant. He had indurated his feelings by the continued practice of a deadening self-indulgence, and he was now like a man who unexpectedly finds himself in the presence of an imminent danger, without any visible means of escape. He groaned and looked around, as if he sought something to cling to, the spirit he had shown in the pride of his strength availing nothing. A pause of half an hour succeeded, and John Effingham thought at first that his patient again slumbered; but, looking more closely at his situation, he perceived that his eyes often opened and wandered over objects near him. Unwilling to disturb this apparent tranquillity, the minutes were permitted to pass away uninterrupted, until Mr. Monday spoke again of his own accord.

"Mr. Effingham—sir—Mr. Effingham," said the dying man.

"I am near you, Mr. Monday."

"Bless you, bless you; do not *you* desert me!"

"I shall remain: set your heart at rest, and let me know your wants."

"Wants! I want life, sir!"

"That is the gift of God, and its possession depends

solely on his pleasure. Ask pardon for your sins, and remember the mercy and love of the blessed Redeemer."

John Effingham was often proud and self-willed in his communications with men; but, as respects God, he was habitually reverent and meek. Prayer with him was not habitual or always well ordered, but he was not ashamed to pray; and when he did bow down his spirit, it was with the force, comprehensiveness, and energy of his character.

"I will pray with you, Mr. Monday," he said, kneeling at the side of the dying man's bed: "we will ask mercy of God together."

Mr. Monday made a sign of eager assent, and John Effingham prayed in a voice distinctly audible to the other. The petition was short, beautiful, and even lofty in language, without a particle of jargon; it was a fervid, direct, comprehensive, and humble appeal for mercy on the being who now found himself in extremity. A child might have understood it, while the heart of a man would have melted with its affecting and meek sincerity. It is to be hoped that the Great Being, whose Spirit pervades the universe, and whose clemency is commensurate with his power, also admitted the force of the petition, for Mr. Monday smiled with pleasure when John Effingham arose.

"Thank you, sir; a thousand thanks," muttered the dying man, pressing the hand of the other. "This is better than all."

After this Mr. Monday was easier, and hours passed away in silence. John Effingham was convinced that his patient slumbered, and allowed himself to fall into a doze. It was after the morning watch was called that he was aroused by a movement in the berth. Believing his patient required some fluid to moisten his lips, John Effingham offered both, but they were declined. Mr. Monday had clasped his hands on his breast, with the fingers uppermost, as painters and sculptors are apt to delineate them when they represent saints in the act of addressing the Deity, and his lips moved, though the words were whispered. John Effingham kneeled, and placed his ear so as to catch the sounds. His patient was uttering the

simple but beautiful petition transmitted by Christ himself to man as the model of all prayer.

As soon as the other had done, John Effingham repeated the same prayer fervently himself, and when he opened his eyes, after this solemn homage to God, Mr. Monday was dead.

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## CHAPTER XXXI.

At a later hour the body of the deceased was consigned to the ocean with the forms that had been observed the previous night at the burial of the seaman. These two ceremonies were sad remembrancers of the scene the travellers had passed through, and for many days the melancholy they excited pervaded the ship; but as no one connected by blood with any of the living had fallen, this feeling gradually subsided.

Captain Truck regained his spirits; for, if he felt mortified at the dangers that had befallen his ship, he also felt proud of the manner in which he had extricated himself from them. As for the mates and crew they had already returned to their ordinary habits of toil and fun, the accidents of life making but brief impressions on natures accustomed to vicissitudes and losses.

Mr. Dodge appeared to be nearly forgotten during the first week after the ship succeeded in effecting her escape, for he had the sagacity to keep himself in the back-ground. At the end of that period, however, he resumed his intrigues, and was soon engaged in endeavouring to get up a "public opinion," by means of which he proposed to obtain some reputation for courage. With what success this scheme was likely to meet may be gathered by a conversation that took place in the pantry, where Saunders and Toast were preparing punch for the last of the Saturday nights that Captain Truck expected to be at sea.

"Well, I must say, Mr. Toast," the steward commenced, "that I am werry much rejoiced Captain Truck has



resuscitated his old nature, and remembers the festivals and fasts, as is becoming the master of a liner. I can see no reason, because a ship is under jury-masts, that the passengers should forego their natural rest and diet. Mr. Monday made a good end, they say, and he had as handsome a burial as I ever laid eyes on at sea. I don't think his friends could have interred him more efficaciously had he been on shore."

"It is something, Mr. Saunders, to be able to reflect beforehand on the respectable funeral that your friends have just given you. There is a great gratification to contemplate on such an ewent."

"You improve in language, Toast, I allow; but you sometimes get the words a little wrong. We suspect before a thing recurs, and reflect on it after it has ewentuated. Talking of the battle, Mr. Toast, I take this occasion to express to you the high opinion I entertain of your own conduct. I was a little afraid you might injure Captain Truck in the conflict; but, so far as I have ascertained, you hurt nobody."

"They say Mr. Dodge didn't do much harm either. For my part I saw nothing of him."

Saunders laid a finger on his nose, and shook his head significantly.

"You may speak to me with confidence and mistrust, Toast," he said, "for we are friends, besides being officers in the same pantry. Has Mr. Dodge conversed with you concerning the ewents of those two or three werry ewentful days?"

"He has insinevated considerable, Mr. Saunders; though I do not think Mr. Dodge is a werry free talker."

"Has he suggested the propriety of having an account of the whole affair made out by the people, and sustained by affidavits?"

"Well, sir, I imagine he has. At all ewents, he has been much on the forecastle lately, endeavouring to persuade the people that *they* retook the ship, and that the passengers were so many encumbrancers."

"And are the people such *non composses* as to believe him, Toast?"

“ Why, sir, it is agreeable to humanity to think well of ourselves. I do not say that anybody actually *believes* this ; but, in my poor judgment, Mr. Saunders, there are men in the ship that would find it *pleasant* to believe it if they could.”

“ Werry true, for that is natural. Your hint, Toast, has enlightened my mind on a little obscurity that has lately prewailed over my conceptions. There are Johnson, and Briggs, and Hewson, three of the greatest skulks in the ship, the only men who prewaricated in the least in the fight ; and these three men have told me that Mr. Dodge was the person who had the gun put on the box, and that he drew the Arabs upon the raft. Now, I say, no men with their eyes open could have made such a mistake, except they made it on purpose. Do you corroborate or contrawerse this statement, Toast ?”

“ I contrawerse it, sir ; for it was Mr. Blunt.”

“ I am glad we are of the same opinion, I shall say nothing till the proper moment arrives, and then I shall exhibit my sentiments, Mr. Toast, for truth is truth.”

“ Mister Saunders,” called out the captain from his seat at the head of the table.

“ Captain Truck, sir.”

“ Let us taste your liquors.”

This was the signal that the Saturday-night was about to commence, and the officers of the pantry presented their compounds. On this occasion the ladies had declined being present, but the earnest appeals of the well-meaning captain had overcome the scruples of the gentlemen, all of whom, to avoid the appearance of disrespect to his wishes, had consented to appear.

“ This is the last Saturday-night, gentlemen, that I shall probably have the honour of passing in your good company,” said Captain Truck, as he disposed of the pitchers and glasses before him ; “ and I feel it to be a gratification with which I would not willingly dispense. We are now to the westward of the gulf, and, according to my calculations, within a hundred miles of Sandy Hook, which, with this mild south-west wind and our weatherly position, I hope to be able to show you some time about eight o’clock

to-morrow morning. Quicker passages have been made certainly, but forty days, after all, is no great matter for the westerly run, considering that we have had a look at Africa, and are walking on crutches. Without the prudence and courage that you have displayed, God knows what would have become of the poor Montauk, and from the bottom of my heart I thank you, each and all, while I have the heart-felt satisfaction of seeing you around me, and of drinking to your future health, happiness, and prosperity."

The passengers acknowledged their thanks by bows, among which that of Mr. Dodge was conspicuous.

"Come, gentlemen," he continued; "let us fill and do honour to the night. God has us all in his keeping, and we drift about in the squalls of life, pretty much as he orders the wind to blow. 'Sweethearts and wives!' and, Mr. Effingham, we will not forget beautiful, spirited, sensible, and charming daughters."

After this piece of nautical gallantry, the glass began to circulate. The captain, the false baronet, and Mr. Dodge, indulged freely, though the first was too careful of the reputation of his ship to forget that he was on the American coast in November. The others partook more sparingly, though even they submitted in a slight degree to the influence of good cheer, and for the first time since their escape the laugh was heard in the cabin, as was wont before to be the case. An hour of such indulgence produced again some of the freedom and ease which mark the associations of a ship after the ice is fairly broken, and even Mr. Dodge began to be tolerated. This person, notwithstanding his conduct on the occasion of the battle, had contrived to maintain his ground with the spurious baronet by dint of flattery, while the others had rather felt pity than aversion on account of his cowardice. The gentlemen did not mention his desertion at the critical moment, (though Mr. Dodge never forgave those who witnessed it,) for they looked upon his conduct as the result of a natural infirmity, that rendered him as much the subject of compassion as of reproach. Encouraged by this forbearance, and mistaking its motives, he had begun to hope his absence had not been detected, and even carried his audacity so far as to make an attempt

to persuade Mr. Sharp that he had actually been one of those who went in the launch of the *Dane* to bring down the other boat and raft to the reef, after the ship had been recaptured. It is true in this attempt he had met with a cold repulse, but it was so gentleman-like, that he had still hopes of succeeding in persuading the other to believe what he affirmed. So much confusion existed in his own faculties during the fray, that Mr. Dodge was fain to believe others might not have been able to distinguish things very accurately.

Under the influence of these feelings Captain Truck, when the glass had circulated a little freely, called on the editor of the *Active Inquirer* to favour the company with some more extracts from his journal. Little persuasion was necessary, and Mr. Dodge went to bring forth the records of his observations, with a conviction that he was about to resume his place in the social relations of the ship. But most of the party began now to retire, and one by one left the table. Captain Truck, however, sent for Mr. Leach, and these two worthies, with Mr. Dodge and the spurious baronet, sat an hour longer, when all retired to their berths.

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## CHAPTER XXXII.

HAPPY is the man who arrives on the coast of New York, with the wind at the southward, in the month of November. There are two conditions of the weather in which the stranger receives the most unfavourable impression of the climate that has been much and unjustly abused, but which conditions warrant all that has been said of it. One is a sweltering day in summer and the other an autumnal day, in which the dry north wind scarce seems to leave any marrow in the bones.

The passengers of the *Montauk* escaped both these evils, and approached the coast with a bland south-west breeze and a soft sky. The ship had been busy in the night, and when the party assembled on deck in the morning, Captain



Truck told them, in an hour they should have a sight of the long-desired western continent. As the packet was running in at the rate of nine knots, under topmast and top-gallant studding-sails, being to windward of her port, this was a promise that the gallant vessel seemed likely to redeem.

“Toast!” called out the captain, who had dropped into his old habits, “bring me a coal; and you, master steward, look well to the breakfast this morning. If the wind stands six hours longer, I shall have the grief of parting with this good company, and you of knowing you will never set another meal before them. These are moments to awaken sentiment, and yet I never knew an officer of the pantry that did not begin to grin as he drew near his port.”

“It is usually a cheerful moment with every one, I believe, Captain Truck,” said Eve; “and, most of all, should it be one of heartfelt gratitude with us.”

“Ay, ay, my dear young lady; and yet I fancy Mr. Saunders will explain it rather to be bones-felt. Has no one sung out ‘land,’ yet, Mr. Leach? The sands of New Jersey ought to be visible before this.”

“We have seen the haze of the land since daylight, but not land itself.”

“Then, like old Columbus, the flowered doublet is mine—land, ho!”

The mates and the people laughed, and looking ahead nodded to each other, and the word “land” passed from mouth to mouth with the indifference with which mariners first see it in short passages. Not so with the rest. They crowded together, and endeavoured to catch a glimpse of the coveted shore, though, with the exception of Paul, neither could perceive it.

“We must call on you for assistance,” said Eve, who now seldom addressed the handsome young seaman without a flush on her own beautiful face; “for we are all so lubberly, that none of us can see that which we so earnestly desire.”

“Have the kindness to look over the stock of that anchor,” said Paul, glad of an excuse to place himself nearer to Eve, and you will discover an object on the water.”



"I do," said Eve, "but is it not a vessel?"

"It is; but, a little to the right of that vessel, do you not perceive a hazy object at some elevation above the sea?"

"The cloud, you mean — a dim, ill-defined, dark body of vapour?"

"So it may seem to you, but to me it appears to be the land. That is the bluff-like termination of the celebrated high lands of Navesink. By watching it you will perceive its form grow gradually distinct."

Eve pointed out the place to Mademoiselle Viefville, and from that moment, for near an hour, most of the passengers kept it steadily in view. As Paul had said, the blue of this hazy object deepened, then its base became connected with the water, and it ceased to resemble a cloud at all. In twenty more minutes, the faces and angles of the hills became visible, and trees started out of their sides. In the end, a pair of twin lights were seen perched on the summit.

But the Montauk edged away from these high lands, and shaped her course towards a long low spit of sand that lay several miles to the northward of them. In this direction fifty small sail were gathering into or diverging from the pass, their high gaunt-looking canvass resembling so many church towers on the plains of Lombardy. These were coasters, steering towards their several havens. Two or three outward-bound ships were among them, holding their way in the direction of China, the Pacific Ocean, or Europe.

About nine the Montauk met a large ship, standing on a bowline, with every thing set that would draw, and heaping the waters under her bows. A few minutes after, Captain Truck, whose attention had been diverted from the surrounding objects by the care of his ship, came near the group and once more entered into conversation.

"Here we are, my dear young lady, within five leagues of Sandy Hook, which lies hereaway under our lee bow, as pretty a position as heart could wish. This lank, hungry-looking schooner inshore of us is a news' vessel, and as soon as she is done with the brig near her, we shall have her in chase, when there will be a good opportunity to get rid of all our spare lies. This little fellow to leeward, who

is clawing up towards us, is the pilot, after whose arrival my functions cease, and I shall have little to do but to rattle off Saunders and Toast, and to feed the pigs."

"And who is this ahead of us, with his main-topsail to the mast, his courses in the brails, and his helm a-lee?" asked Paul.

"Some chap who has forgotten his knee-buckles, and has been obliged to send a boat up to town to hunt for them," coolly rejoined the captain, while he sought the focus of the glass, and levelled it at the vessel in question. The look was long and steady, and twice Captain Truck lowered the instrument to wipe the moisture from his own eye. At length he called out, to the amazement of everybody,

"Stand by, to, in all studding-sails, and to ware to the eastward. Be lively, men, be lively! The eternal Foam, as I am a miserable sinner!"

Paul laid a hand on the arm of Captain Truck and stopped him, as the other was about to spring towards the forecastle with a view to aid and encourage his people.

"You forget that we have neither spars nor sails suited to a chase," said the young man. "If we haul to seaward off on any tack we can try, the corvette will be too much for us now, and, excuse me, if I say that a different course will be advisable."

The captain had learned to respect the opinion of Paul, and took the interference kindly.

"What choice remains but to run down into the very jaws of the lion," he asked; "or to ware round and stand to the eastward?"

"We have two alternatives. We may pass unnoticed, the ship being so much altered; or we may haul up on the tack we are on and get into shallow water."

"He draws as little as this ship, sir, and would follow. There is no port short of Egg Harbour, and into that I should be bashful about entering with a vessel of this size; whereas, by running to the eastward and doubling Montauk, which would owe us shelter on account of our name, I might get into the Sound, or New London, at need, and then claim the sweepstakes as having won the race."

"This would be impossible, Captain Truck. Dead be-

fore the wind we cannot escape, for the land would fetch us up in a couple of hours ; to enter by Sandy Hook, if known, is impossible, on account of the corvette, and, in the chase of a hundred and twenty miles, we should be certain to be overtaken."

" I fear you are right, my dear sir ; I fear you are right. The studding-sails are now in, and I will haul up for the high lands, and anchor under them should it be necessary. We can then give this fellow Vattel in large quantities, for I hardly think he will venture to seize us while we have an anchor fast to good American ground."

" How near dare you stand to the shore ? "

" Within a mile ahead of us ; but to enter the Hook, the bar must be crossed a league or two off."

" The latter is unlucky ; but by all means get the vessel in with the land, so near as to leave no doubt as to our being in American waters."

" We'll try him, sir, we'll try him. After having escaped the Arabs, the deuce is in it if we cannot weather upon John Bull ! "

The yards were now braced forward, and the ship was brought to the wind, so as to head in a little to the northward of the bathing-houses at Long Branch. But for this sudden change of course, the Montauk would have run down dead upon the corvette, and possibly might have passed her undetected, owing to the change in her appearance. So long as she continued " bows on," standing towards them, not a soul on board the Foam suspected her, though, now that she acted so strangely, and offered her broadside to view, the truth became known in an instant. The main-yard of the corvette was swung, and her sails were filled on the same course as that on which the packet was steering. The two vessels were about ten miles from the land, the Foam a little ahead, but fully a league to leeward. The latter, however, soon tacked and stood in-shore. This brought the vessels nearly abreast of each other, the corvette a mile or more dead to leeward, and distant now some six miles from the coast. The great superiority of the corvette's sailing was soon apparent to all on board both vessels, for she apparently went two feet to the packet's one.

The history of this meeting, so unexpected to Captain Truck, was very simple. When the gale had abated, the corvette, which had received no damage, hauled up along the African coast, keeping as near as possible to the supposed track of the packet, and failing to fall in with her chase, she had filled away for New York. On making the Hook she took a pilot, and inquired if the Montauk had arrived. From the pilot she learned that the vessel of which she was in quest had not yet made its appearance, and she sent an officer up to the town to communicate with the British Consul. On the return of this officer, the corvette stood away from the land, and commenced cruising in the offing. For a week she had now been thus occupied, it being her practice to run close in in the morning, and to remain hovering about the bar until near night, when she made sail for an offing. When first seen from the Montauk, she had been lying-to to take in stores sent from town, and to communicate with a news' boat.

The passengers of the Montauk had just finished their breakfast, when the mate reported that the ship was fast shoaling her water, and that it would be necessary to alter the course in a few minutes, or to anchor. On repairing to the deck, Captain Truck and his companions perceived the land less than a mile ahead of them, and the corvette about half that distance to leeward, and nearly a-beam.

"That is a bold fellow," exclaimed the captain, "or he has got a Sandy Hook pilot on board him."

"Most probably the latter," said Paul; "he would scarcely be here on this duty, and neglect so simple a precaution."

"I think this would satisfy Mr. Vattel, sir," returned Captain Truck, as the man in the chains sung out, "and a half three!" "Hard up with the helm, and lay the yards square, Mr. Leach."

"Now we shall soon know the virtue of Vattel," said John Effingham, "as ten minutes will suffice to raise the question very fairly."

The Foam put her helm down, and tacked beautifully to the south-east. As soon as the Montauk, which vessel was



now running along shore, keeping in about four fathoms water, the sea being as smooth as a pond, was a-beam, the corvette wore round, and began to close with her chase, keeping on her eastern or outer board.

"Were we an enemy, and a match for that sloop," said Paul, "this smooth water and yard-arm attitude would make quick work."

"Her captain is in the gangway taking our measure," observed Mr. Truck; "here is the glass; I wish you to examine his face, and tell me if you think him a man with whom the law of nations will avail any thing. See the anchor clear, Mr. Leach, for I'm determined to bring up all standing, if the gentleman intends to renew the old tricks of John Bull on our coast. What do you make of him, Mr. Blunt?"

Paul did not answer, but laying down the glass paced the deck rapidly with the manner of one much disturbed. All observed this sudden change, though no one presumed to comment on it. In the mean time the sloop came up fast, and in a few minutes her larboard fore-yard-arm was within twenty feet of the starboard main-yard-arm of the Montauk, the two vessels running on parallel lines. The corvette now hauled up her fore-course, and let her top-gallant sails settle on the caps, though a dead silence reigned in her.

"Give me the trumpet," said Captain Truck, stepping to the rail; "the gentleman is about to give us a piece of his mind."

The English captain, who was easily known by his epaulettes, also held a trumpet; but neither of the commanders used his instrument, the distance being sufficiently near for the natural voice.

"I believe, sir," commenced the man-of-war's-man, "that I have the pleasure to see Captain Truck, of the Montauk, London packet?"

"Ay, ay, I'll warrant you he has my name alongside of John Doe and Richard Roe," muttered Mr. Truck, "spelt as carefully as it could be in a primer. I am Captain Truck, and this is the Montauk. May I ask the name of your vessel, and your own, sir?"



"This is his Britannic majesty's ship, the Foam, Captain Ducie."

"The Honourable Captain Ducie!" exclaimed Mr. Sharp. "I thought I recognised the voice: I know him intimately well."

"You appear to have suffered in the gale," resumed Captain Ducie, whose smile was very visible, as he thus addressed them like an old acquaintance. "We fared better ourselves, for I believe we did not part a rope-yarn."

"The ship pitched every stick out of her," returned Captain Truck, "and has given us the trouble of a new outfit."

"In which you appear to have succeeded admirably. Your spars and sails are a size or two too small, but every thing stands like a church."

"Ay, ay, now we have got on our new clothes we are not ashamed to be seen."

"May I ask if you have been in port to do all this?"

"No, sir; picked them up along shore."

The Honourable Captain Ducie thought he was quizzed, and his manner became a little more cold, though it still retained its gentleman-like tone.

"I wish much to see you in private, sir, on an affair of some magnitude, and greatly regret it was not in my power to speak you the night you left Portsmouth. I am aware you are in your own waters, and feel a strong reluctance to detain your passengers when so near their port; but I shall feel it as a particular favour if you will permit me to repair on board for a few minutes."

"With all my heart," cried Captain Truck: "if you will give me room, I will back my main-topsail, but I wish to lay my head off shore. This gentleman understands Vattel, and we shall have no trouble with him. Keep the anchor clear, Mr. Leach, for 'fair words butter no parsnips.' Still he is a gentleman; and, Saunders, put a bottle of the old Madeira on the cabin table."

Captain Ducie now left the rigging in which he had stood, and the corvette luffed off to the eastward to give room to the packet, where she hove-to with her fore-topsail aback. The Montauk followed, taking a position under

her lee. A quarter-boat was lowered, and in five minutes its oars were tossed at the packet's lee-gangway, when the commander of the corvette ascended the ship's side, followed by a middle-aged man in the dress of a civilian, and a chubby-faced midshipman.

No one could mistake Captain Ducie for any thing but a gentleman. He was handsome, well-formed, and about five-and-twenty. The bow he made to Eve, with whose beauty he seemed instantly struck, would have become a drawing-room ; but he was too much of an officer to permit any further attention to escape him until he had paid his respects to, and received the compliments of, Captain Truck. He then turned to the ladies, and repeated his salutations.

" I fear," he said, " my duty has made me the unwilling instrument of prolonging your passage, for I believe few ladies love the ocean sufficiently easily to forgive those who lengthen its disagreeables."

" We are old travellers, and know how to allow for the obligations of duty," Mr. Effingham civilly answered.

" That they do, sir," put in Captain Truck ; " and it was never my good fortune to have a more agreeable set of passengers. Mr. Effingham, the Honourable Captain Ducie ; the Honourable Captain Ducie, Mr. Effingham ;—Mr. John Effingham, Mam'selle V. A. V." endeavouring to imitate Eve's pronounciation of the name ;—" Mr. Dodge, the Honourable Captain Ducie ; the Honourable Captain Ducie, Mr. Dodge."

The Honourable Captain Ducie and all the others, the editor of the Active Inquirer excepted, smiled slightly, though they respectively bowed and curtsied ; but Mr. Dodge, who conceived himself entitled to be formally introduced to every one he met, and to know all he saw, whether introduced or not, stepped forward and shook Mr. Ducie by the hand.

Captain Truck now turned in quest of some one else to introduce ; Mr. Sharp stood near the capstan, and Paul had retired as far aft as the hurricane-house.

" I am happy to see you in the Montauk," added Captain Truck, insensibly leading the other towards the capstan, " and am sorry I had not the satisfaction of meeting you

in England. The Honourable Captain Ducie, Mr. Sharp ; Mr. Sharp, the Honourable Captain ——”

“ George Templemore !” exclaimed the commander of the corvette.

“ Charles Ducie !” exclaimed the *soi-disant* Mr. Sharp.

“ Here then is an end of part of my hopes, and we have been on a wrong scent the whole time.”

“ Perhaps not, Ducie ; explain yourself.”

“ You must have perceived my endeavours to speak you, from the moment you sailed ?”

“ To *speak* us !” cried Captain Truck. “ Yes, sir, we *did* observe your endeavours to *speak* us.”

“ It was because I was given to understand that one *calling* himself Sir George Templemore, an impostor, however, had taken passage in this ship ; and here I find that we have been misled, by the real Sir George Templemore having chosen to come this way instead of by the Liverpool ship. So much for your confounded fashionable caprices, Templemore.”

“ And is this gentleman Sir George Templemore ?” pithily demanded Captain Truck.

“ For that I can vouch.”

“ And we know this to be true, and have known it since the day we sailed,” observed Mr. Effingham.

Captain Truck was accustomed to passengers under false names, but never before had he been so completely mystified.

“ And pray, sir,” he inquired of the baronet, “ are you a member of parliament ?”

“ I have that honour.”

“ And Templemore Hall is your residence, and you have come out to look at the Canadas ?”

“ I am the owner of Templemore Hall, and hope to look at the Canadas before I return.”

“ And,” turning to Captain Ducie, “ you sailed in quest of another Sir George Templemore — a false one ?”

“ That is a part of my errand,” returned Captain Ducie, smiling.

“ Nothing else ? — you are certain, sir, that this is the whole of your errand ?”

"I confess to another motive," rejoined the other; "but this one will suffice, I hope."

"This business requires frankness. I mean nothing disrespectful; but I am in American waters, and should be sorry, after all, to be obliged to throw myself on Vattel."

"Let me act as mediator," interrupted Sir George Templemore. "Some one has been a defaulter, Ducie; is it not so?"

"This is the simple truth; an unfortunate, but silly, young man, of the name of Sandon. He was entrusted with a large sum of the public money, and has absconded with forty thousand pounds."

"And this person, you fancy, did me the honour to travel under my name?"

"Of that we are certain. Mr. Green here," motioning to the civilian, "comes from the same office, and traced the delinquent under your name some distance on the Portsmouth road. When we heard that a Sir George Templemore had actually embarked in the Montauk, the admiral made no scruple in sending me after the packet. This has been an unlucky mistake for me, as it would have been a feather in the cap of so young a commander to catch the rogue."

"You may choose your feather, sir," returned Captain Truck, "for you will have a right to wear it. The unfortunate young man you seek is in this ship."

Captain Truck now explained that there was a person below who had been known to him as Sir George Templemore, and who, doubtless, was the unhappy delinquent. But Captain Ducie did not betray the attention or satisfaction that one would have expected from this information, his eye being riveted on Paul, who stood beneath the hurricane-house. When the latter saw that he attracted attention he advanced slowly upon the quarter-deck. The meeting between these two gentlemen was embarrassed, though each maintained his self-possession.

"Mr. Powis, I believe?" said the officer, bowing haughtily.

"Captain Ducie, if I am not mistaken?" returned the other, lifting his hat steadily, though his face became flushed.

The manner of the two, however, was but little noticed



at the moment, though all heard the words. Captain Truck drew a long "whe—e—e—w!" for this was more than even he was accustomed to in the way of masquerades. His eye was on the two gentlemen as they walked aft together and alone, when he felt a touch upon his arm. It was the little hand of Eve, between whom and the old seaman there existed a good deal of trifling, blended with the most entire good will. The young lady laughed with her sweet eyes, shook her fair curls, and said mockingly,

"Mr. Sharp, Mr. Blunt; Mr. Blunt, Mr. Sharp!"

"And were you in the secret all this time, my dear young lady?"

"Every minute of it; from the buoys of Portsmouth to this very spot."

"I shall be obliged to introduce my passengers all over again!"

"Certainly, and I would recommend that each should show a certificate of baptism, or a passport, before you announce his or her name."

"I wish I knew what the other business of this gentleman is! He seems amicably disposed, except as regards Mr. Blunt; they look coldly and suspiciously at each other."

Eve thought so too, and lost all her desire for pleasantry. At this moment Captain Ducie quitted his companion, both touching their hats distantly, and returned to the group he had left.

"I believe, Captain Truck, you now know my errand," he said, "and can say whether you will consent to my examining the person whom you have mentioned?"

"I know *one* of your errands, sir! you spoke of having *two*."

"Both will find their completion in this ship, with your permission."

"Permission! That sounds well, at least, my dear young lady. Permit me to inquire, Captain Ducie, has either of your errands the flavour of tobacco about it?"

The young man looked surprised, and he began to suspect another mystification.

"The question is so singular that it is not very intelligible."



"I wish to know, Captain Ducie, if you have any thing to say to this ship in the way of smuggling?"

"Certainly not. I am not a custom-house officer, sir; and I had supposed this vessel a regular packet, whose interest is too plain to enter into such a pursuit."

"You have supposed nothing but the truth, sir; though we cannot always answer for the discretion of our people. A single pound of tobacco might forfeit this noble ship; and observing the perseverance with which you have chased me, I was afraid all was not right with the excise."

"You have had a needless alarm, then, for my two objects in coming to America are completely answered by meeting with Mr. Powis and the Mr. Sandon, who, I have been given to understand, is in his state-room below."

The party looked at each other, but nothing was said.

"Such being the facts, Captain Ducie, I beg to offer you every facility so far as the hospitality of my ship is concerned."

"You will permit us to have an interview with Mr. Sandon?"

"Beyond a doubt. As this interview probably will be interesting, you may desire to have it in private, and a state-room will be too small for the purpose. My dear young lady, will you have the complaisance to lend us your cabin for half an hour?"

Eve bowed assent, and Captain Truck invited the two Englishmen below.

"My presence at this interview is of little moment," observed Captain Ducie; "Mr. Green is master of the affair, and I have a matter of importance to arrange with Mr. Powis. If one or two of you gentlemen will have the kindness to be present, and witnesses of what passes between Mr. Sandon and Mr. Green, it would be a great favour: Templemore, I may claim this of you?"

"With all my heart, though it is an unpleasant office. Should I presume too much by asking Mr. John Effingham to be of our party?"

"I was about to make the same request," put in the captain. "We shall then be two Englishmen and two Yankees; if Mr. John Effingham will allow me so to style him?"

"Until we get within the Hook, Captain Truck, I am a Yankee: once *in* the country, I belong to the middle states, if you will allow me the favour to choose."

The last speaker was stopped by a nudge from Captain Truck, who seized an opportunity to whisper,

"Make no such distinction between outside and inside, I beg of you, my dear sir; I hold that the ship is at this moment in the United States of America in a positive sense, as well as by a legal fiction; and I think Vattel will bear me out in it."

"Let it pass for that, then. I will be present at your interview with the fugitive; if the case is not clear against him he shall be protected."

Things were now soon arranged, it being decided that Mr. Green, who belonged to one of the English offices, accompanied by the gentlemen just named, should descend to the cabin of Miss Effingham in order to receive the delinquent, while Captain Ducie should have his interview with Paul Powis in the state-room of the latter.

The first party went below immediately, but Captain Ducie remained on deck a minute or two to give an order to the midshipman of his boat, who quitted the Montauk and pulled to the corvette. During this delay Paul approached the ladies, to whom he spoke with a forced indifference, though it was not possible to avoid seeing his concern.

His servant, too, was observed watching his movements with great interest; and when the two gentlemen went below in company, the man shrugged his shoulders and held up his hands, as one is wont to do at the occurrence of any surprising circumstance.

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## CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE history of the unfortunate young man, who, after escaping all the hazards of the passage, was now overtaken as he was about to reach an asylum, was no more than one

of those common-place events that lead through vanity and weakness to crime. His father had held an office under the British government. Marrying late, and leaving a son and daughter just issuing into life at the time of his decease, the situation he had himself filled had been given to the first, out of respect to a faithful servant.

The young man was one of those who live only for vanity. Of prominent vices he had none. Perhaps he owed his ruin to the circumstance that he had a tolerable person, as much as to any other thing. He read so much about aristocratic stature, aristocratic ears, aristocratic hands, and aristocratic air, that he was delighted to find that in all these high qualities he was not easily to be distinguished from the young men of rank he occasionally saw riding in the parks; and though he very well knew he was not a lord, began to fancy it happiness to be thought one by strangers.

His passion for trifles and toys was inherent, and had been increased by reading caricatures of fashionable men in the novels of the day, until his happiness was centered in its indulgence. This was an expensive foible, and its gratification exhausted his legitimate means. One or two trifling and undetected peculations favoured his folly, until a large sum happening to lie at his sole mercy for a week or two, he made such an inroad on it as compelled a flight. Having made up his mind to quit England, he thought it would be as easy to escape with forty thousand pounds as with the few hundreds he had already appropriated. This mistake was the cause of his destruction, for the magnitude of the sum induced the government to take unusual steps to recover it, and was the true cause of its having despatched the cruiser in chase of the *Montauk*.

The Mr. Green who had been sent to identify the fugitive was a cold methodical man, resembling the delinquent's father, whose office-companion he had been. He felt the peculation to be a reproach on the corps to which he belonged, besides leaving a stigma on the name of one to whom he had himself looked up as to a model for his own imitation. It will readily be supposed, therefore, that this person was not prepared to meet the delinquent in a very forgiving mood.

“Saunders,” said Captain Truck, in the stern tone with which he often hailed a top, and which implied that instant obedience was a condition of his forbearance, “go to the state-room of the person who has *called* himself Sir George Templemore — give him my compliments — be very particular, Mr. Saunders — and say Captain Truck’s compliments, and then tell him I expect the honour of his company in this cabin — the *honour* of his company, remember, in this cabin. If that don’t bring him out I’ll contrive something that shall.”

The steward shrugged his shoulders, and proceeded on the errand.

“This is the most unpleasant part of the duty of a packet-master between England and America,” continued Captain Truck, as soon as Saunders was out of sight. “Scarce a ship sails that it has not some runaway or other, and we are often called on to aid the civil authorities on both sides of the water.”

“America seems a favourite country with our rogues,” observed the office-man drily. “This is the third that has gone from our own department within as many years.”

“Your department appears to be fruitful of such characters, sir,” returned Captain Truck, pretty much in the spirit in which the first remark had been given.

Mr. Green was as thorough-going an Englishman as any of his class. Methodical, plodding, industrious, and regular in his habits, he had no leisure for any other opinions than those which were obtained with the smallest effort. In consequence of the limited sphere in which he dwelt, he was a mass of the prejudices most prevalent at the period when he first obtained his notions. His hatred of France was unconquerable, for he had early learned to consider her as the fast enemy of England; and America he deemed to be the general asylum of all the rogues of his own country. This opinion he had no more wish to proclaim than he felt a desire to go up and down declaring that Satan was the father of sin; but the fact in the one case was just as well established in his mind as in the other. Finding the subject so introduced, therefore, it is no wonder if some of his notions escaped in the dialogue that followed.



"We have our share of bad men, sir," he rejoined; "but the thing that has most attracted comment with us is the fact that they all go to America."

"And we receive our share of rogues, sir; and it is the subject of animadversion with *us* that they all come from England."

Mr. Green did not feel the force of this retort, but wiped his spectacles as he composed his features into a look of dignified gravity.

"Some of your most considerable men in America, I believe, sir," he continued, "have been Englishmen, who preferred a residence in the colonies to a residence at home."

"I never heard of them," returned the captain; "will you have the goodness to name just one?"

"Why, there was your Washington. I have heard my father say that he went to school with him in Warwickshire, and that he was thought any thing but clever while in England."

"You perceive, then, that we made something of him when we got him over on this side, for he turned out a very respectable sort of person. Judging from the language of some of your prints, sir, I should suppose King William enjoyed the reputation of being a respectable man in your country?"

"He is a king, sir, and comports himself as a king."

"And all the better, I dare say, for the thrashing he got when a youngster from the Vermont tailor."

Now Captain Truck quite as religiously believed in this vulgar tale concerning the prince in question as Mr. Green believed that Washington had commenced his career as one no better than he should be, or as implicitly as Mr. Dodge gave credit to the history of the schoolmaster of Haddonfield, all three of the legends belonging to the same high class of historical truths.

Sir George Templemore looked with surprise at John Effingham, who gravely remarked, —

"Elegant extracts, sir, from the vulgar rumours of two great nations. We deal largely in these legends, and you are not guiltless of them. I dare say, now, you yourself have not always been deaf to reports against America."



"You surely do not imagine that I am so ignorant of the career of Washington?"

"Of that I acquit you; nor do I exactly suppose that your present monarch was flogged by a tailor in Vermont, or that Louis Philippe kept school in New Jersey. But do you not fancy some hard things of America, more especially concerning her disposition to harbour rogues, if they come with full pockets."

The baronet laughed, but coloured.

"I will confess that the case of Stephenson made an unfavourable impression in England," he said with some reluctance.

"You mean the absconding member of parliament," returned John Effingham with emphasis. "You cannot mean to reproach us with his selection of a place of refuge, for he was picked up at sea by a ship accidentally bound to America."

"Certainly not with that circumstance, which, as you say, was purely an accident. But was there not something extraordinary in his liberation from arrest?"

"Sir George, there are few Englishmen with whom I would dwell on this subject," said John Effingham gravely; "but you are one of those who have taught me to respect you. A moment's reflection will show you that no civilised society could exist with the disposition you hint at; and as for the case you have mentioned, the man did not bring money with him, and was liberated from arrest on a principle common to all law, where law is stronger than political power. Depend on it, so far from there being a desire to receive rich rogues in America from other countries, there is a growing indisposition to receive emigrants at all, for their number is getting to be inconvenient to the native population."

"Why does not America pass reciprocal laws with us then, for the mutual delivery of criminals?"

"One insuperable objection arises from the nature of our government as a confederation, since there is no identity in our own criminal jurisprudence: but a chief reason is the artificial condition of your society, which is the very opposite of our own, and indisposes the American to

visit trifling crimes with heavy punishments. The American who has a voice in this matter, you will remember, is not prepared to hang a half-starved wretch for a theft, or to send a man to Botany Bay for poaching. The facility with which men obtain a livelihood in America has hitherto converted most rogues into comparatively honest men when they get there; though I think the day is near, now your own police is so much improved, when we shall find it necessary in self-defence to change our policy. The common language, as I am told, induces many knaves, who now find England too hot to hold them, to migrate to America."

"Captain Ducie is anxious to know whether Mr. Truck will quietly permit this criminal to be transferred to the Foam?"

"I do not think he will permit it without being overpowered, if the request be urged as a right. In that case he will properly think that the maintenance of his national character is of more importance than the escape of a dozen rogues. *You* may put a harsh construction on his course, but *I* shall think him right in resisting an illegal invasion of his rights. I had thought Captain Ducie, however, more peaceably disposed from what has passed."

"Perhaps I have expressed myself too strongly. I know he would wish to take back the criminal, but I scarce think that he meditates more than persuasion. Ducie is a fine fellow, and every way a gentleman."

"He appears to have found an acquaintance in our young friend Powis."

"The meeting between these gentlemen has surprised me, for it can scarcely be termed amicable; yet it seems to occupy more of Ducie's thoughts than the runaway."

Both now became silent and thoughtful, for John Effingham had too many unpleasant suspicions to wish to speak, and the baronet was too generous to suggest a doubt concerning one whom he felt to be his rival, and whom he had begun sincerely to respect, as well as to like. In the meantime a discussion, which had gradually been growing more dogged and sullen on the part of Mr. Green, and more biting and caustic on that of Captain Truck, was suddenly terminated by the reluctant appearance of Mr. Sandon.

Guilt, that powerful vindicator of the justice of Providence, as it proves the existence of the inward monitor, conscience, was painfully impressed on a countenance that, in general, expressed little beyond a vacant vanity. Although of a tall and athletic person, his limbs trembled in a way to refuse to support him, and when he saw Mr. Green the unhappy youngman sank into a seat, from a real inability to stand. The other regarded him sternly through his spectacles.

"This is a melancholy picture, Henry Sandon!" he said. "I am at least glad that you do not affect to brazen out your crime. What would your upright and painstaking father have said had he lived to see his only son in this situation?"

"He is dead!" returned the young man hoarsely, "and never can know it."

The unhappy delinquent experienced a sense of frightful pleasure as he uttered these words.

"It is true he is dead; but there are others to suffer by your misconduct. Your innocent sister is living, and feels all your disgrace."

"She will marry Jones, and forget it all. I gave her a thousand pounds, and she is married before this."

"In that you are mistaken. She has returned the money, for she is, indeed, John Sandon's daughter, and Mr. Jones refuses to marry the sister of a thief."

The delinquent was vain and unreflecting, rather than selfish, and he had a natural attachment to this sister. The blow, therefore, fell on his conscience with double force.

"I am afraid, Mr. Green, I have been a little thoughtless."

Sandon had fallen into the general mistake of those who err, in supposing himself unfortunate rather than criminal. He had been endeavouring to excuse his crime to himself on various pleas of necessity, and had even got at last to justify his act by fancying that some trifling wrong he had received, or which he fancied he had received in the settlement of his own private account, in some measure excused his fraud, although his own denied claim amounted merely to the sum of twenty pounds, and that which he had taken was so large.

"A little thoughtless! And is this the way, Henry Sandon, that you name a crime that might almost raise your upright father from his grave? But I will speak no more of feelings that you do not seem to understand. You confess to have taken forty thousand pounds of the public money?"

"I certainly have in my hands some money, which I do not deny belongs to government."

"It is well; and here is my authority to receive it from you. Gentlemen, will you have the kindness to see that my powers are regular and authentic?"

John Effingham and others cast their eyes over the papers, which seemed to be in rule.

"Now, sir," resumed Mr. Green, "in the first place I demand the bills you received in London for this money, and your regular indorsement in my favour."

The culprit appeared to have made up his mind to this demand, and with the same recklessness with which he had appropriated the money was now ready to restore it, without proposing a condition for his own safety. The bills were in his pocket, he made the required endorsement, and handed them to Mr. Green.

"Here are bills for thirty-eight thousand pounds," said that methodical person, after he had examined the drafts one by one, and counted their amount; "and you are known to have taken forty thousand. I demand the remainder."

"Would you leave me in a strange country penniless?" exclaimed the culprit in a tone of reproach.

"Strange country! penniless!" repeated Mr. Green, looking over his spectacles, first at Mr. Truck and then at Mr. Sandon. "That to which you have no claim must be restored. Every pound you have belongs to the public, and to no one else."

"Your pardon, Mr. Green, and green enough you are if you lay down that doctrine," interrupted Captain Truck, "in which neither Vattel nor the revised statutes will bear you out." A passenger cannot remove his effects from a ship until his passage be first paid."

"That, sir, I dispute, in a question affecting the king's



revenues. The claims of government precede all others, and the money that has once belonged to the crown, and which has not been regularly paid away by the crown, is the crown's still."

"Crowns and coronations! Perhaps, Master Green, you think you are in Somerset House at this present speaking?"

Now Mr. Green was so completely a star of a confined orbit, that his ideas seldom described a tangent to their ordinary revolutions. He was so much accustomed to hear of England's ruling colonies, the East and the West, Canada, the Cape, and New South Wales, that it was not an easy matter for him to conceive himself to be without the influence of British law. The exclamation of Captain Truck shocked him, and he did not fail to show as much by the disgust pictured in his countenance.

"I am in one of his majesty's packets, sir, I presume, where, you will permit me to say, a greater deference for the kingdom ought to be found."

"This would make even old Joe Bunk laugh! You are in a New York liner, sir, over which no majesty has any control but their majesties John Griswold and Co. Why, sir, the sea has unsettled your brain!"

Now Mr. Green did know that the United States had obtained their independence, but the whole proceeding was so mixed up with rebellion and a French alliance in his mind, that he always doubted whether the new republic had a legal existence, and had been heard to express his surprise that the twelve judges had not long since decided this state of things to be unconstitutional, and overturned the American Government by *mandamus*. His disgust increased accordingly, and there was danger that the harmony which had hitherto prevailed would be brought to a violent termination.

"The respect for the crown in a loyal subject, sir," Mr. Green returned, "is not to be unsettled by the sea; in my case, at least, whatever it may have been in your own."

"My own! why the devil, sir, do you take me for a *subject*?"

"A truant one, I fear, though you may have been born in London itself."

"Why, my dear sir," said Captain Truck, taking the



other by a button, as if he pitied his hallucination, "you don't breed such men in London. I came from the river which never had a subject in it, or any other majesty, than that of the Saybrook Platform. I begin to understand you, at last; you are one of those well-meaning men who fancy the earth but a casing to the island of Great Britain. Well, I suppose it is more the fault of your education than of your nature, and one must overlook the mistake. May I ask what is your farther wish in reference to this unhappy young man?"

"He must refund every pound of the public money that remains in his possession."

"That is just, and I say yea."

"And all who have received from him any portion of this money, under whatever pretences, must restore it to the crown."

"My good sir, you can have no notion of the quantity of champagne and other good things this unfortunate young man has consumed in this ship. Although but a sham baronet, he has fared like a real lord; and you cannot have the heart to extract from the owners the keeping of your rogues."

"Government makes no distinction, sir, and always claims its own."

"Nay, Mr. Green," interrupted Sir George Templemore, "I much question if government would assert a right to money that a defaulter fairly spends even in England, much less can it pretend to the few pounds that Captain Truck has lawfully earned."

"The money has not been lawfully earned, sir. It is contrary to law to assist a felon to quit the kingdom, and I am not certain there are no penalties for that act alone; and as for the public money, it can never legally quit the treasury without the proper office forms."

"My dear Sir George," put in the captain, "leave me to settle this with Mr. Green, who, no doubt, is authorised to give a receipt in full. What is to be done with the delinquent, sir?"

"Of course he will be carried back in the Foam, and I mourn to say that he must be left in the hands of the law."

“What, with or without my permission?”

Mr. Green stared, for his mind was one of those which would conceive it a high act of audacity in a *ci-devant* colonist to claim the rights of an old country, even did he really understand the completeness of the separation.

“He has committed forgery to conceal his peculation. It is an awful crime; they that commit it cannot hope to escape the consequences.”

“Miserable impostor! is this true?” Captain Truck demanded of the trembling culprit.

“He calls an oversight forgery, sir,” returned the latter huskily. “I have done nothing to affect my life or liberty.”

At this moment Captain Ducie, accompanied by Paul Powis, entered the cabin, their faces flushed, and their manner to each other a little disturbed. At the same instant, Mr. Dodge, who had been dying to be present at the conference, watched his opportunity to slip in.

“I am glad you have come, sir,” said Mr. Green, “for here may be occasion for the services of his majesty’s officers. Mr. Sandon has given up these bills, but two thousand pounds remain unaccounted for, and I have traced thirty-five to the master of this ship, who has received it in the way of passage-money.”

“Yes, sir, the fact is as plain as the high lands of Navsink from the deck,” drily added Captain Truck.

“One thousand has been returned by the defaulter’s sister,” observed Ducie.

“Very true, sir; I had forgotten to give him credit for that.”

“The remainder has probably been wasted in those trifles of which you told me the unhappy man was so fond. As for the money paid this ship for the passage, it has been fairly earned, nor do I know that government has any power to reclaim it. It is my duty, Captain Truck,” continued Captain Ducie, “to request you will deliver to us the person of the culprit with his effects, when we can relieve you and your passengers from the pain of witnessing any more of this unpleasant scene.”

At the sound of the delivery of his person all the danger of his situation rushed forcibly before the culprit. His

face flushed and became pale, and his legs refused to support him, though he made a desperate effort to rise.

After an instant of silence he turned to the commander of the corvette, and in piteous accents appealed to him for mercy.

"I have been punished severely already," he continued, as his voice returned, "for the Arabs robbed me of everything I had of value. These gentlemen know that they took my dressing-case, several other curious articles for the toilet, and nearly all my clothes."

Captain Ducie gave a look of pity at the miserable young man, and by his countenance it was plain to see that he felt no relish for his duty. Still he felt himself bound to urge on Captain Truck a compliance with his request. The master of the packet was a good deal divided by an inherent dislike of seeming to yield any thing to a British naval officer; his kind feelings towards this particular specimen of the class; a reluctance to give a man up to probable death; and a distaste to being thought desirous of harbouring a rogue. In this dilemma he addressed himself to John Effingham.

"I should be pleased to hear your opinion, sir, on this matter," he said, "for I own myself to be in a category. Ought we to deliver up the culprit?"

"*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*," answered John Effingham.

"That I believe indeed to be Vattel," said Captain Truck; "but exceptions alter rules. This young man has claims on account of his conduct when in front of the Arabs."

"He fought for himself, sir, and has the merit of preferring liberty in a ship to slavery in the desert."

"I think with Mr. John Effingham," observed Mr. Dodge, "and can see no redeeming quality in his conduct on that occasion. He did what we all did, or, as Mr. John Effingham has expressed it, he preferred liberty in our company to being an Arab's slave."

"You will not deliver me up, Captain Truck!" exclaimed the delinquent. "They will hang me. Oh! you will not have the heart to let them hang me!"

Captain Truck was startled at this appeal, but sternly

reminded the culprit that it was late to remember the punishment when the crime was committed.

"Never fear, Mr. Sandon," said the office-man with a sneer; "these gentlemen will take you to New York for the sake of the thousand pounds if they can. A rogue is pretty certain of a kind reception in America."

"Then, sir," exclaimed Captain Truck, "you had better go in with us."

"Mr. Green, this is indiscreet, to call it by no worse a term," interposed Captain Ducie, who, while he was not free from the prejudices of his companion, was infinitely better bred.

"Mr. John Effingham, you have heard this insult," continued Captain Truck, suppressing his wrath as well as he could; "in what manner ought it to be resented?"

"Command the offender to quit your ship instantly," said John Effingham firmly.

Captain Ducie started, and his face flushed; but, disregarding him altogether, Captain Truck walked deliberately up to Mr. Green, and ordered him to go into the corvette's boat.

"I shall allow of neither parley nor delay," added the exasperated old seaman, struggling to appear cool and dignified, though his vocation was little for the latter. "Do me the favour, sir, to permit me to see you into your boat, sir. Saunders, go on deck, and tell Mr. Leach to have the side manned—with *three* side boys, Saunders;—and now I ask it as the greatest possible favour, that you will walk on deck with me, or—or—damn me, but I'll drag you there, neck and heels!"

It was too much for Captain Truck to seem calm when he was in a towering passion, and the outbreak at the close of his speech was accompanied by a gesture with a hand which was open, it is true, but from which none of the arts of his more polite days could erase the knobs acquired in early life.

"This is strong language, sir, to use to a British officer, under the guns of a British cruiser," exclaimed the commander of the corvette.

"And his was strong language to use to a man in his



own country, and in his own ship. To you, Captain Ducie, I have nothing to say, unless it be to say you are welcome. But your companion has indulged in a coarse insult on my country, and damn me if I submit to it."

Captain Ducie bit his lip, and looked exceedingly vexed. Although he had himself imbibed the notion that America would gladly receive the devil himself if he came with a full pocket, he was shocked with the coarseness that would throw such an innuendo into the very faces of the people of the country. On the other hand, his pride as an officer was hurt at the menace of Captain Truck, and all the former harmony of the scene was threatened with a sudden termination. Captain Ducie had been struck with the gentleman-like appearance of both the Effinghams, to say nothing of Eve, the instant his foot touched the deck of the Montauk, and he now turned with a manner of reproach to John Effingham, and said,—

"Surely, sir, *you* cannot sustain Mr. Truck in his extraordinary molestation!"

"You will pardon me if I say I do. The man has been permitted to remain longer in the ship than I would have suffered."

"And Mr. Powis, what is your opinion?"

"I fear," said Paul, smiling coldly, "that I should have knocked him down."

"Templemore, are you, too, of this way of thinking?"

"I fear the speech of Mr. Green has been without sufficient thought. On reflection he will recall it."

But Mr. Green would sooner part with life than a prejudice, and he shook his head.

"This is trifling," added Captain Truck. "Saunders, go on deck, and tell Mr. Leach to send down through the skylight a single whip, that we may whip this polite personage on deck; and harkee, Saunders, let there be another on the yard, that we may send him into his boat like an anker of gin!"

"This is proceeding too far," said Captain Ducie. "Mr. Green, you will oblige me by retiring; there can be no suspicion cast on a vessel of war for conceding a little to an unarmed ship."



"A vessel of war should not insult an unarmed ship, sir!" rejoined Captain Truck.

Captain Ducie again coloured; but as he had decided on his course, he had the prudence to remain silent. In the mean time Mr. Green sullenly took his hat and papers, and withdrew into the boat; though, on his return to London, he did not fail to give such a version of the affair as went altogether to corroborate all his own and his friends' previous notions of America; and, what is singular, he religiously believed all he said.

"What is now to be done with this unhappy man?" inquired Captain Ducie, when order was a little restored.

The misunderstanding was an unfortunate affair for the culprit. Captain Truck felt a strong reluctance to deliver him up to justice after all they had gone through together, but the gentleman-like conduct of the English commander, the consciousness of having triumphed in the late conflict, and a deep regard for the law, united on the other hand to urge him to yield the offender to his own authorities.

"You do not claim a right to take him out of an American ship by violence, Captain Ducie?"

"I do not. My instructions are merely to demand him."

"That is, according to Vattel. By demand you mean to request, to ask for him?"

"I mean to request, to ask for him," returned the Englishman smiling.

"Then take him, of God's name; and may your laws be more merciful to the wretch than he has been to himself, or to his kin."

Sandon shrieked, and threw himself on his knees.

"Oh, hear me!" he exclaimed in a tone of anguish.

"I have given up the money, I will give it all up! all to the last shilling, if you will let me go! You, Captain Truck, by whose side I have fought and toiled, you will not have the heart to abandon me to these murderers!"

"It's d—d hard!" muttered the captain, actually wiping his eyes; "but it is what you have drawn upon yourself. Get a good lawyer, my poor fellow, as soon as you arrive; and it's an even chance, after all, that you go free!"

"Miserable wretch!" said Mr. Dodge, confronting the

agonised delinquent, "Wretch ! these are the penalties of guilt. You have forged and stolen, acts that meet with my most unqualified disapprobation. I saw from the very first what you were, and permitted myself to associate with you merely to expose you, in order that you might not bring disgrace on our beloved country. An impostor has no chance in America, and you are fortunate in being taken back to your own hemisphere."

Mr. Dodge belonged to a tolerably numerous class that is quaintly described as being "law honest;" that is to say, he neither committed murder nor petty larceny; when he was guilty of moral slander he took great care that it should not be legal slander; and although his whole life was a tissue of mean and baneful vices, he was quite innocent of all those enormities that usually occupy the attention of a pannel of twelve men. At this moment Paul Powis stepped up to the editor, and in a low but firm voice ordered him to quit the cabin.

"I will pray for you — be your slave — do all you ask, if you will not give me up!" continued the culprit, fairly writhing in his agony. "Oh! Captain Ducie, as an English nobleman, have mercy on me!"

"I must transfer this duty to subordinates," said the English commander, a tear standing in his eye. "Will you permit a party of marines to take this unhappy being from your ship, sir?"

"Perhaps this will be the best course, as he will yield only to a show of force. I see no objection to this, Mr. John Effingham?"

"None in the world, sir. It is your object to clear your ship of a delinquent, and let those among whom he committed the fault be the agents."

"Ay, ay! this is what Vattel calls the comity of nations. Captain Ducie, I beg you will issue your orders."

The English commander had foreseen some difficulty, and in sending away his boat when he came below, had sent for a corporal's guard. These men were now in a cutter near the ship, lying off on their oars, in a rigid respect to the rights of a stranger — as Captain Truck was glad to see — the whole party having gone on deck as soon as the

arrangement was settled. At an order from their commander the marines boarded the Montauk, and proceeded below in quest of their prisoner.

Sandon had been left alone in Eve's cabin, but as soon as he found himself at liberty, he hurried into his own state-room. Captain Truck went below, while the marines were entering the ship ; and having passed a minute in his own room, stepped across the cabin to that of the culprit. Opening the door without knocking, he found the unhappy man in the act of applying a pistol to his head, his own hand being just in time to prevent the catastrophe. The despair portrayed in the face of the criminal prevented reproach, for Captain Truck was a man of few words when it was necessary to act. Disarming the intended suicide, he coolly counted out to him thirty-five pounds, the money paid for his passage, and told him to pocket it.

"I received this on condition of delivering you safe in New York," he said ; "and as I shall fail in the bargain, I think it just to return you the money. It may help you on the trial."

"Will they hang me?" asked Mr. Sandon hoarsely.

The appearance of the marines prevented reply, the prisoner was secured, his effects were pointed out, and his person was transferred to the boat with the usual military promptitude. As soon as this was done the cutter pulled away from the packet, and was soon hoisted in again on the corvette's deck. That day month the unfortunate victim of a passion for trifles committed suicide in London, just as they were about to transfer him to Newgate ; and six months later his unhappy sister died of a broken heart.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

EVE and Mademoiselle Viefville had been unwilling spectators of a portion of the foregoing scene, and Captain Ducie felt a desire to apologise for the part he had been obliged to act. For this purpose he begged his friend the baronet to solicit a more regular introduction than that received through Captain Truck.

“My friend Ducie is solicitous to be presented, Miss Effingham, that he may urge something in his own behalf concerning the commotion he has raised among us.”

A graceful assent brought the young commander forward, and as soon as he was named he made a very suitable expression of his regrets to the ladies.

“This is a new duty to me, the arrest of criminals,” added Captain Ducie.

The word *criminals* sounded harsh to the ear of Eve, and she felt her cheek becoming pale.

“Much as we regret the cause,” observed the father, “we can spare the person you are about to take from us without much pain; for *we* have known him for an impostor from the moment he appeared. — Is there not some mistake? That is the third trunk that I have seen passed into the boat marked P. P.”

Captain Ducie smiled, and answered, —

“You will call it a bad pun if I say P. P. see,” pointing to Paul, who was coming from the cabin attended by Captain Truck. The latter was conversing warmly, gesticulating towards the corvette, and squeezing his companion’s hand.

“Am I to understand,” said Mr. Effingham, “that Mr. Powis, too, is to quit us?”

“He does me the favour, also” — Captain Ducie’s lip curled a little at the word *favour* — “to accompany me to England.”

Good breeding and intense feeling caused a profound silence, until the young man himself approached the party. Paul endeavoured to be calm, and he even forced a smile as he addressed his friends.

"Although I escape the honours of a marine guard," he said — and Eve thought he said it bitterly — "I am also to be taken out of the ship. Chance has several times thrown me into your society, Mr. Effingham — Miss Effingham — and, should the same good fortune ever again occur, I hope I may be permitted to address you at once as an old acquaintance."

"We shall always entertain a most grateful recollection of your important services, Mr. Powis," returned the father; "and I shall not cease to wish that the day may soon arrive when I can have the pleasure of receiving you under my own roof."

Paul now offered to take the hand of Mademoiselle Viefville, which he kissed gallantly. He did the same with Eve's, though she felt him tremble. As these ladies had lived much in countries in which this mode of salutation prevails, the act passed as a matter of course.

With Sir George Templemore, Paul parted with every sign of good will. The people, to whom he had caused a liberal donation to be made, gave him three cheers, for they understood his professional merits at least; and Saunders, who had not been forgotten, attended him assiduously to the side of the ship. Here Mr. Leach called, "the Foam's away!" and Captain Ducie's gig was manned. At the gangway Captain Truck again shook Paul cordially by the hand, and whispered something in his ear.

Every thing being now ready, the two gentlemen prepared to go into the boat. As Eve watched all that passed with an almost breathless anxiety, a little ceremonial that now took place caused her much pain. Hitherto the manner of Captain Ducie, as respected his companion, had struck her as equivocal. At times it was haughty and distant, while at others it had appeared more conciliatory. All these little changes she had noted with a jealous interest, and the slightest appearance was remarked, as if it could furnish a clue to the mystery of the whole procedure.

"Your boat is ready, sir," said Mr. Leach, stepping out of the gangway to give way to Paul, who stood nearest to the ladder.

The latter was about to proceed, when he was touched



lightly on the shoulder by Captain Ducie, who smiled, Eve thought haughtily, and intimated a desire to precede him. Paul coloured, bowed, and, falling back, permitted the English officer to enter his own boat first.

"*Apparemment ce capitaine Anglais est un peu sans facon — Voilà qui est poli !*" whispered Mademoiselle Viefville.

"These commanders of vessels of war are little kings," observed Mr. Effingham, who had noticed the procedure.

The gig was soon clear of the ship, and both the gentlemen repeated their adieus to those on deck. To reach the corvette, to enter her, and to have the gig swinging on her quarter, occupied but five minutes.

Both ships now filled away, and the corvette began to throw out one sheet of cloth after another until she was under a cloud of canvass, again standing to the eastward with studding sails alow and aloft. On the other hand, the Montauk laid her yards square, and ran down to the Hook. The pilot from the corvette had been sent on board the packet, and, the wind standing, by eleven o'clock the latter had crossed the bar. At this moment the low dark stern of the Foam resembled a small black spot on the sea sustaining a pyramid of cloud.

"You were not on deck, John, to take leave of our young friend Powis," said Mr. Effingham reproachfully.

"I did not wish to witness a ceremony of this extraordinary nature ; and yet it might have been better if I had."

"Better, Cousin Jack !"

"Better. Poor Monday committed to my care certain papers that, I fancy, are of moment to some one, and these I entrusted to Mr. Powis, with a view to examine them together when we should get in. In the hurry of parting he has carried them off."

"They may be reclaimed by writing to London," said Mr. Effingham quietly. "Have you his address?"

"I asked him for it ; but the question appeared to embarrass him."

"Embarrass, Cousin Jack !"

"Embarrass, Miss Effingham."

The subject was now dropped by common consent. A few moments of awkward silence succeeded, when the interest inseparable from a return home, after an absence of years, began to resume its influence, and objects on the land were noticed. The sudden departure of Paul was not forgotten, however, for it continued the subject of wonder with all for weeks.

The ship was soon abreast of the Hook, which Eve compared, to the disadvantage of the American haven, with the promontories and picturesque towers of the Mediterranean.

"This portion of our bay, at least, is not very admirable," she said, "though there is a promise of something better above."

"Some New York cockney has taken it into his poetical imagination to liken these bays to that of Naples," said John Effingham, "and his fellow-citizens swallow the absurdity, although there is scarcely a single feature in common to give the foolish opinion value."

"But the bay above *is* beautiful!"

"Barely pretty: when one has seen it alone, for many years, and has forgotten the features of other bays, it does not appear amiss; but *you*, fresh from the bolder landscapes of Southern Europe, will be disappointed."

Eve, an ardent admirer of nature, heard this with regret, for she had as much confidence in the taste of her kinsman as in his love of truth. She knew he was superior to the vulgar vanity of giving an undue merit to a thing because he had a right of property in it; was a man of the world, and knew what he uttered on all such matters; had not a particle of weakness in his composition, and though as ready as another, and far more able than most, to defend his country from the rude assaults of her revilers, that he seldom made the mistake of attempting to defend a weak point.

The scenery greatly improved, in fact, however, as the ship advanced; and while she went through the pass called the Narrows, Eve expressed her delight. Mademoiselle Viefville was in ecstasies, not so much with the beauties of the place as with the change from the monotony of the ocean to the liveliness of the shore.

Eve was too fresh from the gorgeous coast of Italy to be in ecstasies with the meagre villages and villas that lined the bay of New York, but when they reached a point where the view of the two rivers, separated by the town, came before them, with the heights of Brooklyn, heights comparatively if not positively on one side, and the receding wall of the palisades on the other, Eve insisted that the scene was positively fine.

"You have well chosen your spot," said John Effingham; "but even this is barely good. There is nothing surpassing about it."

"But it is home, Cousin Jack."

"It is *home*, Miss Effingham," he answered gaping; "and, as you have no cargo to sell, I fear you will find it a dull one."

The pilot now began to shorten sail, and the ship drew into that arm of the sea which, by a misnomer peculiarly American, it is the fashion to call the East River. Here our heroine candidly expressed her disappointment, the town seeming mean and insignificant. The battery, of which she remembered a little, and had heard so much, although beautifully placed, disappointed her, for it had neither the extent and magnificence of a park, nor the embellishments and luxurious shades of a garden. As she had been told that her countrymen were almost ignorant of the art of landscape gardening, she was not so much disappointed with this spot, however, as with the air of the town and the extreme filth and poverty of the quays. Unwilling to encourage John Effingham in his disposition to censure, she concealed her opinions for a time.

"There is less improvement here than even I had expected," said Mr. Effingham, as they got into a coach on the wharf. "They had taught me, John, to expect great improvements."

"And great improvements have been made. If you could see this place as you knew it in youth, the alterations would seem marvellous."

"I cannot admit this. With Eve, I think the place mean in appearance, rather than imposing, and so decidedly provincial as not to possess a single feature of a capital."

"The two things are not irreconcilable, Ned, if you will take the trouble to tax your memory. The place is mean and provincial, but thirty years since it was still meaner and more provincial. A century hence it will begin to resemble a large European town."

"What odious objects these posts are!" cried Eve. "They give the streets the air of a village, and I do not see their uses."

"These posts are for awnings, and of themselves prove the peculiarly country character of the place. If you will reflect, however, you will see it could not well be otherwise. This town to-day contains near three hundred thousand souls, two-thirds of whom are in truth emigrants from the interior of our own, or of some foreign country; and such a collection of people cannot in a day give a town any other character than that which belongs to themselves. It is not a crime to be rustic; it is only ridiculous to fancy yourself otherwise when the fact is apparent."

"The streets seem deserted. I had thought New York a crowded town."

"And yet this is Broadway, a street that every American will tell you is so crowded as to render respiration impossible."

"John Effingham excepted," said Mr. Effingham smiling.

"Is *this* Broadway?" cried Eve.

"Beyond question. Are you not smothered?"

Eve continued silent until the carriage reached the door of her father's house. On the other hand, Mademoiselle Viefville expressed herself delighted with all she saw, a circumstance that might have deceived a native of the country who did not know how to explain her raptures. In the first place she was a Frenchwoman, and accustomed to say pleasant things; then she was just relieved from an element she detested. But the principal reason is still in reserve: Mademoiselle Viefville, like most Europeans, had regarded America not merely as a provincial country, and this without a high standard of civilisation for a province, but as a semi-barbarous quarter of the world; and the things she saw so much surpassed her expectations, that she was delighted by contrast.



We pass over the feelings of Eve when fairly established that night under her own roof. The next morning, however, when she descended to breakfast, she was met by John Effingham, who gravely pointed to the following paragraph in one of the daily journals.

“The Montauk, London packet, which has been a little out of time, arrived yesterday, as reported in our marine news. This ship has met with various interesting adventures, that, we are happy to hear, will shortly be laid before the world by one of her passengers, a gentleman every way qualified for the task. Among the distinguished persons arrived in the ship is our contemporary, Steadfast Dodge, Esquire, whose amusing and instructing letters from Europe are already before the world. We are glad to hear that Mr. Dodge returns home better satisfied than ever with his own country, which he declares to be quite good enough for him. It is whispered that our literary friend has played a conspicuous part in some recent events on the coast of Africa, though his well-known modesty renders him indisposed to speak of the affair; but we forbear, out of respect to a sensibility that we know how to esteem!

“His Britannic majesty’s ship, Foam, whose arrival we noticed a day or two since, boarded the Montauk off the Hook, and took out of her two criminals, one of whom, we are told, was a defaulter for one hundred and forty thousand pounds, and the other a deserter from the king’s service, though a scion of a noble house. More of this to-morrow.”

The morrow never came, for some new incident took the place of the promised narration, a people who do not give themselves time to eat, little troubling themselves to go back twenty-four hours in search of a fact.

“This must be a base falsehood, Cousin Jack,” said Eve, as she laid down the paper, her brow flushed with indignation.

“I hope it may turn out so, yet I consider the affair sufficiently singular to render suspicion at least natural.”

How Eve thought and acted will appear hereafter.



## CHAPTER XXXV.

WHEN Mr. Effingham determined to return home, he had sent orders to prepare his house in New York for his reception, intending to visit his country residence when the spring should fairly open. Accordingly Eve now found herself at the head of one of the best ordered establishments in America.

One of the first visits that Eve received, was from her cousin Grace Van Courtlandt. The moment of this meeting between the two warm hearted and sincerely attached young women, was one of great interest and anxiety to both. They retained for each other the tenderest love, though the years that had separated them had given rise to so many new impressions and habits, that they did not prepare themselves for the interview without apprehensions. This interview took place about a week after Eve was established in State Street. Hearing a carriage stop, our heroine recognised her cousin as she alighted, and descended to receive her.

Eve thought she had seldom beheld a more lovely creature. Some such idea passed through the mind of Grace herself, who, though struck by the simplicity of Eve's attire, as well as by its elegance, was more struck with the charms of her countenance and figure. There was, in truth, a strong resemblance between them, though each was distinguished by an expression suited to her character.

"Miss Effingham!" said Grace advancing, while her voice was scarcely audible.

"Miss Van Courtlandt!" said Eve in the same tone.

This formality caused a chill in both; Eve had been so much impressed with the coldness of the American manner, and Grace was so sensitive on the subject of the opinion of one who had seen so much of Europe, that there was danger that the meeting would terminate unpropitiously. But the smile, cold and embarrassed as it was, that each gave, recalled to both the intercourse of their younger days.

"Grace!" said Eve, eagerly advancing a step or two and blushing.

"Eve!"

Each opened her arms, and in a moment they were locked in a fervent embrace. This was the revival of their intimacy, and before night Grace was domesticated in her uncle's house.

We pass over three or four days that succeeded, and come at once to another interview which took place in that very library which had witnessed their first soon after breakfast, and where the young ladies were still alone, when the door opened, and Pierre, Mr. Effingham's own man, announced "Monsieur Bragg."

"Monsieur who?" asked Eve in surprise.

"Monsieur Bragg," returned Pierre, "desires to see Mademoiselle."

"Who can this possibly be, Grace?"

"Admit him, by all means; it is your father's land agent: you will be obliged to make his acquaintance, and it may as well be done now as at any other time."

Pierre withdrew; and Eve opened her secretary, out of which she took a small manuscript, over the leaves of which she passed her fingers "Here it is," she said smiling; "'Mr. Aristobulus Bragg, attorney and counsellor at law, and agent of the Templeton estate.' This little work, Grace, contains sketches of such persons as I shall be most likely to see, by John Effingham, A.M. It is a sealed volume, of course; but there can be no harm in reading the part that touches on our present visiter.

"'Mr. Aristobulus Bragg was born in one of the western counties of Massachusetts, and emigrated to New York at the age of nineteen. At twenty-one he was admitted to the bar; and for the last seven years has been a practitioner in the courts of Otsego. He is quick-witted, enterprising in things in which he has a stake, and ready to turn not only his hand but his principles, to any thing that offers an advantage; is expert in his profession, has had a quarter's dancing, with three years in the classics, and turned his attention towards medicine and divinity,

before he settled down into the law. Such a compound of shrewdness, impudence, common sense, pretension, humility, cleverness, vulgarity, kindheartedness, duplicity, selfishness, law honesty, moral fraud, and mother-wit, mixed up with a smattering of learning and penetration in practical things, can hardly be described. I have employed him to watch over the estate of your father, on the principle that one practised in tricks is the best qualified to detect them.' ”

“ You know the gentleman, Grace ; is this character faithful ? ”

I do know that Mr. Aristobulus Bragg is an amusing mixture. He has been living in the house at Templeton ever since he was installed by Mr. John Effingham.”

Eve rang the bell.

“ Desire Mr. Bragg to walk in.”

Grace looked demure, and Eve was thinking of the medley of qualities John Effingham had assembled in his description, as the subject of her contemplations entered.

Mr. Aristobulus Bragg was advancing with an easy assurance, when the quiet dignity of Miss Effingham completely upset his self-possession. In consequence of having lived three years in the old residence at Templeton, he had begun to consider himself a part of the family, and at home never spoke of the young lady without calling her “ Eve.” But he found it a very different thing to affect familiarity among his associates, and to practise it in the face of its subject ; though seldom at a loss for words, he was now dumbfounded. Eve relieved his awkwardness by directing Pierre to hand a chair.

“ I regret that my father is not within,” she said, by way of turning the visit from herself ; “ but he is expected every moment. Are you lately from Templeton ? ”

Aristobulus drew his breath, and recovered enough of his ordinary manner to reply with decent self-command. The intimacy he had intended to establish on the spot was defeated. He felt immediately, and with a tact that did his sagacity credit, that his footing in this quarter was only to be obtained by cautious means. Still Mr. Bragg was a man of far-sighted views ; and, singular as it may seem, at

that moment mentally determined that he would make Miss Eve Effingham Mrs. Aristobulus Bragg.

"I hope Mr. John Effingham enjoys good health," he said; "he enjoyed bad health, I hear (Mr. Bragg was far from critical in his speech), when he went to Europe; and after travelling so far in such bad company, it would be no more than fair that he should have a little respite as he approached home and old age."

Had Eve been told that the man who uttered this sentiment presumed to think of her as his bosom companion, it is not easy to say which would have predominated in her mind, mirth or resentment.

"Are you lately from Templeton?" she repeated.

"I left home the day before yesterday,"

"It is so long since I saw our beautiful mountains, and I was then so young, that I feel great impatience to revisit them."

"I conclude they are the handsomest mountains in the world, Miss Effingham."

"That is more than I shall venture to claim for them; but, according to my recollection, they must be very beautiful."

Aristobulus looked up as if he had a facetious thing to say, and ventured on a smile.

"I hope Mr. John Effingham has prepared you for a great change in the house?"

"We know that it has been repaired under his directions."

"We consider it denationalised, Miss Effingham."

"I should be sorry to find that my cousin has subjected us to this imputation," said Eve smiling. "Mr. Effingham laughs at his own improvements however, in which, he says, he has only carried out the plans of the original *artiste*."

"You allude to Mr. Hiram Dolittle, a gentleman I never saw; I believe it is the general sentiment that Mr. Dolittle's designs have been improved on, though most people think that the Grecian or Roman architecture, which is so much in use in America, would be more republican. But everybody knows that Mr. John Effingham is not much of a republican."



"I am sorry that my cousin should offend the taste of the country," said Eve; "but as *we* are to live in the house the punishment will fall heaviest on the offenders."

"Do not mistake me, Miss Eve," returned Aristobulus in a little alarm; "*I* admire the house, and know it to be a perfect specimen in its way; but then public opinion is not yet quite up to it. *I* see all its beauties, but there are many—a majority perhaps—who do not; and these persons think they ought to be consulted."

"I believe Mr. John Effingham thinks less of his own work than you, sir; for I have frequently heard him laugh at it. Nor do I see what concern a majority, as you term them, can have with a house that does not belong to them."

Aristobulus was surprised any one could disregard a majority, for, in this respect, he resembled Mr. Dodge, and the look he gave was natural and open.

"I do not mean that the public has a legal right to control the tastes of the citizens," he said; "but in a *republican* government, you understand, Miss Eve, it *will* rule in all things."

"I can understand that a person might wish to see his neighbour display good taste, but a man who should consult the whole neighbourhood before he built, would be very likely to erect a complicated house, or have no house at all!"

"I think you are mistaken, Miss Effingham; for the public sentiment just now runs almost exclusively into the Grecian school. We build little besides temples for our churches, our taverns, and our dwellings: a friend of mine has just built a brewery on the model of the Temple of the Winds."

"Had it been a mill, one might understand the conceit," said Eve. "The mountains must be doubly beautiful if they are decorated in the way you mention. I sincerely hope, Grace, I shall find the hills as pleasant as they exist in my recollection!"

"Should they not prove to be quite as lovely as you imagine, Miss Effingham," returned Aristobulus, "I hope you will have the kindness to conceal the fact."



"I am afraid that would exceed my power. But may I ask why?"

"Why, Miss Eve, I am afraid our people would hardly bear the expression of such an opinion. Do you not agree, Miss Van Courtlandt, in thinking it would be safer for one who never saw any other mountain to complain of the tameness of our own, than for one who had passed a whole life among the Andes?"

Eve smiled; a reply however was unnecessary as the door opened, and John Effingham made his appearance. The meeting between the gentlemen was more cordial than Eve had expected, for each really entertained a respect for the other, Mr. Bragg esteeming Mr. John Effingham as a wealthy and caustic cynic, and Mr. John Effingham regarding Mr. Bragg much as the owner of a dwelling regards a valuable house-dog. After a few moments of conversation, the two withdrew together; and as the ladies were about to descend to the drawing-room previously to dining, Pierre announced that a plate had been ordered for the land-agent.

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## CHAPTER XXXVI.

Eve found Sir George Templemore and Captain Truck in the drawing-room, the former having lingered in New York, and the latter being on the point of sailing for Europe. To these must be added Mr. Bragg and the ordinary inmates.

Aristobulus had never before sat down to so brilliant a table, and for the first time saw candles lighted at dinner; but he was not a man to be disconcerted at a novelty. Had he been a European of the same habits, he would have been betrayed by awkwardness fifty times before the dessert made its appearance; but being the man he was, an observer might have permitted him to pass among the crowd, had it not been for a certain management in his way of providing for himself at table.

The dinner was served in the quiet manner that distinguishes a French dinner. Every dish was removed, carved by the domestics, and handed in turn to each guest. But the delay and dignity of this arrangement suited neither Aristobulus's go-ahead-ism, nor his organs of acquisitiveness. Instead of waiting, therefore, for the domestics, he began to take care of himself, and soon contrived to make his own plate an epitome of the first course. It contained fish, beef, and ham, and around these staple articles he had arranged *croquettes*, *rognons*, *ragouts*, and vegetables, until not only was the plate covered, but covered in triple layers; mustard, cold butter, salt, and even pepper, garnishing its edges. These accumulations were the work of time, and most of the company had repeatedly changed their plates before Aristobulus had eaten a mouthful, the soup excepted. The happy moment when his ingenuity was to be rewarded had arrived, and he was about to commence mastication, when the report of a cork drew his attention towards the champagne. To Aristobulus this wine never came amiss, he presented his glass, and enjoyed a delicious instant as he swallowed a beverage that surpassed any thing that he had ever known; when he took breath he fairly smacked his lips. That was an unlucky instant, his plate with all its treasures being removed at this unguarded moment.

It was necessary to commence *de novo*; but this could no longer be done with the first course, and Aristobulus set to with zeal forthwith on the game. Necessity now compelled him to eat as the dishes were offered, and exercising his ordinary assiduity at the end of the second remove, he had disposed of more food than any other person at table. He now began to converse. Sir George Templemore was inquiring concerning the recording of deeds—a regulation that had recently attracted attention in England, and one of Mr. Effingham's replies contained some immaterial inaccuracy which Aristobulus took occasion to correct, as his *coup d'essai*.

“I ask pardon, sir, but I ought to know, having served a short part of a term as a county clerk, to fill a vacancy occasioned by death.”

"You mean, Mr. Bragg, that you were employed to write in a county clerk's office," observed John Effingham.

"As county clerk, sir. Major Pippin died a year before his time was out, and I got the appointment."

"When I had the honour to engage you as Mr. Effingham's agent, sir," returned the other a little sternly, "I believe, indeed, that you were writing in the office, but I did not understand you were *the* clerk."

"Very true, Mr. John," returned Aristobulus, without discovering the least concern; "I was *then* engaged by my successor as *a* clerk, but a few months earlier I filled the office of county clerk. I ran that year for sheriff, and finding I was not strong enough to carry the county, I accepted my successor's offer to write in the office until something better might turn up."

"I trust your owners, Captain Truck," said John Effingham, by way of turning the conversation, "are satisfied with the manner in which you saved their property from the Arabs?"

"Men, when money is concerned, are more disposed to remember how it was lost than how it was recovered," returned the old seaman with a serious face. "On the whole, my dear sir, I have reason to be satisfied, however; and so long as you, my passengers and friends, are not inclined to blame me, I feel as if I had done, at least, a part of my duty."

Eve rose, went to a sideboard, and returned, when she gracefully placed before the master of the Montauk a rich and beautifully chased punch-bowl in silver. At the same moment Pierre offered a salver that contained a capital watch, a pair of small silver tongs to hold a coal, and a deck-trumpet in solid silver.

"These are faint testimonies of our feelings," said Eve; "and you will do us the favour to retain them as evidences of the esteem created by your skill, kindness, and courage."

"My dear young lady!" cried the old tar, touched to the soul; "my dear young lady;—well, God bless you!—and you, too, Mr. John Effingham, for that matter—and Sir George—may the Lord forget me in the heaviest hurricane, if I ever forget whence these things came!"

Here the worthy captain was obliged to swallow some wine by way of relieving his emotion ; and Aristobulus, profiting by the opportunity, coolly took the bowl which, to use a word of his own, he *hefted* in his hand, with a view to form some notion of its intrinsic value. Captain Truck's eye caught the action, and he reclaimed his property quite as unceremoniously as it had been taken, nothing but the presence of the ladies preventing an outbreking that would have amounted to a declaration of war

" With your permission, sir," said the captain, drily, after he had recovered the bowl. " This bowl is as precious in my eyes as if it were made of my father's bones."

" You may think so," returned the land-agent, " for its cost would not be less than one hundred dollars."

" Cost, sir !—But, my dear young lady, let us talk of the real value. For what part of these things am I indebted to you ?"

" The bowl is my offering," Eve answered smilingly, though a tear glistened in her eye as she witnessed the strong feeling of the old tar. " I thought it might serve sometimes to bring me to your recollection when it was filled in honour of ' sweethearts and wives.'"

" It shall—it shall, by the Lord ! and Mr. Saunders need look to it if he do not keep this work as bright as a cruising frigate's bottom. To whom do I owe the coal-tongs ?"

" They come from Mr. John Effingham, who insists that he will get nearer to your heart than any of us, though the gift be of so little cost."

" He does not know me, my dear young lady ; nobody ever got so near my heart as you. But I thank Mr. John Effingham from my inmost spirit, and shall seldom smoke without thinking of him. The watch I know is Mr. Effingham's, and I ascribe the trumpet to Sir George."

The bows of the gentlemen assured the captain he was right, and he shook each of them cordially by the hand, protesting in the fulness of his heart that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to be able to go through again in their company the perilous scenes from which they had escaped.

While this was going on, Aristobulus, notwithstanding the rebuke he had received, contrived to get each article in succession into his hands. The watch he actually opened, taking as good a survey of its works as the circumstances of the case would allow.

“I respect these things, sir, more than you respect your father’s grave,” said Captain Truck sternly, as he rescued the last article from the grasp of Aristobulus; “and, cat or no cat, they sink or swim with me. If there is any virtue in a will, which I am sorry to say I hear there is not any longer, they shall share my last bed with me, ashore or afloat. My dear young lady, fancy all the rest; but, depend on it, punch will be sweeter than ever taken from this vessel, and ‘sweethearts and wives’ will never be so honoured again.”

The ladies remained only a few minutes longer at table, but Mr. Effingham followed the old custom of sitting at the bottle until summoned to the drawing-room.

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## CHAPTER XXXVII.

GRACE VAN COURTLANDT was the first to make her appearance after the retreat.

An *embonpoint* that was just sufficient to distinguish her from most of her companions, a fine colour, brilliant eyes, a sweet smile, rich hair, and such feet and hands as Sir George Templemore had somehow fancied could only belong to the daughters of peers and princes, rendered Grace so attractive this evening, that the young baronet began to think her even handsomer than her cousin. There was also a charm in the unsophisticated simplicity of Grace, that was particularly alluring to a man educated amidst the mannerism of the higher classes of England.

It is well known that, after a sufficient similarity has been created by education to prevent violent shocks to our habits or principles, we most affect those whose dispositions the least resemble our own. This was probably one of



the reasons why Sir George, who for some time had been assured of the hopelessness of his suit with Eve, began to regard her scarcely less lovely cousin with an interest of a lively nature. Quick-sighted and deeply interested in Grace's happiness, Miss Effingham had already detected this change in the young baronet's inclinations, and sincerely rejoiced in it. During a month the baronet's intimacy in State Street was increasing; Eve gradually becoming more unreserved with him, as she grew sensible that he had abandoned his hopes of success with herself; and Grace as gradually more cautious and timid, as she became conscious of his power to please, and of the interest he took in herself.

As the season advanced, our heroine began to look with longing towards the country. The town life of America offers little to one accustomed to it in more permanently regulated communities, and Eve was already heartily weary of crowded and noisy balls, and of entertainments in which extravagance was seldom relieved by the elegances and conveniences of a condition of society wherein more attention is paid to the fitness of things.

The American spring is the least pleasant of its seasons, its character being truly that of "winter lingering in the lap of May." Mr. Effingham, who the reader will probably suspect by this time, to be a descendant of a family of the same name that we have had occasion to introduce in another work, had sent orders to have his country residence prepared for the reception of our party; and it was with a feeling of delight that Eve stepped on board a steamboat, in order to breathe the pure air, and to enjoy the tranquil pleasure of the country. Sir George Templemore made one of the party by express arrangement.

It was a lovely morning in May, and the earth was already tinted with the soft hues of summer, while the atmosphere was assuming that hazy and solemn calm that renders the season so quiet and soothing.

The velocity of the boat added to the charm of the passage, for there was not time for the scene to pall on the eye; no sooner was one object examined than it was succeeded by another.

“An extraordinary taste is afflicting this country in the way of architecture,” said Mr. Effingham, as they stood gazing at the eastern shore; “nothing but a Grecian temple being deemed a suitable residence. Yonder is a structure, for instance, of beautiful proportions, and, at this distance, apparently of a precious material, and yet it seems better suited to heathen worship than to domestic comfort.”

“We shall have an opportunity of seeing what Mr. John Effingham can do in the way of architecture,” said Grace, “for I understand he has been improving on that notorious Palladio, Master Hiram Doolittle!”

The party laughed, and every eye was turned on the gentleman alluded to.

“You will remember, good people, that my plans were handed over to me from my great predecessor; and, moreover, that they were originally of the composite order. If, therefore, the house should turn out a little complex, you will do me the justice to remember the last important fact. At all events, I have consulted comfort; and that I would maintain it in the face of Vitruvius himself, is a *sine quâ non* in domestic architecture.”

The boat now approached a point where the river was narrowed to a width not exceeding a quarter of a mile, and in the direction in which it was steering the waters seemed to become still more contracted, until they were lost in a sort of bay that appeared to be closed by high hills, through which, however, there were traces of something like a passage.

“The land in that direction looks as if it had a ravine-like entrance,” said the baronet; “yet it is scarcely possible that a stream like this can flow there!”

“If the Hudson truly passes through these mountains,” said Eve, “I will concede all in its favour that you can ask, Grace.”

“Where else can it pass?” demanded Grace exultingly.

The two strangers to the river now looked curiously around them in every direction. Behind them was a broad and lake-like basin; on their left a barrier of precipitous hills, whose elevation was scarcely less than a thousand feet; on their right a high but broken country,

studded with villas, farm-houses, and hamlets, and in their front the deep but equivocal bay mentioned.

"I see no escape," cried the baronet gaily; "unless, indeed, it be by returning."

A sudden and broad sheer of the boat caused him to turn to the left, and then they whirled round an angle of the precipice, and found themselves in a reach of the river, between steep declivities, running at right angles to their former course.

"This is one of the surprises," said John Effingham, "which render the highlands unique; for while the Rhine is very sinuous, it has nothing like this."

The other travellers agreed in extolling this and many similar features of the scenery, and Grace was delighted; for warm-hearted, affectionate, and true, Grace loved her country, and took an honest pride in hearing its praises.

The party stopped at West Point for the night, and here everybody was in honest raptures; Grace, who had often visited the place before, being actually the least so of the whole party.

The following morning was the first of June, and it was another of those drowsy dreamy days that so much aid a landscape. The party embarked in the first boat that came up, and as they entered Newburgh Bay the triumph of the river was established. This is a spot, in sooth, that has few equals in any region, though Grace still insisted that the excellence of the view was in its softness rather than in its grandeur, though Mr. Effingham shook his head as he saw one Grecian temple appear after another.

As the boat approached Albany, Eve expressed her satisfaction in still stronger terms, and Grace was made perfectly happy by hearing her and Sir George declare that the place entirely exceeded their expectations.

Our travellers proceeded by the way of Schenectady, whence they ascended the beautiful valley of the Mohawk by means of a canal boat. With the scenery every one was delighted, for while it differed essentially from that through which the party had passed the previous day, it was scarcely less beautiful.

At a point where the necessary route diverged from the

direction of the canal, carriages belonging to Mr. Effingham were in readiness, and here they were also favoured with the presence of Mr. Bragg, who fancied such an attention might be agreeable to the young ladies, as well as to his employer.

The travellers were several hours in ascending the mountains by a road that could scarcely be surpassed by a French wheel-track. At length they reached the summit, a point where the waters began to flow southward, when the road became tolerably level. From this time their progress became more rapid, and they continued to advance two or three hours longer at a steady pace. Aristobulus now informed his companions that he had ordered the coachman to take a road that led a little from the direct line of their journey, and that they had been travelling for some time on one of the more ancient routes to Templeton.

"I was aware of this," said Mr. Effingham, "though ignorant of the reason. We are on the great western turnpike."

"Certainly, sir, and according to Mr. John's request. There would have been a saving in distance, had we gone down the banks of the lake."

"Jack will explain his own meaning in his own good time," returned Mr. Effingham, "and he has stopped the carriage and alighted with Sir George; a hint, I fancy, that we are to follow their example." Sure enough, the second carriage was now stopped, and Sir George hastened to open its door.

"Mr. John Effingham, who acts as cicerone," cried the baronet, "insists that every one shall put *pied à terre* at this precise spot, keeping the reason a secret, however, in his own bosom."

The ladies complied, and the carriages were ordered to proceed with the domestics, leaving the rest of the travellers by themselves, apparently in the heart of a forest.

Eve took the arm of her father, and Sir George offered his to Grace; Aristobulus, to his surprise, being left to walk entirely alone. It struck him, however, as so singularly improper that a young lady should be supported



on such an occasion by her own father, that he frankly and gallantly proposed to Mr. Effingham to relieve him of his burthen, an offer that was declined with quite as much distinctness as it was made. "I suppose Cousin Jack has a meaning to his melodrame," said Eve, as they entered the forest; "and I dare say, dear father, that you are behind the scene, though I perceive determined secrecy in your face."

"John may have a cave to show us, or some tree of extraordinary height, for such things exist in the country."

"We are very confiding, for I detect treachery in every face around us; even Miss Van Courtlandt has the air of a conspirator."

The path now became steep and rather difficult. It led beneath the branches of lofty pines, though there existed, on every side, proofs of the ravages man had committed in that noble forest. At length they were compelled to stop for breath, after having ascended considerably above the road they had left.

"I ought to have said that the spot where we entered on this path is memorable in the family history," observed John Effingham to Eve, "for it was the precise place where one of our predecessors lodged a shot in the shoulder of another."

"Then I know precisely where we are!" cried our heroine, "though I cannot yet imagine why we are led into this forest, unless it be to visit some spot hallowed by a deed of Natty Bumpo's!"

"Time will solve this mystery. Let us proceed." Again they ascended, and after a few more minutes of toil, reached a sort of table-land, and drew near an opening in the trees, where a little circle had been cleared of its wood, though it was small and untilled. Eve looked curiously about her, and was lost in doubt.

"There seems to be a void beyond us," said the baronet; "I rather think Mr. John Effingham has led us to the verge of a view."

At this suggestion the party moved on in a body, and were well rewarded for the toil of the ascent, by a view almost Swiss in character and beauty.



"Now, indeed, do I know where we are," exclaimed Eve, clasping her hands in rapture. "This is the 'vision,' and yonder is our blessed home!"

The whole artifice of the surprise was exposed, and after the first burst of pleasure had subsided, all to whom the scene was new, felt that they would not have missed this *piquante* introduction to the valley of the Susquehannah.

Hundreds of feet beneath them, directly in front, and stretching leagues to the right, was a lake embedded in forests and hills. On the side next the travellers a fringe of forest broke the line of water, and, on the other, the landscape was limited by high broken hills covered with farms, beautifully relieved by patches of wood, in a way to resemble the scenery of a vast park. High valleys lay among these uplands, and in every direction comfortable dwellings dotted the fields. The dark hues of the evergreens, with which all the heights near the water were shaded, were in soft contrast to the livelier green of the other foliage, while the meadows and pastures were luxuriant with verdure. Bays and points added to the exquisite outline of the glassy lake on the shore, while one of the former withdrew towards the north-west, in a way to leave the eye doubtful whether it saw the termination of the transparent sheet or not. To the south, bold, but cultivated hills, bounded the view, teeming with the fruits of human labour, and yet all relieved by pieces of wood, so as to give the entire region the character of park scenery. A wide, deep, even valley, commenced at the southern end of the lake, nearly opposite the stand of our travellers, and stretched away south, until concealed by a curvature in the range of the mountains. Like all the hill tops, this valley was verdant, peopled, wooded in certain places, though less abundantly than the mountains, and teeming with the signs of life. Roads wound through its peaceful retreats, and might be traced working their way along the glens, and up the ascents in every direction.

At the northern termination of this lovely valley, and on the margin of the lake, lay the village of Templeton,

immediately under the eyes of the party. The distance in a straight line could not be less than a mile, but the atmosphere was so pure, and the day so calm, that it seemed much less. The children, and even the dogs, were seen running about the streets, while the shrill cries of boys at their gambols ascended distinctly.

As this was the Templeton of the Pioneers, and as the progress of society during half a century is connected with the circumstance, we shall give the reader a more accurate notion of its present state than can be obtained from incidental allusions.

The appearance of Templeton, as seen from the height, was beautiful and map-like. There might be a dozen streets principally crossing each other at right angles, though sufficiently relieved from this precise delineation to prevent formality. The greater part of the buildings were painted white, as is usual in the smaller American towns, though many of the buildings had the chaster hues of the grey stones of which they were built. A general air of comfort pervaded the place. In England, Templeton would be termed a small market town; in France, a large bourg; while in America it was in common parlance, and by legal appellation, a village.

Of the dwellings, fully twenty were of a quality that denoted ease in the condition of their occupants. Of these some six or eight had small lawns, carriage-sweeps, and the other similar appliances; five little steeples, towers, or belfries, for neither word is exactly suitable, rose, denoting the sites of the same number of places of worship, an American village usually exhibiting as many of these proofs of liberty of conscience as the dollars and cents of the neighbourhood will render attainable. Several light carriages, suited to a mountainous country, were in the streets, and here and there a single horse vehicle was fastened before the door of a shop, denoting the presence of some customer from the adjacent hills.

Templeton was not sufficiently a thoroughfare to possess one of those monstrosities, a modern American tavern, whose roof should overtop that of all its neighbours, including the churches. Still its inns were of respectable size, well

*piazza'd*, to use a word of our own invention, and quite enough frequented.

Near the centre in grounds of limited extent, still stood that model of the composite order, which owed its existence to the combined knowledge and taste of Mr. Richard Jones and Mr. Hiram Doolittle. We will not say that it had been modernised, for the very reverse was the effect, in appearance, at least ; but it had, since last presented to the reader, undergone material changes, that were directed by the more instructed intelligence of John Effingham.

This building was so conspicuous, that every eye became fastened on it as the focus of interest. Aristobulus alone permitted his look to wander, and he was curiously examining the countenance of Mr. Effingham, with a longing to discover whether the expression was that of approbation or otherwise.

“ Mr. John Effingham has considerably regenerated and re-vivified the old dwelling,” he said, cautiously using terms that might leave his own opinion doubtful ; “ the work of his hand has excited a little conversation. It has almost produced an excitement ! ”

“ As my house came to me from my father,” said Mr. Effingham, across whose face a smile was gradually stealing, “ I knew its history ; and when called on for an explanation of its singularities, would refer them confidently to the composite order. But you, Jack, have supplanted all this by a style of your own, for explanations of which I shall be compelled to consult the higher authorities.”

“ Do you dislike my taste, Ned ? To my eye the structure has no bad appearance.”

“ Fitness and comfort are indispensable requisites for domestic architecture, to use your own argument. Are you quite sure that yonder castellated roof is altogether suited to the deep snows of these mountains ? ”

John Effingham endeavoured to look unconcerned, for he well knew that the very first winter had demonstrated the unsuitableness of his plans for such a climate.

“ If you are not pleased with your dwelling, Ned,” he

said, "you can have at least the consolation of looking at some of your neighbours' houses, and perceiving that they are a great deal uglier."

It was so unusual to see John Effingham on the defensive, that the whole party smiled; while Aristobulus, who stood in salutary fear of his tongue, both smiled and wondered.

"Nay, do not mistake me, John," returned the proprietor of the edifice; "it is not your *taste* I call in question, but your provision against the seasons. In the way of outward show, I really think you deserve praise."

"I hope, cousin Jack, you have not rashly innovated on the interior," cried Eve; "I think I shall remember *that*, and nothing is more pleasant than seeing things that you remember in childhood."

"Do not be alarmed, Miss Effingham," replied her kinsman, "you will find all you knew, when a kitten, in its proper place. I could not rake together again the ashes of Queen Dido, which were scattered to the four winds of heaven, I fear; nor could I discover a reasonably good bust of Homer; but respectable substitutes are provided, and some of them have the merit of puzzling beholders to tell to whom they belong; which, I believe, was the great characteristic of most of Mr. Jones's inventions."

"I am glad to see, cousin Jack, that you have, at least, managed to give a very respectable 'cloud colour' to the whole house; and, on the whole, I think you are fairly entitled, as Steadfast Dodge, Esquire, would say, to 'the meed of our thanks.'"

"What a lovely spot!" exclaimed Mr. Effingham, who had already ceased to think of his own dwelling, and whose eye was roaming over the soft landscape, athwart which the lustre of a June noontide was throwing its richest glories. "This is truly a place where one might fancy repose and content were to be found for the evening of a troubled life."

"Ah!" exclaimed Aristobulus, pointing towards the lake, across which several skiffs were stealing, "there is a boat that I think must contain the poet."



"Poet!" repeated John Effingham; "have we reached that pass of luxury at Templeton?"

"Mr. John Effingham, you must have very contracted notions of the place, if you think a poet a novelty in it! The lake and mountains have been poetised a dozen times in the last ten years."

"And who may the particular poet be, Mr. Bragg," asked Eve, "that honours Templeton with his presence at this moment?"

"That is more than I can tell you, Miss, though some eight or ten of us have done little else than try to discover his name for the last week. He and the gentleman who travels with him are both uncommonly close, though, I think, we have some good catechisers in Templeton."

"Another gentleman with him? do you suspect them both of being poets?"

"Oh no, Miss; the other is the waiter of the poet: we know this much, as he serves him at dinner, and otherwise superintends his concerns, such as brushing his clothes."

"This is being in luck for a poet, for they are a little apt to neglect the decencies. May I ask why you suspect the master of being a poet, if the man be so assiduous?"

"Why, what else can he be? In the first place, Miss Effingham, he has no name."

"That is a reason," said John Effingham, "very few poets having names now-a-days."

"Then he is out on the lake half his time, gazing up at the 'Silent Pine,' or conversing with the 'Speaking Rocks,' or drinking at the 'Fairy Spring.'"

"Suspicious circumstances certainly, though not absolutely conclusive."

"But, Mr. John Effingham, the man does not take his food like other people. He rises early, and is out on the water or up in the forest all the morning, and returns to breakfast in the middle of the forenoon. He goes into the woods again, or on the lake, and comes back to dinner, just as I take my tea."

"This settles the matter. Any man who presumes to do all this, Mr. Bragg, deserves to be called by some



harder name even than that of a poet. Pray, sir, how long has this eccentric person been a resident of Templeton?"

"Hist!—there he is, as I am a sinner!—and it was not he and the other gentleman that were in the boat."

The rebuked manner of Aristobulus, and the dropping of his voice, induced the party to look in the direction of his eye, and a gentleman approached them in the half-rustic dress which a man of the world is apt to assume in the country. He came from the forest, along the table-land that crowned the mountain, and followed one of the footpaths made all over that pleasant wood. As he came out into the cleared spot, seeing it already in possession of another party, he bowed, and was passing on, when suddenly hesitating, he gave a look of intense and eager interest at the party, smiled, advanced rapidly nearer, and discovered his entire figure.

"I ought not to be surprised," he said, as he advanced, "for I knew you were looked for, and indeed I waited for your arrival; yet this meeting has been so unexpected, as to leave me scarcely in possession of my faculties."

It is needless to dwell upon the warmth of the greetings that followed. To the surprise of Mr. Bragg, his poet was not only known, but evidently much esteemed by all the party, with the exception of Miss Van Courtlandt, to whom he was soon cordially presented by the name of Powis. Eve managed by an effort to suppress her feelings, and the meeting passed off as one of mutual surprise and pleasure, without any exhibition of emotion to attract comment.

"We ought to express our wonder at finding you here before us, my dear young friend," said Mr. Effingham, holding Paul's hand affectionately between both his own; and even now I can hardly believe you would arrive at New York, and quit it, without giving us the satisfaction of seeing you."

"In that you are not wrong, dear sir; nothing would have deprived me of that pleasure. My sudden appearance here, however, will be without mystery, when I tell you that I returned from England by the way of Quebec, the Great Lakes, and the 'Falls,' having been induced by my

friend Ducie to take that route, in consequence of his ship being sent to the St. Lawrence. On reaching Utica, I diverged from the great route to see this place, not anticipating the pleasure of meeting you so early ; but hearing you were expected, I determined to remain, with a hope that you would not be sorry to see an old fellow-traveller once more."

Mr. Effingham pressed his hands warmly again before he relinquished them, an assurance of welcome that Paul received with thrilling satisfaction.

"I have been in Templeton almost long enough," the young man resumed, laughing, "to set up as a candidate for the public favour. By what I can gather from casual remarks, the old proverb, that 'the new broom sweeps clean,' applies with singular fidelity throughout all this region."

"Have you a copy of your last ode, or a spare epigram in your pocket?" inquired John Effingham.

Paul looked surprised, and Aristobulus himself—a thing of unusual occurrence—a little daunted.

"We will defer the pleasure of an explanation," continued John Effingham, "to another time. At present it strikes me that the *dejeuner à la fourchette*, that I have had the precaution to order, is probably waiting our appearance. Come, Ned, if you are sufficiently satisfied with looking at the Wigwam in a bird's-eye view, we will descend and put its beauties to the test of a close examination."

This proposal was accepted, though all tore themselves from the lovely spot with reluctance.

"Fancy the shores of this lake lined with villas," said Eve, "church towers raising their solemn summits among those hills, each mountain crowned with a castle or a crumbling ruin, and all the other accessories of an old state of society, and what would then be the charms of the view?"

"Less than they are, Miss Effingham," said Powis "for though poetry requires——you all smile—is, it forbidden to touch on such subjects?"

"Not at all, so it be done in legitimate verse," returned

the baronet. "You ought to know that you are now expected to speak in doggerel."

Paul ceased, not knowing what excuse to make, and the whole party walked away from the place, light-hearted and laughing; Aristobulus quite as merry as any of them, though he scarce knew why. But it was a ruling trait in the character of this person never to suffer himself to get behind the age.

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## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FROM the day on which the account of the arrests by the English cruiser had appeared in the journals, little had been said by any of our party concerning Paul Powis, or of the manner in which he had left the packet at the moment she was about to enter her haven. It is true that Mr. Dodge had dilated on the subject in his hebdomadal, but the Effinghams had never heard his account of the matter.

While all thought the incident of the sudden return extraordinary, no one felt disposed to judge the young man harshly. The gentlemen knew that military censure, however unpleasant, did not always imply moral turpitude; and as for the ladies, they retained too lively a sense of his skill and gallantry to wish to imagine evil on grounds so slight and vague.

On quitting the mountain, Mr. Effingham, who had a tender regard for Grace, offered her his arm, leaving Eve to the care of John Effingham. Sir George attended to Mademoiselle Viefville, and Paul walked by the side of our heroine and her cousin, leaving Aristobulus to be what he himself called a "miscellaneous companion," or, in other words, to thrust himself into either set, as inclination might dictate, or accident offer.

"I trust you have had pleasant passages," said John Effingham to Paul. "Three trips across the Atlantic in

so short a time would be hard duty to a landsman, though you, as a sailor, will probably think less of it."

"In this respect I have been fortunate, the Foam, as we know from experience, being a good traveller, and Ducie is altogether a fine fellow and an agreeable mess-mate. You know I have had him for a companion both going and coming."

This was said naturally, and while it explained little, removed all unpleasant uncertainty, by assuring his listeners that he had been on good terms, at last, with the person who had seemed to be his pursuer.

"You have made a material circuit to reach us, the distance by Quebec being nearly a fourth more than the direct road."

"Ducie desired it so strongly that I did not like to deny him. Indeed he made it a point, at first, to obtain permission to land me at New York, but to this I would not listen, as I feared it might interfere with his promotion, of which he stood so good a chance, in consequence of his success in the affair of the money.

"And has his government thought his perseverance in the chase worthy of such a reward?"

"Indeed it has. He is now post, and all owing to his luck and judgment in that affair; though, in his country, rank in private life does no harm to rank in public life."

Eve liked the emphasis that Paul laid on "his country," and thought the whole remark was made in a spirit that an Englishman would not be apt to betray.

"Has it ever occurred to you," continued John Effingham, "that our sudden separation has caused a serious neglect of duty in me, if not in both of us?"

Paul looked surprised, and by his manner demanded an explanation.

"You may remember the sealed package of poor Monday, that we were to open together on our arrival in New York, and on the contents of which we were taught to believe depended the settling of some important private rights. I gave that package to you at the moment it was received, and in the hurry of leaving us you overlooked the circumstance."



“ True, and to my shame I confess that, until this instant, the affair has been quite forgotten by me. I had so much to occupy my mind while in England, that it was not likely to be remembered, and then the packet itself has scarcely been in my possession since the day I left you.”

“ It is not lost, I trust ? ”

“ Surely not ; it is safe in the writing-desk in which I deposited it. But the moment we reached Portsmouth, Ducie and myself proceeded to London together, and as soon as he had got through at the Admiralty we went into Yorkshire, where we remained much occupied with matters of great importance to us both, while his ship was docked ; then it became necessary to make visits to our relations — ”

“ Relations ! ” repeated Eve involuntarily.

“ Relations,” returned Paul smiling. “ Captain Ducie and myself are cousins-german, and we made pilgrimages together to sundry family shrines. This duty occupied us until within a few days of our sailing for Quebec. On reaching our haven I left the ship to visit Niagara, leaving most of my effects with Ducie, who has promised to bring them on when he follows on my track, on his way to the West Indies, where he is to find a frigate. He owed me this attention, as he insisted, on account of having induced me to go so far out of my way to oblige him. The packet is, unluckily, left behind with the other things.”

“ And do you expect Captain Ducie to arrive in this country soon ? The affair of the packet ought not to be neglected much longer, for a promise to a dying man is doubly binding. Rather than neglect the matter, I would prefer sending a special messenger to Quebec.”

“ That will be quite unnecessary. Ducie left Quebec yesterday, and has sent his and my effects direct to New York, under the care of his steward. The writing case, containing other papers that are of interest to us both, he has promised not to lose sight of, but it will accompany him on the same tour as that I have just made, for he wishes to see Niagara. He is now on my track, and will



notify me by letter of the day he is to be in Utica, in order that we may meet on the line of the canal near this place, and proceed to New York in company."

His companions listened to this statement with an interest with which the packet of poor Mr. Monday had very little connection. John Effingham called to his cousin, and in few words stated the circumstances, without adverting to the papers, which was an affair that he had hitherto kept to himself.

"It will be no more than a return of civility if we invite Captain Ducie to pass a few days with us in the mountains," he added. "At what time do you expect him, Powis?"

"Within the fortnight. I feel certain he would be glad to pay his respects to this party, for he often expressed his regret at having been employed on a service that exposed the ladies to so much peril and delay."

"Captain Ducie is a near kinsman of Mr. Powis, dear father," added Eve, in a way to show her parent that the invitation would be agreeable to herself.

"I shall write to Captain Ducie this evening, urging him to honour us with his company," returned Mr. Effingham. "I hope he will not find time heavy on his hands while in exile among us. Mr. Powis will enclose my note in one of his letters, and, I trust, second the request."

Paul made his acknowledgments, and the party proceeded, though the interruption caused such a change in the figure of the promenade as to leave the young man alone by the side of Eve. By this time they had not only reached the highway, but had again diverged from it, to follow the line of an old wheel-track, that descended the declivity by a wilder direction, it having been one of those rude roads that the first settlers of a country are apt to make. Although difficult as a highway, this relic of the infant condition of the country was by far the most beautiful, and pedestrians continued to use it as a footpath to the Vision. The seasons had narrowed its surface; the second growth had nearly covered it with their branches, shading it like an arbour, and Eve expressed her delight in its wildness.

"Most persons who see this valley for the first time,"

observed Aristobulus, "find something to say in its favour; and for my part, I consider it as rather curious myself."

"Curious!" exclaimed Paul; "that gentleman is singular in the choice of his expressions."

"You have met him before to-day," said Eve laughing. "This we know, for he had prepared us to meet a poet, where we only found an old friend."

"Only! Miss Effingham.—Do you estimate poets so high and old friends so low, then?"

"This extraordinary person, Mr. Aristobulus Bragg, really deranges all one's notions in such a manner as to destroy the usual signification of words, I believe. He seems so much in, and yet so much out of his place, that I scarcely know how to apply terms in any matter with which he has the smallest connection. I fear he has persecuted you since your arrival at Templeton?"

"Not at all; I am so much acquainted with men of his caste that I have acquired a tact in managing them. Perceiving that he was disposed to suspect me of a disposition to 'poetise the lake,' to use his own term, I took care to drop a couple of lines, roughly written off, like a hasty and imperfect effusion, where I felt sure he would find them, and have been living for a whole week on the fame thereof."

"You do indulge in such tastes, then?" said Eve, smiling a little saucily.

"I am as innocent of such an ambition as of wishing to marry the heiress of the British throne. It was merely the first couplet of the Essay on Man, which, fortunately having an allusion to the "pride of kings," would pass for original, as well as excellent, in nineteen villages out of twenty in America in these piping times of ultra republicanism! No doubt Mr. Bragg thought a eulogy on the 'people' was to come next, to be succeeded by a glowing picture of Templeton and its environs."

"I do not know that I ought to admit these hits from a foreigner," said Eve, assuming a look of seriousness not altogether in unison with her feelings.

"Foreigner, Miss Effingham! why a foreigner?"

"Nay, ought not the cousin of Captain Ducie to be an Englishman?"

"I shall not answer for the *ought*. The cousin of Captain Ducie is not an Englishman; nor, as I see you suspect, has he ever served in the British navy, or in any other than that of his native land."

"This is, indeed, taking us by surprise, most agreeably!" returned Eve, looking up at him with undisguised pleasure. "We could not but feel an interest in one who had so effectually served us, and both my father and Mr. John Effingham ——"

"Cousin Jack," interrupted Paul with emphasis.

"Cousin Jack, then, if you dislike the formality, both my father and *Cousin Jack* examined the America Navy Register for your name without success, and the inference that followed was fair."

"Had they looked at a register of a few years' date, they would have met with better luck. I have quitted the service, and am now a sailor only in recollections."

Eve said no more, though every syllable that he had uttered was retained with scrupulous fidelity. They walked in silence, until they reached the grounds of a house beautifully placed on the side of the mountain. Crossing these, until they arrived at a terrace in front of the dwelling, Templeton lay in their front, a hundred feet beneath them, yet so near as to render the most minute object visible. Here they stopped to take a more distinct view of a place that had so much interest with the party.

"I hope you are sufficiently acquainted with the localities to act as cicerone," said Mr. Effingham to Paul. "In a visit of a week you have scarcely overlooked the Wigwam."

"Perhaps I ought to blush to avow it," answered the young man; "but curiosity has proved so much stronger than manners, that I have been induced to trespass so far on the politeness of this gentleman as to gain admission to your dwelling, in and about which more of my time has been passed than has probably proved agreeable to its inmates."

"I hope the gentleman will not speak of it," said Aris-

tobulus: "in this country we live pretty much in common, and with me it is a rule when a gentleman drops in, stranger or neighbour, to ask him to take off his hat."

While this remark was uttered they descended towards the village. On reaching the gate of the Wigwam, the party stood confronted with that offspring of John Effingham's taste, for so great had been his improvements on the original production of Hiram Doolittle, that, externally at least, that distinguished architect could no longer have recognised the fruits of his own talents.

"This is certainly carrying out to the full, John, the conceits of the composite order," observed Mr. Effingham drily.

"Oh! Cousin Jack," cried Eve, "it is an odd jumble of the Grecian and Gothic. One would like to know your authorities for such a liberty."

"The opinion in this part of the country is," said Aristobulus, "that Mr. John Effingham has altered the building on the plan of some edifice in Europe, I forget the name; it is not, however, the Pantheon, nor the temple of Minerva."

"I hope at least," said Mr. Effingham, leading the way up the little lawn, "it will not turn out to be the Temple of the Winds."

In truth the Wigwam had none of the features of a modern American dwelling of its class; it was a plain structure, built with great solidity, and in that style of respectable dignity peculiar to our fathers.

Internally, the great hall had long lost its decoration of the severed arm of Wolf, a gothic paper better adapted to the room being its substitute; the urn thought to contain the ashes of Queen Dido had been broken; Homer had gone the way of all baked clay; Shakspeare himself had dissolved into dust; and of Washington and Franklin there remained no vestige. Instead of these venerable memorials John Effingham had bought a few substitutes, now seated on the brackets that had held their illustrious predecessors.

"The lady who did the cooking" of the Wigwam, having every thing in readiness, our party took their seats at the



breakfast-table. As the service was neither scientific nor peculiar, we shall pass it over in silence.

When the repast was over, Mr. Effingham led his guests through the principal apartments.

The survey on the whole proved satisfactory to its future mistress, who complained, however, that it was furnished too much like a town residence.

As they came in front of the hall-windows, a party of apprentice boys were seen coolly making their arrangements to amuse themselves with a game of ball on the lawn, in front of the house.

"Surely, Mr. Bragg," said the owner of the Wigwam, "you do not countenance this liberty?"

"Liberty, sir!—I am an advocate for liberty. Do you refer to the young men on the lawn, Mr. Effingham?"

"Certainly; and permit me to say, I think they might have chosen a more suitable spot for their sports. They are mistaking *liberties* for liberty, I fear."

"Why, sir, I believe they have *always* played ball in that locality."

"Always!—I assure you this is a mistake. What family, placed as we are in the centre of a village, could allow of an invasion of its privacy in this manner?"

"You forget, Ned," said John Effingham, "that an American '*always*' means eighteen months. I dare say these amiable young gentlemen, who enliven their sports with so many agreeable oaths, would think you very unreasonable to tell them they are unwelcome."

"To own the truth, it *would* be unpopular."

"As I shall never consent to have grounds which belong to my dwelling invaded, I beg, Mr. Bragg, that you will desire these young men to pursue their sports somewhere else."

Aristobulus received this commission with a very ill grace, for he too well knew the habits that had been increasing during the last ten years, not to foresee that the order would do violence to the apprentices' notions of their immunities. He was quitting the party on his unpleasant duty, when Mr. Effingham turned to a servant, and bade him go to the barber, and desire him to come to



cut his hair, Pierre, who usually performed that office for him, being busied with unpacking his trunks.

"Never mind, Tom," said Aristobulus, "I am going into the street, and will give the message."

"I cannot think, sir, of employing you on such a duty," interrupted Mr. Effingham.

"Do not name it, my dear sir; nothing makes me happier than these little errands: another time, you can do as much for me."

Aristobulus now went his way more cheerfully, for he determined to go first to the barber, hoping some expedient might suggest itself by which he could coax the apprentices off the lawn, and thus escape injury to his popularity. In passing the ball-players he called out in a wheedling tone to their ring-leader,—

"A fine time for sport, Dickey; don't you think there would be more room in the street than on this lawn, where you will lose your ball in the shrubbery?"

"This place will do," bawled Dickey; "if it warn't for that plagued house, we couldn't ask for a better ball-ground."

"I don't see," put in another, "what folks built a house in that spot for; it has spoilt the best play-ground in the village."

"Some people have their notions, as well as others," returned Aristobulus; "but, gentlemen, if I were in your place, I would try the street."

The apprentices thought differently. Meanwhile, the party in the house continued their examination of John Effingham's improvements.

Aristobulus soon re-appeared on the lawn, and approaching the ball-players, began to execute his commission in earnest. Instead of saying, however, that it was disagreeable to the owner of the property to have such an invasion on his privacy, he believed some address necessary.

"Well, Dickey," he said, "in my opinion the street would be a better place to play ball in than this lawn. I wonder gentlemen of your observation should be satisfied with so cramped a play-ground!"

"I tell you, 'Squire Bragg, this will do. Heave away, Sam."

"There are so many fences hereabouts," continued Aristobulus; "it's true the trustees say there *shall be no ball-playing in the street*, but I conclude you don't much mind what *they* threaten."

"Let them sue for that if they like," bawled a particularly amiable blackguard, who struck his ball as he spoke into the principal street; "who's a trustee that he should tell gentlemen where they are to play?"

"Sure enough," said Aristobulus, "and by following up that blow you can bring matters to an issue. I know Mr. Effingham would be sorry to have you go," continued Aristobulus.

"Who's Mr. Effingham?" cried Joe Wart; "if he warnts people to play ball on his premises, let him cut down his roses. Come, gentlemen, I conform to 'Squire Bragg, and invite you to follow me to the street."

As the lawn was now evacuated *en masse*, Aristobulus proceeded into the library, where Mr. Effingham was waiting his return.

"I am happy to inform you, sir, that the ball-players have adjourned, but Mr. Lather declines your proposition. His notion is, that if it be worth his while to come up to cut your hair, it may be worth your while to go down to have it cut. Considering the matter in all its bearings, he concludes he would rather not engage in the transaction at all."

"I regret, sir, to have consented to your taking so disagreeable a commission, and the more, now I find the barber disposed to be troublesome."

"Not at all, sir. Mr. Lather is a good man in his way, and particularly neighbourly. By the way, Mr. Effingham, he asked me to propose to you to let him take down your garden fence, that he may haul some manure on his potato-patch, which wants it dreadfully, he says."

"Certainly, sir. I cannot object to his hauling his manure through this house, should he wish it. I am only surprised at the moderation of his request."

Mr. Effingham rose, rang for Pierre, and went to his own

room, doubting whether this was really the Templeton he had known in his youth, and whether he was in his own house.

As for Aristobulus, who saw nothing in what had passed out of rule, he hurried off to tell the barber that he was at liberty to pull down Mr. Effingham's fence.

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## CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE Effinghams were soon regularly domesticated, and the usual civilities had been exchanged. Many of their old friends resumed their ancient intercourse, and some new acquaintances had been made. The few first visits were, as usual, rather formal, but things soon took their natural course, when one fine morning the rattling of wheels and the tramping of horses on the village bridge announced the approach of travellers.

The first person who descended was Captain Truck, and an exclamation of surprise and pleasure proceeded from both Paul and the baronet, as they caught a glimpse of the face of the last.

"Ducie!" cried Sir George; "this is even better than we expected."

"Ducie!" added Paul, "you are before the expected time, and in excellent company."

The explanation, however, was simple. Captain Ducie had found the facilities for rapid motion greater than he had expected, and had reached Fort Plain, where Captain Truck, recognising him, and ascertaining his destination, very cordially received him into his company. Mr. Effingham welcomed his guests with the hospitality and kindness for which he was distinguished.

"We can offer but little in these mountains to interest a traveller, Captain Ducie, but there is a common interest in our past adventures to talk about when all other topics fail. When we met on the ocean, and you deprived us so

unexpectedly of our friend Powis, we did not know that you had the better claim to his company."

Captain Ducie coloured slightly, but made his answer with courtesy.

"It is true," he added, "Powis and myself are relatives, and I place all my claim to your hospitality on that circumstance, for I feel that I have been the unwilling cause of too much suffering to your party to bring with me any very pleasant recollections, notwithstanding your kindness in including me as a friend in the adventures of which you speak."

This speech was properly acknowledged, and Mr. Effingham addressed himself to Captain Truck, to whom he had not yet said half what his feelings dictated.

"I am rejoiced to see you under my roof, my worthy friend; you will spend many of your holidays here, I trust, and when we get to be a few years older, we will begin to prattle about the marvels we have seen in company."

The eye of Truck glistened, and as he returned the shake by another of twice the energy, said, in his honest off-hand manner, "The happiest hour I ever knew was that in which I discharged the pilot, the first time out, as a shipmaster; the next was the moment I found myself on the deck of the Montauk, after we had given those greasy Arabs a hint that their absence was better than their company; and I really think this very instant must be set down as the third. I never knew, my dear sir, how much I loved your daughter until she was out of sight."

"This is the first declaration I ever heard, and with the simplicity of an unpractised young woman, I here avow that the attachment is reciprocal," said the smiling Eve. "If there is an indiscretion in this hasty acknowledgment, it must be ascribed to surprise, and to the suddenness with which I have learned my power."

Captain Ducie had retired for the night, and was sitting reading, when a tap at his door roused him. He gave the necessary permission, and the door was opened.

"I hope, Ducie, you have not forgotten the secretary left among your effects," said Paul entering the room,

“and concerning which I wrote you when you were at Quebec?”

Captain Ducie pointed to the case.

“Thank you for this care,” said Paul, taking the secretary under his arm, and retiring towards the door; “it contains papers of much importance to myself, and some that I have reason to think are of importance to others.”

In a minute Paul was at the door of John Effingham’s room, where he tapped, and was told to enter.

“Ducie has not forgotten my request, and this is the secretary that contains poor Mr. Monday’s papers,” he remarked, as he laid the case on a toilet-table, speaking in a way to show that he was expected. “We have neglected this duty too long, and it is to be hoped no wrong to any one will be the consequence.”

“Is that the package?” demanded John Effingham, extending a hand to receive a bundle of papers that Paul had taken from the secretary; “we will break the seals this moment.”

“These are papers of my own, and very precious they are,” returned the young man. “Here are the papers of Mr. Monday.”

John Effingham received the package, and invited Paul to be seated. The gentlemen were placed opposite to each other; the duty of breaking the seals devolving, as a matter of course, on the senior of the two.

“Here is something signed by poor Monday, in the way of a general certificate,” observed John Effingham, who read the paper and then handed it to Paul. It was addressed,—“To all whom it may concern,” and was in the following words,—

“I, John Monday, do declare and certify, that all the accompanying letters and documents are genuine and authentic. Jane Dowse, to whom and from whom are so many letters, was my late mother, she having intermarried with Peter Dowse, the man so often named. In committing these papers to me, my poor mother left me the sole judge of the course I was to take, and I have put them in this form, in order that they may yet do good should I be



called suddenly away. All depends on discovering who the person called Bright actually is, for he was never known to my mother by any other name. She knows him to have been an Englishman, however, and thinks he was, or had been, an upper servant in a gentleman's family.

JOHN MONDAY."

This paper was dated several years back, a sign that the disposition to do right had existed for some time in the mind of Mr. Monday, and all the papers had been carefully preserved. They also appeared to be regularly numbered, a precaution that much aided the investigations of the two gentlemen.

John Effingham read the paper, "No. I," with deliberation, though not aloud, and when he had done, handed it to his young friend, coolly remarking—"That is the production of a deliberate villain."

Paul glanced his eye over the document, which was an original letter, signed "David Bright," and addressed to "Mrs. Jane Dowse." It was written with exceeding art, made many professions of friendship, spoke of the writer's knowledge of the woman's friends in England, and of her first husband in particular, and professed freely the writer's desire to serve her, while it also contained several ambiguous allusions to certain means of doing so, which should be revealed whenever the person to whom the letter was addressed might discover a willingness to embark in the undertaking. This letter was dated "Philadelphia," was addressed to one in New York, and was of old date.

The next six or eight communications betrayed nothing distinctly beyond the fact, that a child which formed the subject of the correspondence was to be received by Peter Dowse and his wife, and to be retained as their own offspring, for the consideration of a considerable sum, with an additional engagement to pay an annuity. It appeared also that the child, hypocritically alluded to under the name of the "pet," had been actually transferred to the keeping of Jane Dowse, and that several years had passed before the correspondence terminated. Most of the latter letters referred to the payment of an annuity, although

they all contained cold inquiries of the "pet," and answers so vague and general, as sufficiently to prove that the name was misapplied. In the whole there were some thirty or forty letters, and their dates covered a space of nearly twelve years.

The perusal consumed an hour, and when John Effingham laid his spectacles on the table, the village clock struck the hour of midnight.

"As yet," he observed, "we have learned little more than that a child was made to take a false character, without possessing any other clew to the circumstances than the names of the parties, all of whom are evidently obscure, and one of the most material, we are plainly told, must have borne a fictitious name. Even poor Monday, in possession of so much collateral testimony, could not have known precisely what injustice was done, or certainly, with the intentions he manifests, he would not have left that important particular in the dark."

"This is likely to prove a complicated affair," returned Paul; "and it is not very clear that we can be of any immediate service. As you are probably fatigued, we may, without impropriety, defer the further examination."

To this John Effingham assented, the papers were replaced, and the secretary was locked and deposited in an *armoire*. Paul was then about to wish the other good night, when John Effingham seized his hand, and by a gentle effort induced him to resume his seat. An embarrassing but short pause succeeded, and the latter spoke.

"We have suffered enough together in company, and have seen each other in situations of sufficient trial to be friends," he said. "I should feel mortified, did I believe you could think me influenced by an improper curiosity, in wishing to share more of your confidence than you are perhaps willing to bestow, and I trust you will attribute to its right motive the liberty I am now taking. The interest I feel in your welfare ought to give me a claim not to be treated as a total stranger. You have already said so much to me on the subject of your personal situation, that I almost feel a right to ask to know more."

John Effingham uttered this in his most winning manner, and few men could carry with them more of persuasion in

their voice and look. Paul's features worked, and it was evident that he was moved, while he was not displeased.

"I am deeply grateful, sir, for this interest," Paul answered; "and if I knew the particular points on which you desire information, there is nothing that I can wish to conceal."

"All that really concerns your welfare would have an interest with me. You have been the agent of rescuing not only myself, but those whom I most love, from a fate worse than death; and being a childless bachelor myself, I have more than once thought of attempting to supply the place of those natural friends that I fear you have lost. Your parents ——"

"Are both dead. I never knew either," said Paul with a melancholy smile, "and will most cheerfully accept your generous offer, if you will allow me to attach to it one condition."

"Beggars must not be choosers," returned John Effingham. "What is your condition?"

"That the word money may be struck out of our vocabulary, and that you leave your will unaltered. Were the world to be examined, you could not find a worthier or a lovelier heiress than the one you have already selected, and whom Providence itself has given. Compared with yourself I am not rich, but I have a gentleman's income; and as I shall probably never marry, it will suffice for my wants."

John Effingham was more pleased than he cared to express with this frankness, but he smiled at the injunction, for with Eve's knowledge, and with her father's entire approbation, he had actually made a codicil to his will, in which he had left their young protector one half of his large fortune.

"The will may remain untouched, if you desire it," he answered evasively, "and that condition is disposed of. I am glad to learn that you are independent. This fact alone will place us solely on our mutual esteem, and render the friendship that I hope is now brought within a covenant, if not now first established, more equal and frank. You have set the question of your country at rest by declaring that you are an American, yet I find you have

English relatives. Captain Ducie, I believe, is your kinsman?"

"He is; we are sisters' children, though our friendship has not always been such as the connexion would infer. When Ducie and myself met at sea, there was an awkwardness in the interview. I had last parted from him on the field, where we appeared as enemies; and the circumstance rendered the unexpected meeting awkward. Our wounds no longer smarted, it is true; but, perhaps, we both felt shame and sorrow that they had ever been inflicted."

"It should be a very serious quarrel that could arm sisters' children against each other," said John Effingham gravely.

"I admit as much. But, at that time, Captain Ducie was not disposed to admit the consanguinity, and the offence grew out of an intemperate resentment of his imputations on my birth, and, as military men, the issue could scarcely be avoided. Ducie challenged, and I was not then in a humour to balk him. A couple of flesh wounds happily terminated the affair. But an interval of three years had enabled my enemy to discover that he had not done me justice. The generous desire to make a suitable expiation urged him to seize the first occasion of coming to America that offered; and when he chased the *Montauk*, in obedience to a telegraphic communication from London, he was hourly expecting sailing orders for our seas, where he wished to come, expressly that we might meet. You will judge, therefore, how happy he was to find me unexpectedly in the vessel that contained his principal object of pursuit, thus killing, as it might be, two birds with one stone."

"And did he carry you away with any such murderous intention?" demanded John Effingham smiling.

"By no means; nothing could be more amicable than Ducie and myself became when we had been a few hours together in his cabin. As often happens, where there has been violent antipathies and unreasonable prejudices, a nearer view of each other's characters and motives removed every obstacle, and long before we reached England, two warmer friends could not be found. You are aware, sir, that our English cousins do not often view their cis-Atlantic



relatives with the most lenient eyes. In my case, however, previous injustice induced my relatives to receive me better, perhaps, than they might otherwise have been disposed to do. I had little to ask in the way of fortune, and feeling no disposition to raise a question that might disturb the peerage of the Ducies, I became a favourite."

"A peerage!—Both your parents, then, were English?"

"Neither, I believe; but the connexion between the two countries was so close, that it can occasion no surprise that a right of this nature should have passed into the colonies. My mother's mother became the heiress of one of those ancient baronies that pass to the heirs general, and, in consequence of the death of two brothers, these rights, which, however, were never actually possessed by any of the previous generation, centred in my mother and my aunt. The former being dead, as was contended, without lawful issue, Mrs. Ducie, who was married to the younger son of an English nobleman, claimed and obtained the rank. My pretension would have left the peerage in abeyance, and I probably owe some opposition I found to that circumstance. But after Ducie's generous conduct, I could not hesitate about joining in the application to the crown, that by its decision the abeyance might be determined in favour of the person in possession, and Lady Dunluce is now legally confirmed in her claim. *Voilà tout!* You are the only countryman, sir, to whom I have spoken of the circumstance, and with you I trust it will remain a secret."

"What! am I precluded from mentioning the facts in my own family? I am not the only warm friend you have in this house, Powis."

"In that respect I leave you to act according to your own pleasure, my dear sir; if Mr. Effingham feels sufficient interest in my fortunes to wish to hear what I have told you, let there be no silly mysteries; or—or if Mademoiselle Viefville——"

"Or Nanny Sidley," interrupted John Effingham, with a kind smile. "Well, trust to me for that; but, before we separate, I wish to ascertain one other fact, though the circumstances you have stated scarcely leave a doubt of the reply."

"I understand you, sir. If there can be a feeling more



painful than all others with a man of any pride, it is to distrust the purity of his mother. Mine was beyond reproach, thank God, and so it was most clearly established, or I could certainly have had no legal claim to the peerage."

"Or to your fortune," added John Effingham.

"My fortune comes from neither parent, but from one of those generous dispositions, that sometimes induce men to adopt those who are alien to their blood. My guardian adopted me, took me abroad with him, placed me, quite young, in the navy, and finally left me all he possessed. It was coupled with the condition that I should retire from the service, travel for five years, return home, and marry. There is no silly forfeiture exacted in either case, but such is the general course solemnly advised by a man who showed himself my true friend so many years."

"I envy that man," said John Effingham with warmth. "To have appreciated you, Powis, was a mark of a high judgment. I thank you sincerely for this confidence, which has not been idly solicited, and shall not be abused. At no distant day we will renew our investigations into this affair of the unfortunate Monday, which is not very promising at present in the way of revelations."

The gentlemen shook hands cordially, and Paul, lighted by his companion, withdrew.

That night Sir George Templemore had asked an interview with Mr. Effingham in his library.

"I sincerely hope this request is not the forerunner of a departure," said the latter kindly, as the young man entered; "you stand pledged to pass another month with us."

"So far from entertaining any intention so faithless, my dear sir, I am fearful that you may think I trespass too far on your hospitality."

He then communicated his wish to be allowed to make Grace Van Courtlandt his wife. Mr. Effingham heard him with a smile, that showed he was not altogether unprepared for such a demand, and his eye glistened as he squeezed the other's hand.

"Take her, with all my heart, Sir George," he said; "but remember you are transferring a tender plant into

a strange soil. There are not many of your countrymen to whom I would confide such a trust."

Mr. Effingham rang the bell, and desired Pierre to request Miss Van Courtlandt to join him in the library. Grace entered blushing, but with a countenance beaming with inward peace. Her uncle regarded her for a moment intently, and a tear glistened in his eye as he tenderly kissed her burning cheek.

"Take her, Templemore," said he, giving her hand to the baronet, "and deal kindly by her. You will not desert us entirely. I trust I shall see you both once more in the Wigwam before I die."

"Uncle, uncle!" burst from Grace, as drowned in tears she threw herself into Mr. Effingham's arms; "I am an ungrateful, inconsiderate girl thus to abandon all my natural friends. I have acted wrongly."

"Wrongly! dearest Miss Van Courtlandt."

"Selfishly, then, Sir George Templemore," the simple-minded girl ingenuously added, scarcely knowing how much her words implied; "perhaps this matter ought to be reconsidered."

"I am afraid little would be gained by that, my love," returned the smiling uncle, wiping his eyes at the same instant. "The second thoughts of ladies usually confirm the first in such matters. God bless you, Grace. Templemore, may Heaven have you too in its keeping. Remember what I have said, and to-morrow we will converse further on the subject. Does Eve know of this, my niece?"

The colour went and came rapidly in Grace's cheek, and she looked to the floor abashed.

"We ought, then, to send for her," resumed Mr. Effingham, again reaching towards the bell.

"Uncle!" and Grace hurriedly interposed in time to save the string from being pulled: "could I keep such an important secret from my dearest cousin?"

"I find that I am the last to know it, as is generally the case with old fellows, and I believe that I am even now *de trop*."

Mr. Effingham kissed Grace again affectionately, and though she endeavoured to detain him, left the room.

"We must follow," said Grace, hastily wiping the traces of tears from her cheeks. "Excuse me, Sir George Templemore; will you open—"

He did open, not the door, but his arms. Grace seemed like one giddy by standing on a precipice; but instead of quitting the library that instant, the bell had announced the supper-tray, before she even remembered that she had intended to do so.

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## CHAPTER XL.

THE warm weather had now set in, and the season had advanced into July. "Independence Day," the 4th of that month, arrived, and the wits of Templeton were taxed that the festival might be celebrated. The morning commenced with the parade of the two or three uniformed companies of the vicinity; much gingerbread and spruce-beer was consumed in the streets; and a great variety of liquors shared the same fate in the taverns. Although the Wigwam stood in the centre of the village, its grounds covered several acres, and were intersected with winding walks, and ornamented with shrubbery, in the English style.

Through these shrubberies the party began to stroll, moving in opposite directions, and, while they frequently met, they did not often reunite. Eve and Paul were alone, for the first time in their lives, under circumstances that admitted of uninterrupted conversation. Instead of immediately profiting, however, by this occurrence, the young man continued the discourse in which the party had been engaged when they entered the gate.

"I know not whether you felt the same embarrassment as myself to-day, Miss Effingham," he said, "when the orator was dilating on the glories of the republic; though a pretty extensive traveller, I have never been able to discover that it is any advantage abroad to be one of the 'fourteen millions of freemen.'"

“Are we to attribute the mystery that so long hung over your birthplace to this fact?” Eve asked, a little archly.

“If I have made any seeming mystery as to the place of my birth, it has been involuntarily, Miss Effingham. I may not have thought myself authorised to introduce my own history into our little discussions, but I am not conscious of aiming at secrecy. To admit the truth, I was never quite certain, until the last visit to England, on which side of the Atlantic I was born.”

“Not know where you were born!” exclaimed Eve.

“This no doubt sounds oddly, Miss Effingham, but it has never been my good fortune to know a parent. My mother, who was the sister of Ducie’s mother, died at my birth, and the loss of my father preceded hers. I may be said to have been born an orphan.”

Eve for the first time in her life had taken his arm, and the young man felt the gentle pressure of her little hand as she permitted this expression of sympathy to escape her at a moment which she found so interesting.

“It was indeed an irreparable misfortune, Mr. Powis. I fear you were put into the navy through the want of those who would have felt a natural concern in your welfare.”

“The navy was my own choice; partly, I think, from a certain love of adventure, and quite as much, perhaps, with a wish to settle the question of my birthplace, practically at least, by enlisting in the service of the country that I first knew, and certainly loved best.”

“But of that birthplace I understand there is now no doubt,” said Eve.

“None whatever. I am a native of Philadelphia: that point was conclusively settled in my late visit to my aunt, Lady Dunluce.”

“Is Lady Dunluce also an American?”

“She is, never having quitted the country until after her marriage to Colonel Ducie. She was a younger sister of my mother, and, notwithstanding some jealousies and a little coldness that have now disappeared, I am of opinion loved her, though one can hardly answer for the



durability of family ties in a country where the institutions and habits are so artificial as in England."

Paul interrupted himself in consequence of their meeting a stranger in the walk, who moved with the indecision of one uncertain whether to advance or to recede. This intruder was a man in the decline of life, of the condition of a warm tradesman seemingly; his eyes were turned inquiringly on the persons who passed him from time to time, to none of whom he had spoken, however, until he now placed himself before Paul and Eve.

"The young people are making a merry night of it," he said, keeping a hand in each coat-pocket, while he unceremoniously occupied the centre of the walk.

Though acquainted with the unceremonious habits of the people, Paul was vexed at having his *tête-à-tête* with Eve so rudely broken, and answered with more of the hauteur of the quarter-deck than he might otherwise have done.

"Perhaps, sir, it is your wish to see Mr. Effingham, or some of his people."

The man regarded Paul for a moment, and then removed his hat respectfully.

"Please, sir, can you inform me if a gentleman called Captain Truck is staying at the Wigwam at present?"

Paul told him that the captain was walking with Mr. Effingham. The stranger fell back, keeping his hat respectfully in his hand just as the two latter reached the spot. "This is the gentleman for whom you inquired," said Paul.

The stranger looked hard at the captain.

"Did you ever command the Dawn, sir?"

"The Dawn! that I did; I commanded the Dawn more than twenty years ago."

"It is about that time since I crossed with you, sir: you may remember that we fell in with a wreck ten days after we sailed and took off her crew and two passengers. Three or four of the latter had died from their sufferings, and several of the people."

"All this seems but as yesterday. The wreck was a Charleston ship that had started a butt."



"Yes, sir, that is just it; she had started, but could not get in. I am David, sir; I should think you *could* not have forgotten *David*!"

The honest captain was very willing to gratify the other's harmless self-importance, though, to tell the truth, he retained no personal knowledge of David.

"Oh, David," he cried cordially; "are *you* David? Well, I hope you are very well, David. What sort of weather have you made of it? If I recollect right, you worked your passage — never at sea before?"

"I beg your pardon, sir; I was a passenger."

"I remember now; you were in the steerage," returned the captain.

"Not at all, sir, but in the cabin."

"Cabin!" echoed the captain, who perceived none of the requisites of a cabin passenger in the appearance of the other. "Ah! I understand — in the pantry?"

"Exactly so, sir. You may remember my master — he had the left-hand state-room to himself, and I slept next to the scuttle butt. You recollect master, sir?"

"Out of doubt, and a very good fellow he was. I hope you live with him still?"

"Lord bless you, sir, he is dead!"

"Ah! I recollect hearing of it. Well, David, I hope we shall be shipmates once more. Good night!"

"Do you remember Dowe, sir, that we got from the wreck?" continued the other. "He was a dark man. I think, sir, you will recollect *him*, for he was a hard man in other particulars besides his countenance."

"Somewhat flinty in soul. I remember the man well; and so, David, good night."

David was now compelled to leave the place, for Captain Truck, who perceived that the party was getting together again in consequence of the halt, felt the propriety of dismissing his visitor, of whom, his master, and Dowe, he retained as much recollection as one retains of a stage-coach companion after twenty years.

"I am glad," said Eve, continuing the conversation which this intrusion had interrupted, and when Paul and she were again alone, "I am glad to find that, even while

you felt some uncertainty concerning your birthplace, you took so much interest in us as to identify yourself in feeling, at least, with the nation."

"There was one moment when I was really afraid that I was born an Englishman."

"Afraid!" interrupted Eve; "that is a strong word to apply to so great a people!"

"We cannot always account for our prejudices; perhaps this was one of mine; and now I know that to be an Englishman is not the greatest merit in your eyes, it is in no measure lessened."

"In my eyes, Mr. Powis! I do not remember to have expressed any partiality for or prejudices against the English."

"You have, at least, done what few of your countrywomen would have had the self-denial to do — refused to be the wife of an English baronet."

"Mr. Powis," said Eve gravely, "this is injustice to Sir George Templemore. That gentleman never proposed for me, and, of course, cannot have been refused."

"I appreciate your generous modesty, Miss Effingham; but you cannot expect that I, to whom Templemore's admiration gave so much pain, am to understand you too broadly. Though Sir George may not have proposed, his readiness to do so on encouragement was obvious."

Eve was ready to gasp, so completely by surprise was she taken. She felt the necessity of saying something, and yet they had walked some distance ere it was in her power to utter a syllable.

"I fear my presumption has offended you, Miss Effingham," said Paul.

There was a deep homage in the emotion he betrayed; and Eve was not slow in discovering the extent of her power.

"Do not call it presumption," she said; "for one who has done so much for us all can surely claim some right to take an interest in those he has so well served. As for Sir George Templemore, he is warmly attached to my cousin."

"That he is so now, I believe; but a very different magnet first kept him from the Canadas. Templemore is

too manly to deny his former desire to obtain you for a wife, and I am mistaken in my friend if he leave his betrothed in any doubt on this subject."

"And would you, Mr. Powis, avow a former weakness of this sort to the woman you had finally selected for your wife?"

"I ought not to quote myself, since I have never loved but one, and her with a passion too single and too ardent ever to admit of competition. I shall not detain you, Miss Effingham, with the history of impressions which have grown upon me, until they have become interwoven with my existence. We met, as you know, at Vienna, for the first time, in which capital I found you the admiration of all who knew you. I adored you as one might worship the sun; for while your excellent father admitted me to his society, I had little opportunity to ascertain the value of the jewel contained in so beautiful a casket; but when we met the following summer in Switzerland, I first began truly to love! Then I learned the beautiful candour, the feminine delicacy of your mind; and though I will not say these qualities were not enhanced by the beauty of their possessor, weighed against each other, I could a thousand times prefer the former to the latter, unequalled as the latter is."

"This is flattery in its most seductive form, Powis. Ought I to listen to such praises, which only contribute to a self-esteem too great already?"

"No one but yourself would say this; but your question does indeed remind me of the indiscretion that I have fallen into, by losing that command of my feelings in which I have so long exulted. No man should make a woman the confidant of his attachment, until he is fully prepared to accompany the declaration with an offer of his hand, and such is not my condition; yet I have now said so much, that I feel it not only due to you, but to myself, to add, that the aim of all my thoughts centres in the wish to obtain you for a wife."

The eye of Eve fell, and her countenance changed, while a tremor ran through her frame. After a short pause she

summoned all her resolution, and in a voice, the firmness of which surprised herself, asked—

“ Powis, to what does all this tend ? ”

“ Well may you ask that question, Miss Effingham ! and the answer shall add no further cause of self-reproach. Circumstances have always deprived me of the happiness of experiencing the tenderness of your sex, and have thrown me exclusively among the ruder spirits of my own. My mother died at the time of my birth, thus cutting me off from one of the dearest of all earthly ties.—I never knew my father.”

“ Not know your father ! ” exclaimed Eve.

“ He had parted from my mother before my birth, and either died soon after, or has never deemed his child of sufficient worth to excite a single inquiry into his fate. *Why* my father left my mother so soon after their union, I never knew, though I have the consolation of knowing my mother blameless. For years I suffered the misery of doubt on a point the most tender with man—a distrust of his own mother ; but this has been blessedly cleared up. A last letter from my father, written but a month before my mother’s death, leaves no doubt, not only of her blamelessness as a wife, but bears testimony to the sweetness of her disposition. This letter is a precious document for a son to possess, Miss Effingham ! ”

Eve made no answer, but Paul fancied that he felt a gentle pressure of the hand, which rested so lightly on his arm.

“ Was your mother rich ? ” Eve asked innocently.

“ Not in the least. She had little besides her high lineage and her beauty. I have her picture, which sufficiently proves the latter—*had*, I ought rather to say, for it was her miniature of which I was robbed by the Arabs. In the way of money, my mother had barely the competency of a gentlewoman.”

“ Mr. Powis was not mercenary then, and it is a great deal,” said Eve, speaking as if she were scarcely conscious that she spoke at all.

“ Mr. Powis ! he was every thing that was noble and disinterested.”

"I thought you never knew your father!" exclaimed Eve in surprise.

"Nor did I. I perceive your error in supposing that my father's name was Powis: it was Assheton."

Paul then explained that he had been adopted while a child by a gentleman called Powis, whose name he had taken on finding himself deserted by his parent, and to whose fortune he had succeeded on the death of his protector.

"I bore the name of Assheton until Mr. Powis took me to France, when he advised me to assume his own, which I did the more readily, as he thought he had ascertained that my father was dead, making no allusion to me in his will, and seemingly anxious to deny his marriage. At least that person passed among his acquaintances for a bachelor to his dying day."

"For years I was afraid to inquire, lest I should learn something injurious to a mother's name. Then my profession kept me in distant seas, and the last journey and indisposition of my benefactor prevented even the wish to inquire after my own family. The offended pride of Mr. Powis, who was hurt at the cavalier manner in which my father's family met his advances, aided in alienating me from that portion of my relations, and put a stop to all intercourse. They even affected to doubt that my father had ever married."

"But of that you had proof?"

"Unanswerable. My aunt Dunluce was present at the ceremony, and I possess the certificate given by the clergyman who officiated. Is it not strange, Miss Effingham, that with all these circumstances, even Lady Dunluce, until lately, had doubts of the fact."

"That is indeed unaccountable, having witnessed the ceremony."

"True; but some circumstances, aided perhaps by the desire of her husband to obtain the revival of a barony in abeyance, of which she would be the only heir, assuming that my rights were invalid, had led her to believe that my father was already married when he entered into the contract with my mother. But of that, too, I have been happily relieved!"



“Poor Powis!” said Eve, with a sympathy that her voice expressed more clearly even than her words; “you have indeed suffered!”

“I have learned to bear it, dearest Miss Effingham, and have stood so long a solitary being, in whom none have taken any interest.”

“Nay, say not that; *we* at least have always felt an interest in you, and now have learned to——”

“Learned to——?”

“Love you!” said Eve with a steadiness that afterwards astonished herself.

“Love!” cried Paul, dropping her arm. “Ah! Miss Effingham—but, that *we*?”

“I mean my father—cousin Jack—myself.”

“Such a feeling will not heal a wound like mine! A love that is shared with even such men as your excellent father and worthy cousin will not make me happy. But why should I, unowned, bearing a name to which I have no legal title, aspire to one like you?”

The windings of the path had brought them near a window whence a stream of light gleamed upon the countenance of Eve, as raising her eyes to those of her companion, she smiled an encouragement impossible to misconceive.

“Can I believe my senses? *Will* you—*do* you—*can* you listen to the suit of one like me?” the young man exclaimed, as he hurried his companion past the window, lest some interruption might destroy his hopes.

“Is there any sufficient reason why I should not, Powis?”

“Eve—dearest Eve,” said Paul, seizing her hands and stopping, “you will not leave me in doubt: am I so blessed?”

“If accepting the affection of a heart wholly yours, Powis, can make you happy, your sorrows will have an end.”

“But your father?” said the young man.

“Is here to confirm what his daughter has declared,” said Mr. Effingham coming out of the shrubbery, and laying a hand kindly on Paul’s shoulder. “To find that

you so well understand each other, Powis, removes from my mind one of the greatest anxieties I have ever experienced. My cousin John made me acquainted with your past life, and there remains nothing to be revealed. We have known you for years, and receive you into our family with as free a welcome as we could receive any boon from Providence."

"Mr. Effingham!—dear sir—" said Paul; "this is indeed beyond all my hopes; and this generous frankness too in your lovely daughter."

Paul's hands had been transferred to those of the father, he knew not how; releasing them hurriedly, he now turned in quest of Eve again, but she had fled. The young man would have followed, but Mr. Effingham saw that the occasion was favourable to a conversation between himself and his accepted son-in-law, and unfavourable to a very rational one between the lovers; he took the young man's arm therefore, and led him towards a more private walk. Half an hour of confidential discourse calmed the feelings of both, and rendered Paul Powis the happiest of human beings.

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## CHAPTER XLI.

BETWEEN Eve and her parent there existed a confidence exceeding that which it is common to find between father and daughter; when their eyes next met, therefore, they were naturally beaming with an expression of confidence and love, such as might, in a measure, have been expected between two of the gentler sex. Mr. Effingham folded his child to his heart, pressed her there tenderly for a minute, then kissing her burning cheek, permitted her to look up.

"Powis and I have had a full explanation," he said; "he is a gentleman, and I claim to be no more. There is but one thing in which connexions ought to influence American marriages, and that is, to ascertain that neither be carried into associations repugnant to their taste and habits. A woman, especially, ought never to be trans-

planted from a polished to an unpolished circle, for when this is the case, there will be a dangerous clog on her affection for her husband. This point assured, I see no other about which a parent need feel concern."

"Powis, unhappily, has no connexion in this country, and those he has in England are of a class to do him credit."

"We have been conversing of this, and he has manifested so much proper feeling that it has raised him in my esteem. I know his father's family, and must have known his father, I think, though there were two or three Asshetons of the name of John. It is a highly respectable family of the middle states, and belonged formerly to the colonial aristocracy. Jack Effingham's mother was an Assheton."

"Of the same blood, do you think, sir?"

"Now you speak of it, Eve, there *must* be a relationship between them. Do you suppose that our kinsman is acquainted with the fact that Paul is an Assheton?"

Eve told her father that she had never spoken with their relative on the subject.

"Then ring the bell, and we will ascertain at once. You can have no false delicacy, my child, about letting your engagement be known to one as near and as dear to us as John."

Eve rose when her kinsman entered the room, and held out her hand kindly to him, though with an averted face and a tearful eye.

"It is time I was summoned," said John Effingham, after he had drawn the blushing girl to him and kissed her forehead, "for I began to think myself neglected. I hope I am still in time, however, to render a very decided disapprobation available?"

"Cousin Jack!" exclaimed Eve with a look of reproachful mockery, "*you* are the last who ought to speak of disapprobation, for you have done little else but sing the praises of the applicant since you first met him."

"It is even so; then, like others, I must submit to the consequences of my own precipitation. Am I summoned to inquire how many thousands a year I shall add to the establishment of the new couple? As I hate business, say

five at once, and when the papers are ready, I will sign them."

"Most generous cynic," cried Eve, "I would I dared, now, to ask a single question!"

"Ask it without scruple, young lady, for this is the day of your power. I am mistaken in the man, if Powis do not prove to be the captain of his own ship in the end."

"Well, then, your mother was an Assheton?"

"Assuredly; you are not to learn my pedigree at this time of day?"

"We are anxious to make out a relationship between you and Paul; can it not be done?"

"I would give half my fortune, were it so! What reason is there for supposing it possible?"

"You know that he bears the name of his adopted parent, while that of his family is Assheton."

"Assheton!" exclaimed the other, in a way to show that this was the first he had ever heard of the fact.

"Certainly; and as there is but one family of this name, I hope we are not to be disappointed."

"Assheton!—It is, as you say, an unusual name. Can it be possible that Powis is an Assheton?"

"Out of all doubt," Eve exclaimed; "his father was an Assheton, and his mother was —"

"Who?" demanded John Effingham, with a vehemence that startled his companions.

"Nay, that is more than I can tell you, for he did not mention the family name of his mother; as she was a sister of Lady Dunluce, however, the wife of General Ducie, the father of our guest, it is probable her name was Dunluce."

"I remember no relation that has made such a marriage, yet do I personally know every Assheton in the country."

Mr. Effingham and his daughter looked at each other, for it struck them that there must be Asshetons of another family.

"Were it not for the peculiar manner in which this name is spelled," said Mr. Effingham, "I could suppose there were Asshetons of whom we knew nothing; but it

is difficult to believe that there can be such persons of a respectable family of whom we have never heard, for Powis said his relatives were of the middle states."

"Why not send for him, and put the question?" said Mr. Effingham; "next to having him for my own son, it would give me pleasure, John, to learn that he was lawfully entitled to that which I know you have done in his behalf."

"That is impossible," returned John Effingham. "Say no more of this; it is unpleasant to me. I hate the name of Assheton, though it was my mother's, and could wish never to hear it again."

"You are too reasonable, Jack, to let an antipathy against a name interfere with your sense of right. I know that some unpleasant questions arose concerning your succession to my aunt's fortune; but that was all settled, and I had thought to your satisfaction."

"Unhappily, family quarrels are ever bitter," returned John Effingham evasively. "I would this young man's name were any thing but Assheton! I do not wish to see Eve plighting her faith to any one bearing that name!"

"This is strange, Jack. I again propose that we send for Paul, and ascertain to what branch of this family he belongs."

"No, father; not now!" cried Eve, arresting Mr. Effingham's hand as it touched the bell-cord. "It would appear distrustful, were we to enter into such an inquiry so soon. Powis might think we valued his family more than himself."

"Eve is right, Ned; but I will not sleep without learning all. There is an unfinished examination of the papers left by poor Monday, and I will summon Paul to its completion, when an opportunity will offer to renew the subject of his own history."

"Do, cousin Jack, and let it be at once," said Eve earnestly. "I can trust you with Powis alone, for I know how much you esteem him. See, it is already near ten."

Eve kissed John Effingham coaxingly, and as they walked out of the library, pointed to the door that led to



the chambers. Her cousin laughingly complied, and when in his own room sent a message to Paul to come to him.

"Now, indeed, may I call you a kinsman," said John Effingham, rising with extended hands: "Eve's frankness and your own discernment have made us a happy family."

"If any thing could add to the felicity of being acceptable to Miss Effingham," returned Paul, "it is the manner in which her father and yourself have received my poor offers."

"Well, we will speak of it no more: I saw from the first which way things were tending. I sent for you, however, less to talk of love, than to trace its unhappy consequences in this affair revealed by the papers of poor Monday. It is time we acquitted ourselves of that trust. Do me the favour to open the dressing-case; you will find in it the key that belongs to the secretary that contains the papers."

Paul did as desired. The dressing-case was large, having several compartments. In the one first opened he saw a miniature of a female so beautiful, that his eye rested on it as it might be by fascination. Notwithstanding some difference made by the fashions of the different periods, the resemblance to the object of his love was obvious at a glance. Borne away by the pleasure of the discovery, and believing he saw a picture of Eve, he exclaimed, —

"This is indeed a treasure, Mr. Effingham. It is like, yet, it is unlike — it scarcely does Miss Effingham justice!"

John Effingham started when he saw the miniature in Paul's hand, but recovering himself, smiled at the delusion of his friend and said,

"It is not Eve, but her mother."

"This, then, is Mrs. Effingham!" murmured Paul; "she died young, sir?"

"Quite; she can scarcely be said to have become an angel too soon, for she was always one."

This was said with an emotion that did not escape Paul, though it surprised him. There were six or seven minia-

ture cases in the dressing-case, and supposing the one which lay uppermost belonged to the miniature in his hand, he raised it, intending to replace the picture. Instead of finding an empty case, however, another miniature met his eye. The exclamation which now escaped the young man was one of delight and surprise.

"That must be my grandmother, with whom you are in such raptures at present," said John Effingham laughing. I do not wonder at your admiration, for she was a beauty in her day."

"Not so, Mr. Effingham! This is the miniature I lost in the Montauk. It has, doubtless, found its way into your state-room, and been put among your effects through mistake. It is very precious to me, for it is nearly every memorial I possess of my own mother!"

"Your mother!" exclaimed John Effingham rising. "I think there must be some mistake, for I examined all those pictures this very morning, and it is the first time they have been opened since our arrival from Europe. It cannot be your missing picture."

"Mine it is certainly!"

"It would be odd, indeed, if one of my grandmothers, for both are there, should prove to be your mother! Powis, will you let me see the picture you mean?"

Paul brought the miniature before the eyes of his friend.

"That!" exclaimed John Effingham, his voice sounding harsh and unnatural to the listener—"that picture like *your* mother?"

"It is her miniature—the miniature that was transmitted to me from those who had charge of my childhood. I cannot be mistaken.

"And your father's name was Assheton?"

"Certainly; John Assheton, of the Asshetons of Pennsylvania."

John Effingham groaned aloud. When Paul stepped back equally surprised, the face of his friend was livid, and the hand which held the picture shook like the aspen.

"Are you unwell, dear Mr. Effingham?"

"No, no, 'tis impossible! This lady never had a child. Powis, you have been deceived. This picture is mine,

and has not been out of my possession these five-and-twenty years."

"Pardon me, sir, it is the picture of my mother; the picture lost in the Montauk."

The gaze that John Effingham cast upon the young man was ghastly, and Paul was about to ring the bell, but a gesture prevented him.

"See!" said John Effingham hoarsely; he touched a spring in the setting, and exposed to view the initials of two names interwoven with hair; "is this, too, yours?"

Paul looked surprised and disappointed.

"That certainly settles the question; my miniature had no such addition, yet do I believe that sweet and pensive countenance to be the face of my own beloved mother, and of no one else."

John Effingham struggled to appear calm, replacing the pictures he raised the key from the dressing-case, and took out the secretary. This he signed for Paul to open, throwing himself into a chair, though every thing was done mechanically, as if his mind and body had no connection with each other."

"Some accidental resemblance has deceived you," he said, while Paul was looking for the proper number among the letters of Mr. Monday. "That *cannot* be the picture of your mother. She left no child. Assheton, did you say, was the name of your father?"

"Assheton — John Assheton — about that, at least, there can be no mistake. This is the number at which we left off — will you, sir, or shall I read?"

The other made a sign for Paul to read, looking, at the same time, as if it were impossible for him to discharge that duty himself.

"This is a letter from the woman who appears to have been entrusted with the child to the man Dowse," said Paul, first glancing his eye over the page. "It appears little else but gossip — ha! — what is this I see? This is a singular passage, so much so as to need elucidation. *'I have taken the child with me to get the picture from the jeweller, who has mended the ring, and the little urchin knew it at a glance.'*"

“What is there remarkable in that? Others besides ourselves have had pictures, and this child knew its own better than you.”

“Mr. Effingham, such a thing occurred to myself! It is one of those early events of which I still retain a vivid recollection. Though little more than an infant at the time, well do I recollect to have been taken in this manner to a jeweller’s, and the delight I felt at recovering my mother’s picture, that which is now lost, after it had not been seen for a month or two.”

“Paul Blunt — Powis — Assheton!” said John Effingham, speaking so hoarsely as to be nearly unintelligible, “remain here a few minutes — I will rejoin you.”

John Effingham arose; notwithstanding he rallied all his powers, it was with difficulty he succeeded in reaching the door, rejecting the assistance of Paul, who was at a loss what to think of so much agitation in a man usually so self-possessed. When out of the room John Effingham did better, and proceeded to the library, followed by his own man.

“Desire Captain Ducie to give me the favour of his company for a moment,” he then said, motioning to the servant to withdraw.

It was but a minute before Captain Ducie stood before him. This gentleman was instantly struck with the agitation of the person he had come to meet, and expressed his apprehension that he was ill. But a motion of the hand forbade his touching the bell cord.

“A glass of that water, if you please, Captain Ducie,” said John Effingham, endeavouring to smile as he made the request. A little recovered by this beverage, he said more steadily, —

“You are the cousin of Powis, Captain Ducie?”

“We are sister’s children, sir.”

“And your mother is —”

“Lady Dunluce.”

“But — her family name?”

“Her own family name has been sunk in that of my father. The Dunluce barony has gone through so many names, by means of females, that I believe there

is no intention to revive the original appellation of the family."

"You mistake me — your mother, when she married was —"

"Miss Warrender."

"I thank you, sir, and will trouble you no longer," returned John Effingham, rising and struggling to make his manner second the courtesy of his words. "I have troubled you abruptly — incoherently, I fear ; — your arm."

Captain Ducie stepped hastily forward, and was just in time to prevent the other from falling senseless on the floor.

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## CHAPTER XLII.

THE next morning John Effingham received Paul and Eve seated in an easy chair, for, while he could not be said to be ill, it was evident that his frame had been shaken by the emotions of the few preceding hours. He gave a hand to each, and drawing Eve affectionately to him, imprinted a kiss on a cheek that was burning, though it paled and reddened in quick succession. The look he gave Paul was kind and welcome, though a hectic spot glowed on each cheek, betraying that his presence excited pain as well as pleasure ; at last he broke silence.

"There can be no question, my dear Paul," he said, smiling affectionately, but sadly, as he looked at the young man, "about your being my son. The facts that have come to our knowledge have already convinced me of the precious truth, for precious and very dear to me is the knowledge that I am the father of so worthy a child. It is well known to your father, Eve, though it will probably be new to you, that I felt a passion for your sainted mother. Your father and myself were suitors for her favour at the same time ; my kinsman was accepted ; and then, with a heart in which mortified pride, wounded love,



and a resentment which was aimed rather against myself than your parents, were alike contending, I quitted them, with a determination never to rejoin my family."

"Poor John!" exclaimed his cousin involuntarily; "this would have been a blot on our felicity had we known it!"

"I was certain of that, even when most writhing under the blow so unintentionally inflicted, Ned; but the passions are tyrannical masters. I took my mother's name, and avoided those parts of the country where I was known. At this time I trembled for my reason, and the thought crossed my mind that by making a sudden marriage I might supplant the old passion, which was so near destroying me, by some of that gentler affection which seemed to render you so blessed, Edward. Chance brought me acquainted with Miss Warrender, and she promised, as I fancied, to realise all my schemes of happiness. She was young, beautiful, well-born, virtuous; if she had a fault, it was her high spirit; if not perfect, she was wanting in no womanly virtue, and ought to have made any man happy. My offer was accepted, for I found her heart disengaged. The simple laws of this country on the subject of marriage removed all necessity for explanation, no banns nor license being necessary, and the Christian name being only used in the ceremony. We were married. You will find the marriage of John Effingham and Mildred Warrender registered in the books of the church to which the officiating clergyman belonged. So far I did what justice required; though with a motiveless infatuation, which *cannot* be accounted for, except by ascribing it to the inconsistent cruelty of passion, I concealed my real name from her with whom there should have been no concealment. I fancied — I tried to fancy — I was no impostor, as I was of the family I represented myself to be by the mother's side, and I wished to believe my peace would be made when I avowed myself to be the man I really was."

"This was all wrong, dear cousin Jack," said Eve, taking his hand affectionately. "You had entered into the most solemn of all contracts, and evil is the omen when

such an engagement is veiled by an untruth. But still you might have been happy ! ”

“ Alas ! it is but a hopeless experiment to marry one, while the heart is yearning towards another. Confidence came too late, for, discovering my unhappiness, Mildred exacted a tardy confession from me, all but the concealment of the true name, and wounded at the deception of which she had been the dupe, announced to me that she was unwilling to continue the wife of any man on such terms. We parted, and I hastened into the south-western states, where I passed the next twelvemonth in travelling, in the vain hope of obtaining peace.”

“ This then explains your knowledge of that section of the country ” exclaimed Mr. Effingham. “ We thought you among your old friends in Carolina all that time.”

“ No one knew where I had secreted myself. I had, however, sent an address to Mildred, where a letter would find me, for I had begun to feel a sincere affection for her, and looked forward to being re-united to her, when her wounded feelings had time to regain their tranquillity.”

“ And why did you not hasten to your wife, cousin Jack ? ” Eve demanded, “ as soon as you returned to the settlements ? ”

“ Alas ! my dear girl, I found letters at St. Louis announcing her death. Nothing was said of any child ; nor did I suspect that I was a father. When Mildred died, I thought all the ties of my ill-judged marriage were extinct ; and the course taken by her relations left me no inclination to proclaim it. By observing silence, I continued to pass as a bachelor, though, had there been any reason for avowing what had occurred, I think no one who knows me would suppose I would have shrunk from doing so. I never knew Mr. Warrender, my wife’s brother, but he had the reputation of being haughty. His letters were not friendly — scarcely tolerable ; for he affected to believe I had given a false address, and threw out hints then inexplicable, but which the letters left with me by Paul have explained. I thought him unfeeling at the time, but he had an excuse for his conduct.”

“ Which was, sir ? ” Paul eagerly inquired.

"I perceive by the letters you have given me, my son, that your mother's family had imbibed the opinion that I was John Assheton of Lancaster, a man of singular humours, who had made an unfortunate marriage in Spain, and whose wife, I believe, is still living in Paris, though lost to herself and her friends. My kinsman lived retired, and never recovered the blow. As he was one of the few persons of the name who could have married your mother, her relatives appear to have taken up the idea that he had been guilty of bigamy, and of course that Paul was illegitimate. Mr. Warrender, by his letters, appears even to have had an interview with him, and, on mentioning his wife, was rudely repulsed from the house. It was a proud family, and Mildred being dead, the concealment of the birth of her child was resorted to as a means of averting a fancied disgrace. As for myself, I call Heaven to witness that the thought of my being a parent never crossed my mind until I learned that a John Assheton was the father of Paul, and that the miniature of Mildred Warrender was the likeness of his mother. The declaration of Captain Ducie concerning the family name of his mother removed all doubt."

"These explanations are very satisfactory," observed Mr. Effingham, "and leave no doubt that Paul is the child of John Effingham and Mildred Warrender; but they would be beyond all cavil, were the infancy of the boy placed in an equally plain point of view, and could the reasons be known why the Warrenders abandoned him to the care of those who yielded him up to Mr. Powis."

"I see but little obscurity in that," returned John Effingham. "Paul is unquestionably the child referred to in the papers left by poor Monday, to the care of whose mother he was entrusted until she yielded him to Mr. Powis, in his fourth year, to get rid of the trouble and expense, while she kept the annuity granted by Lady Dunluce. The names appear in the concluding letters, and, had we read the letter through at first, we should earlier have arrived at the same conclusion. All is now clear; and as a large estate is concerned, we will take care that no further obscurity shall rest over the affair."

"The part connected with the estate is already secured," said John Effingham, looking at Eve with a smile. "An American can always make a will, and one that contains but a single bequest is soon written. Mine is executed ; and ' Paul Effingham, my son by my marriage with Mildred Warrender, and lately known in the U. S. Navy as Paul Powis,' is duly declared my heir. This will suffice for all legal purposes, though we shall have large draughts of gossip to swallow."

"Cousin Jack !"

"Daughter Eve !"

"Who has given cause for it ?"

"He who commenced one of the most sacred of all his earthly duties with an unjustifiable deception. The wisest way to meet it will be to make our avowal of the relationship as open as possible."

John Effingham looked affectionately at the noble young man whom he had so long admired, and tears forced themselves to his eyes, as he felt the happiness that can gladden a parent's heart only.

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## CHAPTER XLIII.

THE morning chosen for the nuptials of Eve and Grace arrived, and all the inmates of the Wigwam were early afoot. The cousins met, attired for the ceremony, in Mr. Effingham's room, where he soon came in person, to lead them to the drawing-room. It is seldom that two more lovely young women were brought together on a similar occasion. As Mr. Effingham stood between them, holding a hand of each, his moistened eyes turned from one to the other in an honest pride and admiration. The *toilettes* were simple, for it was intended that there should be no parade ; and, perhaps, the delicate beauty of the brides was rendered more attractive by this simplicity.

The distance between the Wigwam and New St. Paul's was trifling, the solemn pines of the church-yard blending



with the gayer trees of the grounds of the former from many points; and as the buildings in this part of the village were few, the whole of the bridal train entered the tower unobserved by the eyes of the curious. The clergyman was waiting in the chancel, and as each of the young men led the object of his choice immediately to the altar, the double ceremony began without delay.

It is a wise regulation of the church, which makes the marriage ceremony brief; for the intensity of feeling it creates would frequently become too powerful to be suppressed, were it unnecessarily prolonged. Mr. Effingham gave away the brides, and neither of the bridegrooms got the ring on the wrong finger. This is all we have to say of the scene at the altar. As soon as the benediction was pronounced, and the brides were released from the first embraces of their husbands, Mr. Effingham threw the shawls over their shoulders, and taking an arm of each, led them rapidly from the church, for he felt reluctant to suffer the feelings uppermost in his heart to be the spectacle of observers. At the door he relinquished Eve to Paul, and Grace to Sir George, with a silent pressure of the hand of each, and signed for them to proceed towards the Wigwam. He was obeyed, and in less than a quarter of an hour from the time they had left the drawing-room, the whole party were again assembled in it.

What a change had been produced in the situation of so many in that brief interval!

"Father," Eve whispered as Mr. Effingham folded her to his heart, while tears fell from both their eyes, "I am still thine!"

"It would break my heart to think otherwise, darling. No, no; I have not lost a daughter, but have gained a son."

"And what place am I to occupy in this scene?" inquired John Effingham, who had considerately paid his compliments to Grace first, that she might not feel forgotten at such a moment; "am I to lose both son and daughter?"

Eve, smiling through her tears, raised herself from her father's arms, and was received in those of her husband's parent. After he had fondly kissed her forehead several



times, without withdrawing from his bosom, she parted the rich hair on his forehead, passing her hand down his face like an infant, and said softly,

“Cousin Jack!”

“I believe this must be my rank still. Paul shall make no difference in our feelings, but we will love each other, as we have ever done.”

“Paul can be nothing now between you and me. You have always been a second father in my eyes and in my heart—DEAR, DEAR COUSIN JACK!!”

In her dressing-room Eve found Ann Sidley waiting with impatience to pour out her feelings, for the honest creature was too sensitive to open the floodgates of her affections in the presence of third parties.

“Ma’am — Miss Eve — Mrs. Effingham!” she exclaimed, as her young mistress entered, afraid of saying too much now that her nursling had become a married woman.

“My kind and good Nanny!” and Eve took her old nurse in her arms, their tears mingling in silence for near a minute. “You have seen your child enter on the last of her great earthly engagements, Nanny, and I know that you pray that they may prove happy ones.”

“I do—I do—ma’am, madam, Miss Eve.—What am I to call you in future, ma’am?”

“Call me Miss Eve, as you have done since my childhood, dearest Nanny.”

Nanny received this permission with delight, and twenty times that morning availed herself of it. She continued to use the term until, two years later, she danced a miniature Eve on her knee, as she had done its mother, when matronly rank began silently to assert its rights, and our present bride became Mrs. Effingham.

“My faithful Ann,” said Paul smiling, and taking the hand of the nurse, “you have been all that is good and true to my best beloved as a child and as a young lady, and I earnestly entreat you to continue to wait on her, and to serve her as *my* wife to your dying day.”

Nanny clapped her hands with a scream of delight, and, bursting into tears, hurried from the room!”

A pause of several minutes succeeded.

"All who live near you appear to think you the common centre of their affections," Paul continued when he could speak.

"We have hitherto been a family of love—God grant it may always continue so."

Another delicious silence, which lasted still longer than the other, followed. Eve then looked up into her husband's face with a gentle curiosity, and observed—

"You have told me a great deal, Powis, explained all but one little thing that at the time caused me pain. Why did Ducie, when you were about to quit the Montauk together, so unceremoniously stop you, as you were about to get into the boat first?—is the etiquette of a man-of-war so rigid as to justify so much rudeness?"

"The etiquette of a vessel of war is rigid certainly; but what you fancied rudeness was a compliment. Among us sailors, it is the inferior who goes first into a boat, and the superior that quits it first."

"So much then for forming a judgment ignorantly; I believe it is always safer to have no opinion, than to form one without a knowledge of all the accompanying circumstances."

"Let us adhere to this safe rule through life, beloved, and we may find its benefits. An absolute confidence, caution in drawing conclusions, and a just reliance on each other, may keep us as happy to the end of our married life as we are at this blessed moment, when it may be said to commence."

THE END.

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